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JANUARY 1985 • $3.40*

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

EXCLUSIVE
PAUL
McCARTNEY
INTERVIEW

PINE GAP:
THE BIG LIE

EX-CHAMP
JOE BUGNER:
HOW TO REVIVE
OZ BOXING

THE SUBTLE
ART OF TAMING
AN EX-WIFE

SEX STARS
OF THE YEAR

LISA
SYDNEY'S LUSCIOUS PLAYMATE

With Peter Jackson 30's,

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PLAYBILL

Here we are, 1984 and its Orwellian overtones safely behind us, and already at the half-way mark of the '80s. It's enough to make a man reach for a drink and ponder such profound matters as durability, stamina and generally going the distance. A good example of a bloke at the top who has made success a way of life is Paul McCartney. Paul has been a superstar for more than 20 years. He started with it all — looks, talent, ambition — and made it better. Now he's a disgustingly content family man who just happens to be one of the richest men in showbusiness. You might wonder what on earth could worry a man like that. Well, there's middle-age spread for one thing. Honest, Paul has the same worries as every other bloke. He even worries about his pot belly to the extent that when he takes the kids to the beach he checks to see if there are any photographers snooping around before he relaxes and lets his belly hang out. Australian PLAYBOY's London correspondent, **Duncan Fallowell,** caught up with Paul at Elstree Studios for an interview in which the former Beatle talks frankly about The Beatles' split, his feud with the late John Lennon, his music with Michael Jackson, fantastic wealth . . . and, oh yes, middle-age spread.

One of the longest running controversies in Australia centres on Pine Gap, the US spy base in central Australia. For years Australians have wondered what really goes on behind the wire fences and the grim faces of gun-toting guards. Even Australia's leaders have been either unable or unwilling to put people in the picture. Melbourne-based writer Dr **Geoffrey E. Smith** has made Pine Gap his business for 10 years and presents a startling theory about the true, sinister nature of the big base. His theory will make your hair stand on end and could provoke a political uproar. **Graeme Davey** supplied the artwork.

In this time of equality for everyone and everything, perhaps it's time we won some equality for ex-husbands, especially considering the way society now bends over backwards to look after ex-wives. **Bruce Friedman** offers some essential information in *A Survivor's Guide To Taming An Ex-Wife* and **Seymour Chwast** provides the illustration.

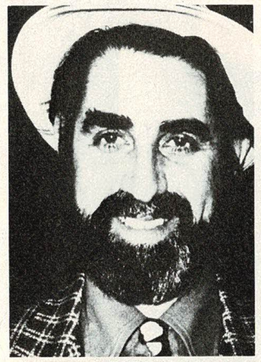
One of the greatest heavyweight boxing champions of the '70s was Britain's **Joe Bugner** who now lives in Sydney. Joe fought all the biggies, including Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali. There isn't another fighter in Australia of Joe's stature to better analyse just what is wrong with Aussie boxing and what it will take to get it back on its feet. **Frants Kantor** did the illustration of the boxing kangaroo in its least popular position: down for the count.

There are times when it seems the only growth industry in the '80s is the fame business. We look at the capricious nature of fame, celebrity, stardom, the whole damned merry-go-round, and tell you who's making it, who's had it and how you can get it. Fortunately we had **Rodney Rude** on hand to make sure things never got too serious. Rodney told us a few tricks he uses to make sure fame never spoils him. We promise you will not believe it.

Robert Silverberg, one of our most popular fiction contributors (remember *The Affair,* his telepathic love story?), has delivered another bizarre piece of erotica called *Tourist Trade* about a space trader who will sleep with anyone and, ahem, anything. **Pater Sato** provided the art.

Our *Sex Stars Of The Year* pictorial is a reprise of all those fabulous faces and bodies who made 1984 a sexier year and, in case that gives you eye strain, we've had fashion editor **Vitek** preview the latest in summer sunglasses.

And just in case you need further assurance that 1985 is going to be a terrific year, we advise you to turn to our luscious centrefold, Sydney's Lisa Maher, a girl with unmistakable star quality seductively photographed by **John Clutterbuck.** Here's hoping your new year looks this good.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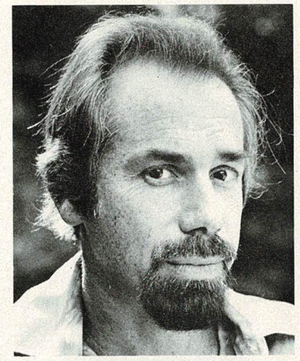
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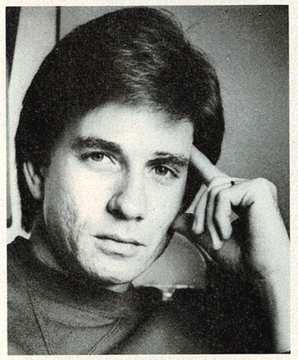
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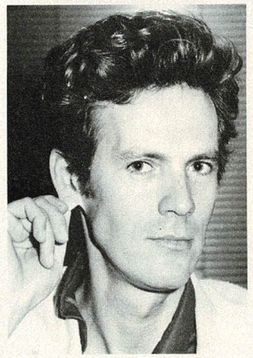
VITEK

SHARE THE SECRET

What's the secret of the growing popularity of Guinness? Is it the rich, dark, satisfying taste? Next time round, ask for a Guinness yourself and share in the secret.

Ogilvy MGU 0012 PB
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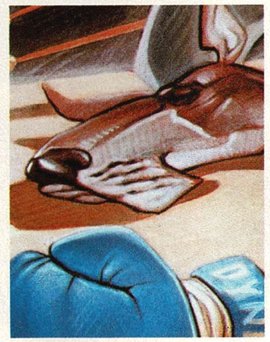

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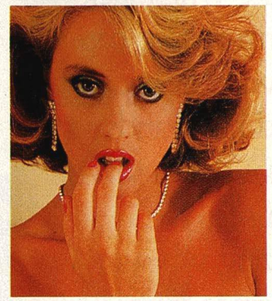

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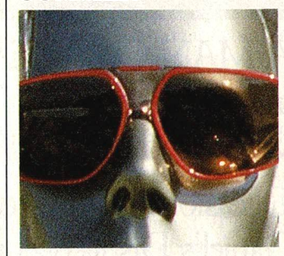

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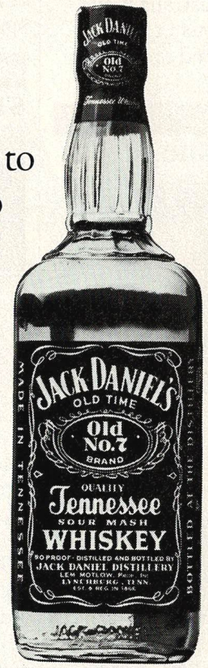
All that's new and curious in human sexuality.

A MAN CAN READ the Moore County News in just five minutes. That's all it takes to keep up with Moore County.

Occasionally, you see a piece on Jack Daniel's Distillery. Like when Jack Bateman broke his arm rolling barrels to the warehouse. Or when Frank Bobo (our head distiller) had his grandson born. But normally we don't make the paper much. You see, we've been charcoal mellowing whiskey here at Jack Daniel's since 1866. And according to the editor, there's no news in that anymore.



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 If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

TASTEFUL TRICIA

While I was looking through the feature on Tricia Lange (Miss July), I noticed that she was up to about the same page as I am in John Fowles's book, *Daniel Martin*. Fowles, of course, is the author of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and a host of other notable works, which proves that Tricia is not only a woman of exquisite beauty but of exquisite good taste!

D. Smith,
Moonah, Tas.

FALLEN HERO

I tend to regard your columnist Cynthia Heimel as one of my heroes: she usually manages to be both witty and incisive, and people who can laugh at their own foolishness are to be cherished.

Her October Women column was something of a disappointment, however: for once she seemed to have lost her sense of humor and attempted to detect a thread in a series of unrelated incidents to justify herself. What came out sounded very mean, petty and spiteful.

I think most of her readers would sympathise with her friend Hilary whom she offered $20 for a day's work and who was too embarrassed to complain. Likewise, it seems to me to be preferable to be a little girl who will appeal to the umpire for a decision rather than a little boy who will either fight or let himself be bullied into silence.

Feminist theory would have it that's a male attitude which is the root cause of wars.

Admit it, Cynthia, you were wrong. It's no big deal. You just have to say you were sorry, kiss and make up. That's where women have it over men every time.

Andrew Eames,
Potts Point, NSW.

REVVED UP

I must admit I've never really found motor racing very interesting even though I'm pretty much your average Aussie male. But I was in hospital for a few days recently and decided I might as well read your special feature on Bathurst (October) and I'm really glad I did.

Rob Luck had me on the edge of my seat (well, bed) as he took me through the Bathurst circuit and I even tuned into the live telecast for the first time ever.

That was a great read, Australian PLAYBOY.

Jeff Forsyth,
Hornsby, NSW.

IN ANTICIPATION

I've been buying Australian PLAYBOY since the first issue and even though I've been knocked out by your beautiful women on many, many occasions, it took the amazing Helen Cooke (November) to prompt me to actually write in.

She has such an appealing, innocent look and gorgeous golden hair. I can only wonder why you didn't do a centrefold of this beachgirl instead of just a few color spreads. If this letter earns me a subscription, I hope like hell that Helen turns up again as a Playmate Of The Month. If that's not to be, then at least a photo on the Dear Playboy page.

Now I'm the one that's full of "anticipation".

Murray Dixon,
Mount Eliza, Vic.

Helen's back and she assures us she's making the most of a great Aussie summer — Ed.

CATCHING WAVES

Being a surfer, I was stoked to find Australian PLAYBOY covering our once maligned sport, especially as two of my favorite writers had been given the assignments.

In May, Nick Carroll wrote a brilliant piece titled Surfing's New Order. It would have to be the best article I have ever read on the direction of surfing. And why not? Nick is obviously as skilled with the pen as he is with a board. (I've derived much satisfaction from watching him attack his home break.)

And then, in October, Neil Jameson served up 20 Questions with the reigning world surf champ, Tom Carroll. Jameson succeeded, I feel, in smashing forever that picture of a surfer as being some sort of drug-crazed, hippie freeloader. Tom Carroll was presented as the fiercely dedicated sportsman that he is. Good one, Neil!

Incidentally, my girlfriend asked that I thank Peter Simons for the great pic of Tom in the October issue — he is now her official office pin-up!

S.P. Johnson,
Warriewood, NSW.

VICTORIAN VIEWPOINT

I was shocked and horrified to see your magazine on the news-stands. You display the worst characteristics of the human species: lust, greed and depravity.

In fact, I had to read your magazine four times to reassure myself that it was as disgusting as I had first thought. Your pictures of naked women were particularly offputting. All those breasts. And pubic hair. And breasts. I had a great deal of trouble controlling myself. My wife also had a great deal of trouble controlling me.

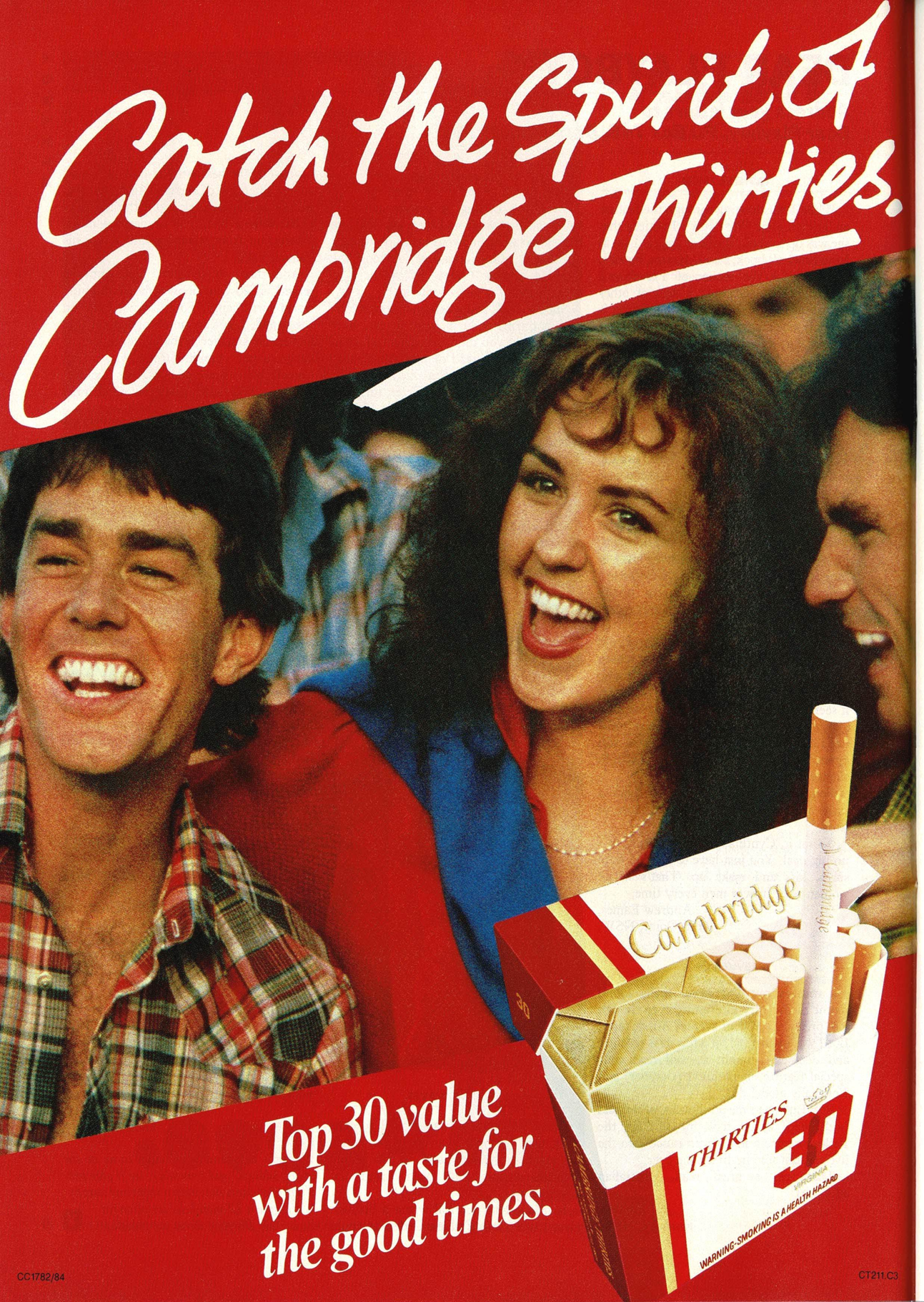
Anyway, I am writing to my local MP to have your magazine banned. I am so concerned about this type of material that I am considering devoting my time selflessly on the Censorship Board. I want to see more of these disgusting magazines so I know which ones are suitable for my children to read.

I am writing to you in the hope that you will see the error of your ways. The fact that you probably earn five times more than I do will not, I am sure, dissuade you from Truth and Beauty.

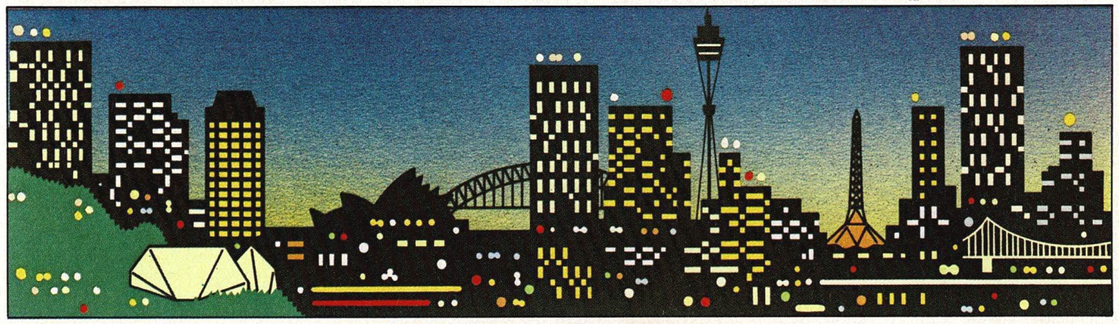
And now that I have voiced my opinion so forthrightly, I wish to subscribe to your magazine. It's for a friend of mine who, although he has perverted tastes, did go to Melbourne Grammar. This friend shall remain anonymous but resides at the same address as I do.

J. De Marco,
Thornbury, Vic.

Write to us! Send your letter to us at the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12-month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



BREAKDANCING HAZARD

Warning: Breakdancing can be hazardous to your health. Some wacker called Jimmy Giles, 27, of Detroit, USA, was admitted to hospital after shooting himself in the arm while breakdancing. Giles told police he was engaged in a spontaneous outburst of breakdancing outside a friend's house and was executing a difficult manoeuvre which involved spinning on the ground using one's head as a turntable. A .22 calibre pistol slipped out of his pocket, hit the ground and went off, hitting Giles in the arm. Well, at least it saved the neighbors the trouble.

BODGIE BUDGIE

Not a man to ignore a challenge, pommie bird breeder Bob Wilson has been trying to breed a pink budgie. After three years Bob claimed he was the first man in the world to successfully breed a little chirper in the required delicate shade of pink. He promptly claimed the $1500 offered by a bird food company for anyone who could display a genuine pink budgie.

Poor Bob was refused the cash when bird experts came out and stated categorically that such a creature as a pink budgie could not be bred. For a while it looked like Bob had lost his chance for fame and fortune — especially when Pinkie complicated matters by dying. Not easily beaten, Bob has arranged for a post-mortem.

SAME AGAIN PLEASE

A bloke in NSW knows a good thing when he's on to it. Seems the chap in question was recently sent for trial after robbing the same bank three times. The first time they gave him $12,217, the second time $3800 and the third time $5240.

He liked it so much he just kept going back for more.

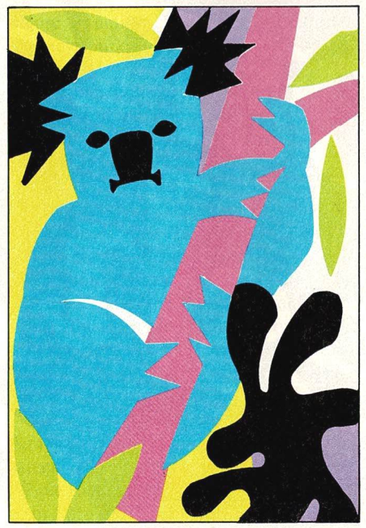
START SMALL

A Scots bloke called James Kearney was fined $60 at Hamilton Sheriff's Court after admitting a breach of the peace. It seems James was in a belligerent mood and felt like exercising his fists. So he left his home one afternoon last month and picked an argument with a cat. He was arrested after a prolonged session of shouting and swearing at the cat and challenging it to a fight.

KOALA BLUE

Notice how the Japanese have been going quite dotty over the frill-necked lizard? Well, it's the koala's turn now.

Residents of Tokyo have been going quite berserk anticipating the arrival of the first two koalas to be presented by Australia to Japan. Koala-naming contests are all the rage, the Japanese media have been squabbling with each other for rights to cover the arrival, but what impressed us most was the Dial-A-Koala service. In Aiichi prefecture, just south of Tokyo, callers dial a number to hear a "conversation" between a young woman and a koala. She talks and the koala replies. Considering that the only sound a koala makes is a grunt very similar to that made by a pig, no one can be sure if that's a dinkum koala on the other end of the line.



LAMB SCAM

While we're on the subject of the Japanese it seems we may be on the verge of another breakthrough. The Japanese have been happy to buy our beef for years but haven't been so keen on our lamb.

It seems there wasn't anything wrong with the lamb, it's just that the Japanese believe lamb smells like human flesh. Now lamb may be on the verge of acceptability in Japan, thanks to a new "lamb deodorant". No, you don't spray it under the lamb's legs before hitting it on the head. You apply it liberally to the roast when it comes out of the oven. We've known about it for years, of course.

On closer examination it transpires that the bottles of lamb deodorant in Japanese supermarkets contain nothing more exotic than mint sauce.

Gosh, we must seem inscrutable to the Japs!

BLAZING BICYCLE SADDLES

A road safety expert in Britain has startled no one by stating the obvious in a report on highway safety — pretty female joggers are a traffic hazard because they distract male drivers. Stoke-On-Trent road safety officer Richard Collingridge said lady joggers in skimpy outfits shouldn't run beside busy roads.

Mr Collingridge's report was answered by feminists who claimed women drivers are equally distracted by the spectacle of trim men riding bicycles.

ARMED ROBBERY

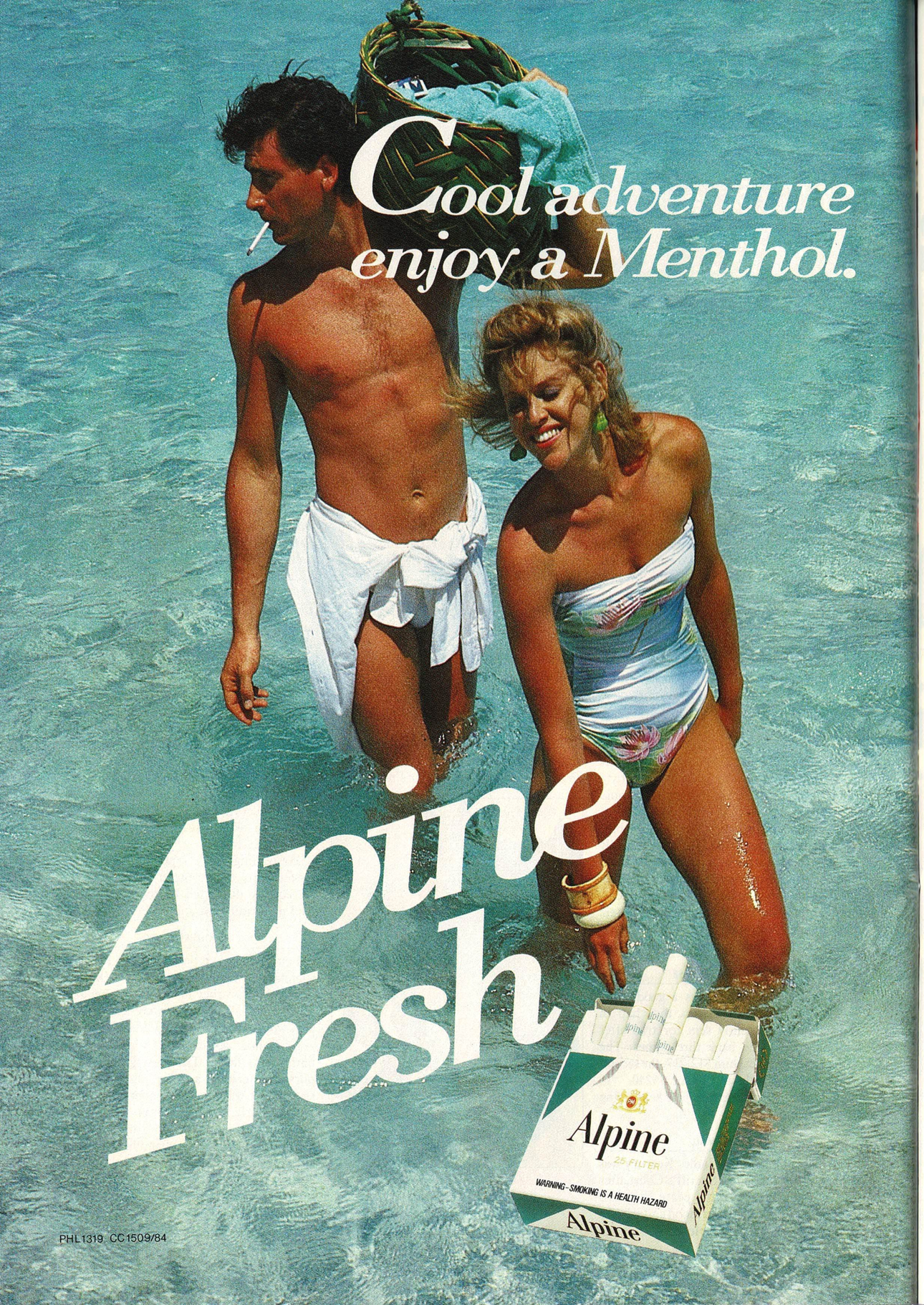
Four muggers in San Francisco not only snatched a woman's handbag when they attacked her — they made off with her arm as well. Rosa Visser, 33, wore an artificial arm worth around $10,000.

A police spokesman said: "It's a horrendous thing. They just grabbed her purse and took her arm with it. They never stopped. It was a no-class operation."

Apparently Rosa ran after the thieves thinking they might keep the bag and leave her arm but they kept on running, arm and all.

Rosa told reporters she could not understand why anyone with two perfectly good arms would keep it.

Police, too, are stumped.



AUSTRALIA

It's not what you know, it's who you want to be in your Dream Factory fantasy.

I had just signed my breakfast bill for room service at The Bonaventure Hotel in Los Angeles. Peeking out from under the bowl of stewed prunes was a leaflet about local plays.

"What's this?" I asked the young steward. "I thought you might be interested, ma'am," he replied. "I'm a director." "Funny," I said, "I thought you were a room waiter."

He gave me a withering look and the door shook as he banged it shut.

It was my first day in Los Angeles and I had yet to learn that things ain't always what they seem in Tinsel Town. Stumbling around the hotel lobby the previous evening I had been transfixed by the sight of a very tall negress.

She was dripping with half the contents of a De Beers catalogue and wearing a dress that Joan Collins would kill for.

On the end of a jewel-encrusted leash pranced a poodle wearing a gold lame saddle and winged sunglasses.

Such was the effect that I found myself wondering why the poodle didn't take off its sunglasses in the dimly lit lobby rather than questioning why the pooch was wearing them in the first place.

I just stared. She noticed me and sashayed over, her hips rotating in hula fashion.

"What y'all staring at, honey?" she drawled.

I gasped. My mouth felt as if it was spread with peanut butter.

"S'pose y'all think it's easy to look this cheap?" she squawked, delighted at her impudence and my discomfort. When she laughed her mouth revealed a neon-bright display of perfect teeth; a dazzling assembly of little white chewing gum pellets. She was having a ball.

"I'm from Australia," I offered, hoping this snippet of information would account for my behavior.

She shrieked, totally delighted at the news.

"Whaddya'll do down there?" she said, the megawatts smile still blazing.

"I write for PLAYBOY," I murmured. "Holy shit!" she screamed. "Don't anyone tell the truth in this goddamned town?"

She swivelled away and assumed a theatrical pose in front of an artificial potted palm. Yeah, theatre's what it's all about, I decided. Take the taxi driver who swept us along the freeways for a squiz at Sunset Boulevard.

I could have sworn he was a taxi driver. Even had one of those little plastic ID cards above the visor.

"You an Aussie?" he asked, smiling with delight at his grasp of the vernacular. He'd obviously seen the Hoges TV commercials zapping the US airwaves at that time. "What do you do Down Under?" he inquired.

"I'm a writer," I replied. (It's always easier to be a writer than a journalist. The latter label suggests you've been published, that you've probably written something that someone didn't like, even in Hollywood. News can get around. Yes, writer is acceptable. Half the world seems to be writing something.)

"That's nice," he replied. "I'm an actor myself." He didn't seem to expect an answer and the conversation took a logical turn to Michael Jackson and macrobiotics.

I spent two weeks in the States. I met a lift attendant who was really a stuntman, a hotel receptionist who managed a rock band and a coach driver who wrote TV soap scripts.

When the delivery boy brought back my dry cleaning and deposited it in my hotel room closet, I already knew that he wasn't a delivery boy.

He spotted my portable typewriter and asked if I was a writer.

"Yes, I am," came my reply. "I'm a singer," he answered briskly, and treated me to a few notes before resuming his delivery rounds.

When I met a coffee shop waitress who claimed she was just that, I was immediately suspicious. I happened to mention to the barman at The Bonaventure that half of Los Angeles seemed to be understudying a leading role.

I shouldn't have been so naive. He concurred and then sheepishly told me he was really a magazine editor. It turned out to be a newsletter for his son's baseball league but he sure didn't want to be labelled as just a mixer of drinks.

Los Angeles is still the Dream Factory. And you can't actually be a flop if your career never really gets off the ground. People there accept you as a writer, singer, actor, producer, director, whatever, and rarely do they insist on knowing your track record or credentials. Drama is always in the air and everyone wants to be part of the curtain call.

When I arrived back in Sydney, I decided to do some random research around the traps to see if Aussies, too, are prone to such fantasies. My local bar seemed a good place to start.

The bartender said he wrote poetry and was looking for a good agent, the short-order cook was studying alternative medicine and offered me a herbal massage.

The waitress insisted she was nothing more than someone who waits on tables and works the cash register. Lying tart. She had that same shifty look as her counterpart in Los Angeles.

My research continued and a pattern developed. Whereas in the USA, dreams seemed linked to stardom and celluloid, most Aussies who admit to alternative career choices are just aiming for something more exciting than their present occupation. No one seemed really dissatisfied; there was just an undercurrent of restlessness, a healthy streak of ambition.

And we do lack the American sense of melodrama, thank God. I've yet to encounter a lift driver here who's leant across and confided to me that he's not really a lift driver, he's an animal trainer. Or a waiter who's announced he's really a film director as he's doled out the bread rolls. You're more likely to be served by a bespectacled young Asian who's waiting tables part-time while he or she finishes a degree in medicine or veterinary science.

It's an interesting facet of human behavior that we all suffer, to some degree, from the grass-is-always-greener-on-the-other-side syndrome. The Americans reckon the same goes for Astro-Turf.

There are few of us who are really content with our lot.

Some of us pursue dreams, others aim positively to better our education or improve our lifestyles. Just about everyone waits for his Lotto numbers to drop and for life to begin again.

In a way, we are all fodder for the Dream Factory. Until we find our way on to the assembly line, I suggest we all keep our day jobs. —SUSAN KUROSAWA

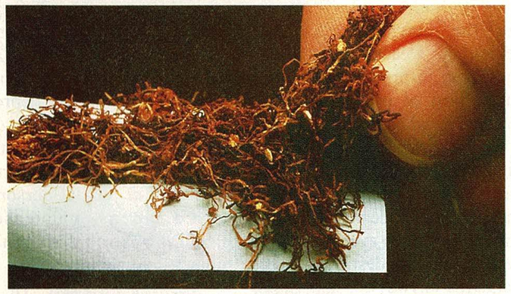
There is absolutely no secret to Drum's success.

JWT010.P058

When you buy Drum roll-your-own tobacco, there is no hiding what you're getting. In fact, we put it right on the pack: Excellent, bright and dark cigarette tobacco.

And that's exactly what you find inside; a perfect blend of tobaccos – bright strands of flue-cured Virginian, with the darker, aromatic strands of fire-cured Kentucky leaf.

You will notice the strands themselves are longer, which makes Drum very easy to roll. We achieve this by selecting



carefully only the larger leaves, and by laying them out by hand so we can cut each strand across the full width of the leaf. (The small circles of tobacco you will find are proof of this; they're actually tiny cross-sections from the central vein of the tobacco leaf.)

You'll also be able to feel and smell the total freshness of Drum tobacco.

This is mainly due to the specially designed polyethylene wrapper you had to remove after you bought the pack.

This wrapper allows the tobacco to 'breathe' without allowing moisture to escape. And that means your Drum tobacco stays fresher, longer.

So our secret is really no secret at all. We simply take the care and the time to put only the very best quality tobacco into every pack of Drum we sell.

Which is why, when you know what you're looking for in a cigarette, you will look for Drum.

DOUWE EGBERTS
DRUM®
Excellent
bright and dark cigarette tobacco

MONEY

Look beyond the initial outlay when buying a car; it's the hidden costs that drive you to the wall.

A car is the second most expensive purchase many of us ever make. Only our houses cost more. Since saving $1000 or so on the cost of owning a car is equivalent to earning an extra $2000 (every dollar saved by an average salary earner is equivalent to just under two dollars earned after tax), you would think buyers would be acutely aware of what cars cost. But very few have any idea.

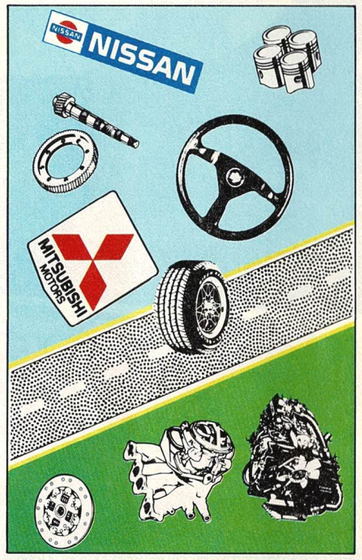
Most buying decisions are made solely on a car's initial selling price without considering its running costs in the years ahead, but the purchase price is only the beginning. Dealer preparation fees, registrations, insurance, petrol consumption and a host of other items must also be considered when calculating costs.

Consider, for example, a new Mitsubishi Sigma GL. A 2.6 litre, automatic Sigma GL has a sticker price of $10,753, neither the cheapest nor the dearest car on the market: a popular car in the average price range. Still, despite its modest price (by today's standards anyway), a new Sigma GL will cost its owner more than $100 per week to run plus the $10,000 or so he paid for it. Where does this figure come from? It's the total of three categories of expenditure: standing costs, operating costs and capital costs.

Standing costs include government stamp duty on the purchase, dealer preparation and delivery charges (both of which are only paid once, of course), as well as registration fees, third-party insurance, and comprehensive insurance, which are paid each year. The cost of a driver's licence (after all, the car is useless without one) and, perhaps, membership in a motorists association should also be included in standing costs. According to research done by the Royal Automobile Club of Queensland (RACQ), standing costs for a new Sigma GL total $1892 or around $12 per week for the first three years of car ownership. Although there's some variation across states in registration charges, stamp duty and insurance costs, these figures are fairly representative, varying by only a few dollars from state to state.

Twelve dollars per week is what you have to pay just to keep your car parked in the driveway. Now suppose you actually want to go somewhere. Well, if you drive the Australian average of 15,000km each year, pay around 47 cents per litre for petrol, change your oil and filters at normal intervals and have no unusual repairs, the RACQ estimates operating costs will total $3827 (around $25 per week) during the first three years.

This brings us to capital costs. If a buyer pays for the car in cash, he is forgoing money he could have earned through a bank or other investments. Again according to the RACQ, after three years a purchase price of $10,753 would have totalled investment income of $4,258 before tax. As this income was forgone to buy a car, it must be considered part of the car's capital costs, which also include depreciation. A new car loses value from the moment it leaves the dealer's showroom, but different cars depreciate in value at different rates. The RACQ estimates that a Sigma will depreciate 22.5 percent per year. This means that after three years, a Sigma GL will be worth $5748 less than its original sticker price. Adding the amount of income forgone and depreciation costs produces a three-year capital cost of $10,006, or $64 per week (assuming that no money has been borrowed). The running cost of cars paid for with personal loans or leased through finance companies must be calculated in a different manner, but for now let's assume the purchaser paid cash.



Adding up standing costs, running costs and capital costs yields a grand total of $15,725 in running costs over three years or about $101 per week. Of course, these figures are just a general guide. The actual cost depends on how much the car is driven, repairs, the price of petrol and so on, but it's unlikely that the costs will be much lower. If you drive more, they may be higher.

Now let's compare the running costs of the Sigma with those of a Nissan Bluebird GL (manual). According to the RACQ, the Bluebird's running costs average out to $90 per week for the first three years. Buying the Bluebird instead of the Sigma produces a saving of $11 per week or $1716 over three years, not counting any difference in the initial purchase price of the two cars. This difference is approximately the amount of income a depositor would receive after taxes if he held $11,000 in a 10 percent savings account for three years. Obviously, the car buyer must ask himself if the Sigma GL is worth the higher running costs.

Luxury cars, cars with larger motors, and many sportscars cost more to run than either of the cars described so far. According to the RACQ researchers, the weekly running costs of a 4.1-litre Ford Falcon average $114, a 5-litre Holden Commodore costs $128 per week to run and a Nissan Patrol four-wheel drive sets its owners back $157 every week. Buyers will also be up for greater expense if they lease a new car or pay for their purchase with a personal loan.

Since it does not tie up any money, a lease considerably reduces the capital costs of running a car, but is more than made up for by high monthly payments. Current lease payments for a Sigma average about $260 per month and at the end of the contract you don't actually own the car. Personal loans are almost as expensive as leasing. Assuming a $1000 deposit, a personal loan will cost around $380 per month for three years or $13,680 before the loan is paid off. This means that, considering only standing costs and loan repayments, the buyer of a new Sigma who puts down $1000 and borrows the rest must come up with $100 per week just to keep his car in his garage for the first three years. If he actually wants to drive anywhere the cost is higher.

After the loan is repaid the cost decreases considerably, in fact the best way to get full value out of a car is to drive it until it turns to dust.

Nothing in these figures should be taken as advice to avoid any but the cheapest cars. Nor should you drive them forever. Perhaps, after considering the alternatives, you'll conclude that the advantages of dearer cars justify their added expense. After all, for most of us, a car is more than just a way to get from one place to another, otherwise we'd all be driving old Minis.

We buy cars because they convey prestige, look sexy, offer luxuries and because they are fun. But, like most things in life, our dreams of luxury and excitement must be tempered by the thickness of our wallets. Before we can consider ourselves well-informed new car buyers, we must have a good idea not only of our initial outlay but also what we must spend in running costs. — SETH GREGORY

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MEN

When your Y-fronts go missing, you'll know where to look: on your lady's side of the bed!

It wasn't really important in itself but, for Jack, it was another tragic indication of the times.

"It had to happen," he moaned as we met for a few Friday afternoon beers. "Not content with grabbing everything else men have held precious, women have gone and knocked off our *undies!*" Visions of boiler-suited feminists snow-dropping the Hills Hoists of Australia leapt to mind before Jack drew our attention to the news item he had just been reading. It was headed WOMEN PINCH MEN'S BOTTOMS and detailed how the latest fashion trend stemmed from girls taking a shine to wearing Y-fronts. All the fashion knicker-knitters, so the article said, were fitting out the femmes in up-market versions of the humble BVD.

Now, it doesn't pay to take some of the fashion industry's excesses too seriously, but this one had obviously got under Jack's flap. And we knew why. In fact, we'd often had a bit of a giggle about it at Jack's expense.

Our mate Jack, God love him, is one of those fellas who has reacted rather badly to the inroads women have made on traditional male bastions. "Post-feminist shock" is what we have laughingly dubbed Jack's syndrome. This undies business, however, was the last straw.

"You wouldn't bloody well believe it," he ranted. "You spend half your life trying to get into their knickers, and then one day you learn that they're getting into yours — and for all the wrong reasons."

We'd heard Jack on this subject before. He usually prefaced anything of note with "You wouldn't bloody well believe it," and that's what he said the day Sid closed the barber shop. All his life, like his dad before him, Jack had been getting his ears lowered at the place with the candy-striped pole and the greyhound photos on the wall. Now, he lamented, he'd have to go over to Hair's Breadth where you couldn't get in to be fussed over by Mister Rodney unless you had an appointment.

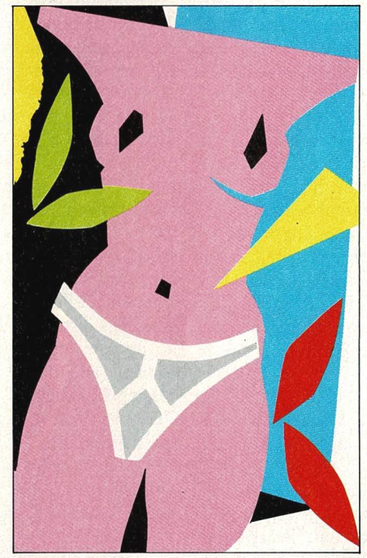
"Bugger this uni-sex bit," Jack had moaned, "it was six chairs and no waiting at Sid's."

"Uni-sex?" was all we could guffaw in response.

It goes without saying that Jack turned in his membership at the "Rowers" the day they let women into the members' bar. As for us, we didn't mind. It meant you could meet some rather interesting women without leaving the pleasant surrounds of your favorite drinking haunt.

As you've probably already figured, Jack's a funny bloke. In most ways he is absolutely normal: good career prospects, above-average intelligence and, for some reason, many girls find him somewhat cute. But when it comes to that crucial subject concerning the diminishing of the gap between the sexes, Jack reacts like he has spent the past decade in a sensory deprivation tank. As far as our mate is concerned, the women's movement of the 1970s never happened. For Jack, women are women, men are men and the twain should meet for one purpose only — and then only briefly.

In an odd sort of way, it's refreshing to know that blokes like Jack still exist. They're throwbacks to another age and somehow serve to remind us that the real advances made by women in the past 20 years haven't scared us half as much as we thought they would. In a positive way it has helped men understand women better and, most men will agree, that can't be a bad thing.



Despite the recent flirtation with androgyny and the blurring of the sexes, most women like being women. And most men are very aware of that.

All the changes that stemmed from the women's movement — better job opportunities, more women in the workforce, a greater awareness of women's contribution to society — can never change the fact that the opposite sexes will continue to attract each other.

Every now and then there will be the odd challenge to the superficial trappings of our masculinity, and some of us will react unfavorably. Maybe it does make more sense that men and women get their hair cut at the one location. One thing is for certain: come the next generation, no man will mind just how long ago the members' bar was opened to women or whether the person having a perm in the chair next door happens to be a fella or a girl.

By then it will be the accepted form, *fait accompli*, and the only surprise will be caused by the news that we once thought it worth fussing about.

As surely as women appreciate the company of other females now and again, there will always be time and space to commune with the boys in the accepted tradition of mateship. Despite what the social critics say, the mateship ethic is never likely to disappear. It's been around since the cavemen first trooped out together to hunt the sabre-toothed tiger, and it will probably survive every sort of challenge, including nuclear war.

No matter how many men become house husbands and women become newsreaders or engineers, there will be those chores in which the opposite sexes will specialise. You can safely bet that most sports will be conducted along men-women divisions for a long time yet, and when, or if, the next war erupts, you'll be more likely to find yourself sharing a bunker with a bunch of male, rather than female, conscripts.

Meanwhile, you can reflect on just how much the things my mate Jack hates most have improved our lot. Not long ago there were those of us who thought few women had anything of note to say.

Now that we're more willing to sit down and listen to the female point of view, we've learned that not only are there some smart women out there, they've got an awful lot to contribute.

Maybe you are typical of those guys who could once count very few women as close friends. Well, you might surprise yourself by acknowledging that you have more close female acquaintances today than you once did. And maybe it's because you've taken the time to listen to and work with women and you've reassessed their worth.

The real down-the-line benefit is that when you get locked into the idea of living with one of these ladies, your ability to handle the give and take is a lot more attuned than it might have been.

Let's face it: there are very few women out there who are going to be exactly like our mums. You are going to have to be prepared to bend a bit.

But one word of warning from my mate Jack: Keep an eye on the bottom drawer, that's the one where you store your clean underpants, remember. If you're missing a couple of pairs of Y-fronts you'll know where to look!

A.D. AIRD

WOMEN

Couples are okay, but the world is awash with strange kindred spirits . . . avoid them!

There's something a bit sinister about couples. Not that I'm a born-again single. I've been in and out of heavy long-term relationships, carry some sweet memories and view my present status as a fairly temporary state of affairs. It's just that when you're on your own, dabbling in casual liaisons, you begin to view the couples around you in a whole new light.

Confirmed couples are unspeakably smug: they always speak in terms of "we" and I've begun to notice that, just as owners of certain breeds of dogs begin to look like their pet pooches after a while, couples sometimes start to resemble each other.

I don't mean that Kevin starts curling his eyelashes or swivelling his hips or that Michelle, his other half, begins to grow a moustache and flex her muscles. I am suggesting that dedicated couples share certain mannerisms, expressions, opinions and even physical quirks that set them apart from other pairs.

And couples seek out other couples. Alliances are formed; they drop in on each other for bridge and barbecues; when one pair goes to Bali for their hols, the other takes over the watering of rubber plants and feeding of pets. There's nothing wrong in mixing this way. I've done it myself and it can be an excellent way of diffusing tensions and enjoying some convenient socialising. However, you do have to take care to avoid certain types of couples. The world is awash with strange species. Here are a few specimens to avoid at all costs:

Trent and Tricia Gourmetworth: These two are always on the trail of new and *stunning* places to eat, darling. If you accompany them you can expect staccato conversation as they'll spend the entire meal rubbernecking to check out the arriving throngs and to establish if the bearded person behind the bamboo is really Jack Thompson. All this means that you can nick the violets out of their salads with impunity (and you'll have to because Trent and Tricia are heavily into cuisine minuscule and you'll probably need to go a Big Mac on the way home after dinner). They can talk for hours about pecans and pink peppercorns and sit up in bed together planning dinner parties. Tell them you've never tasted a tamarillo, you like nothing better than a midnight fix of beer and pizza and that your father once won a pie-eating contest, and the friendship will cool.

Jamie and Cheryl-Anne Diddums: Jamie's secretary is on the verge of suicide because Cheryl-Anne calls him in the office every hour to ask him why the sky is blue. When Jamie comes home from work, he doesn't say, "Hi there, Cheryl-Anne, what's cooking?" He coos, "Hewoo, widdle Chezzie poo, did you miss your big, stwong Jamiekins?" To which Chezzie poo replies, "Ooo, you mean and nasty widdle boy, Chezzie not talking to you cos you be late and me was afraid." They call each other "diddums" in public places and follow each other to the bathroom for no drug-related reason. They don't really want to socialise; they're wrapped in their cosy cocoon of arrested emotional development and view outsiders with suspicion. If you have them over for dinner, serve lots of mashed vegetables and coerce them into eating the lot with the promise of green jelly to follow. If you drop them from your social circle, they'll pout a lot but will be over it by bedtime.

Sebastian and Tara Artico: She wears designer brand underwear and state-of-the-art ear-rings. He wears a caftan while tending to his terrace house courtyard or shopping for fresh pasta at the neighborhood deli. Leaders of the art gallery push, first night fanatics, and friends of the opera, ballet, local drama society and puppet theatre of Peru. They spend Sunday mornings listening to obscure opera records and discussing Chekhov. Once, after a few too many glasses of chilled chardonnay, Tara admitted to Sebastian that she'd sneaked off one afternoon to see *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*. He tenderly kissed her brow, said he understood her pain and surprised her with a hard-cover tome on the life and times of Antonioni. Needless to say, they have a joint film grant and they're so busy writing a screenplay that they won't even notice if you exit out of their lives.

Bill and Marilyn Tiffing: There you are, sitting through a lovely, soothing music recital when, slapbang in the middle of an exquisite solo, Marilyn runs screeching from the concert hall. "What on earth is the matter?" you inquire. "I've never been so upset in my entire life," Bill gulps. "Don't bet on it," you remind him. "Remember when Marilyn forgot your birthday and you tried to overdose on sleeping pills?" "No, no," he sniffles, "this is far, far worse." "Nah, it couldn't be," you reply. Bill murmurs, "Now she refuses to consider adjoining burial plots." Marilyn will race home to pack her bags and leave this brute who can't understand her burning desire to be cremated. It's probably the third time that week they've been about to split. You don't need to share your life with this trauma-ridden duo. They have each other.

Howard and Sascha Vegeroni: She wears floating Indian dresses and smells of sandalwood oil. He is partial to cheesecloth shirts and shabby sandals. Visit them for dinner and you'll sit on beanbags, listen to sitar music, tuck into bean sprouts mornay and be treated to a dissertation on their latest visit to an ashram. They can talk for hours on the merits of spinach and alfalfa and have suspicious potplants on their windowledges. They meditate a lot so you can always slip away totally unnoticed.

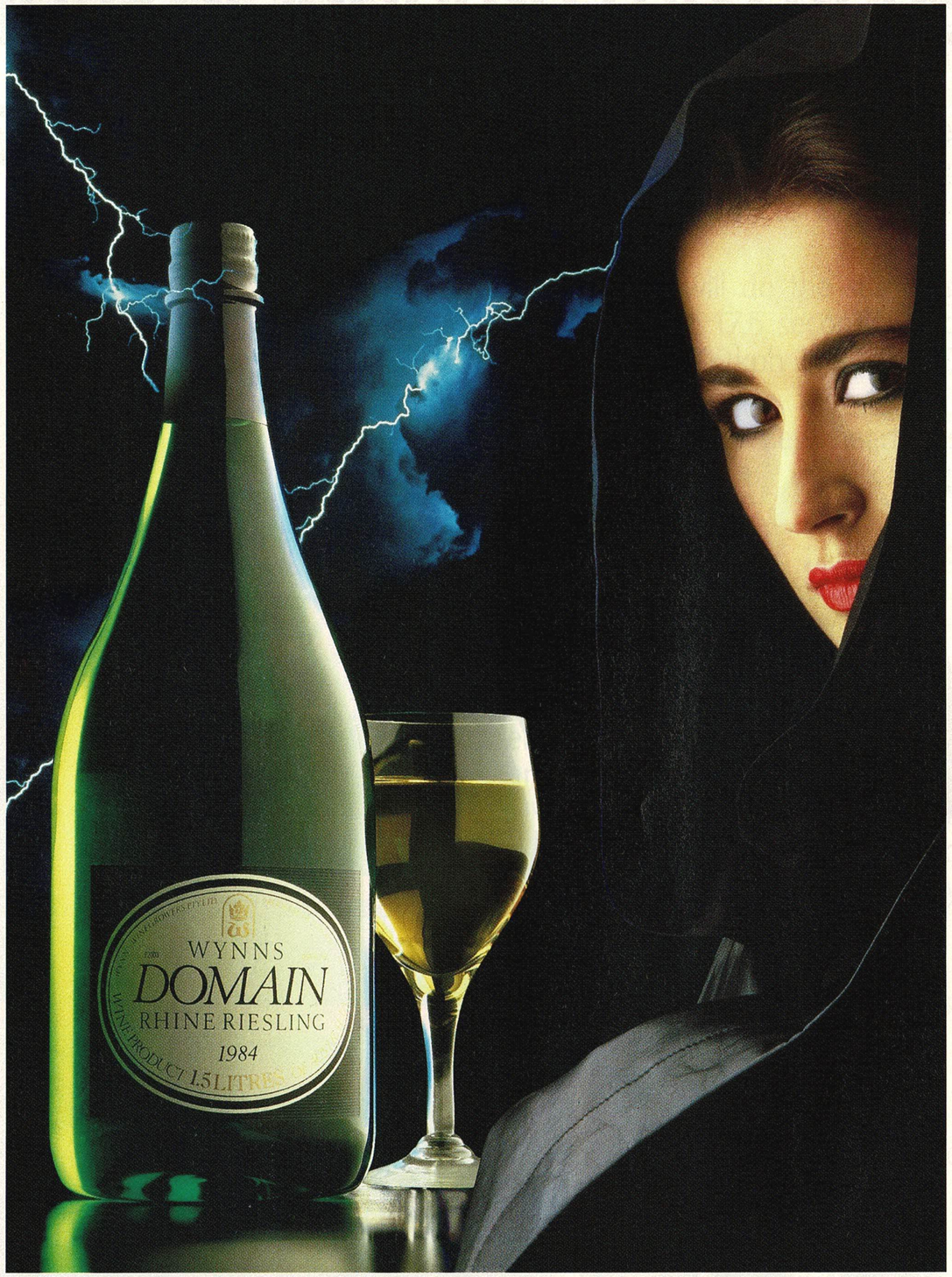
Tony and Chrissie El Cheapo: This couple always manage to slither away to the toilets when the bill arrives. They arrive empty-handed at dinner parties and complain about the quality of the red wine. They recycle tea bags, wear op shop clothing and use last week's bus tickets. They have more money on short-term investment than you or I could ever dream about. Ask Tony and Chrissie to loan you a few dollars and you will have seen the last of them.

There are other twin sorts. Bob and Rebecca Bickering argue long and loud at every opportunity; Pete and Judy Coitus love to regale one and all with all the joys of their open marriage, and Graham and Samantha Travelbug send out invitations to their slide evenings.

They're all out there. I'd just love to mix and match a few of them. Let Bob Bickering spend the evening with Marilyn Tiffing; have Tricia Gourmetworth cook Howard Vegeroni a rack of lamb in pork-fat coulis. Maybe Tony El Cheapo would end up with Tara Artico if they went on *Perfect Match*.

But then I'm the meddling sort and I wonder if it wouldn't serve me right to get stuck forever with someone exactly like myself. — SUSAN KUROSAWA

WINE ENTERS A NEW DOMAIN.



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Putting Toyota's 2.4 litre engine with Electronic Fuel Injection into Celica has given it superlative performance.

It's never looked better!

2.4 LITRE EFI CELICA

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

DFS/TPA852

MOVIES

Schoolgirl tunics get a lift, ghosts get busted, while the mafiosi's second division gets a run.

Secret Places is one of those emotionally intense offerings that manage to cast a shadow even when the storm clouds are threatening. It's another British excursion into nostalgia. This time it's one of those Girls Own Annual private schools, but the hockey sticks and stones are far from jolly for new girl Laura Meister (**Marie-Theres Relin**).

Britain is huddled in the paranoia of World War II and the new girl is a German refugee who inevitably becomes the target for a hostility fuelled by suspicion and rumor. She eventually wins admission into the push which meets in "secret places", but group loyalties, self doubts, peer pressure and nationalism all hit the fan when the father of another girl in the group is killed in action.

Like some jumbo jigsaw, *Secret Places* uses small moments to depict the agonies of an apocalyptic event. The challenge for such a film is that every moment must be absolutely precise or the picture as a whole becomes sloppy.

Rookie director **Zelda Barron** moves the emotions like a master puppeteer. The story itself walks the tightrope of becoming a labored metaphor for discrimination and intolerance everywhere, but sensitive direction of some high-octane acting channels audience interest on to the destiny of the characters and doesn't allow the film to descend into a tub thump.

The psychological pressure is steadily screwed down until the point where Laura chooses suicide as an out. Here, too, the director shows a deft touch in superimposing one girl's dark despair against a backdrop of carefree innocence . . . and gets away with it. **Jenny Agutter** is about the only talent that you'll recognise, but **Anne-Marie Gwatkin, Tara MacGowran** and **Marie-Theres Relin** all impress with forceful performances.

●

Whether or not it puts the wind up anyone else, **Ivan Reitman's** *Ghostbusters* must have spooked **Steven Spielberg** when it hit the screen. It achieved something very paranormal in the first week of its run by outgrossing both *Gremlins* and *Indiana Jones And The Temple Of Doom.* And it did it by simply outplaying Spielberg at his own game.

Ghostbusters not only has something for everyone, it manages to become a classic of almost every subculture imaginable. There's the supernatural special effects, a top-ten soundtrack, the offbeat lunacy of **Dan Aykroyd** and **Bill Murray** or, for a slightly different audience, the proven partnership of Bill Murray and **Harold Ramis,** and the bonus of two totally unlikely talents in **Sigourney Weaver** and **Rick Moranis** for them to spark off.

On the surface the story is current pop pap following the exploits of a crew of parapsychologists who, having been expelled from university, establish a thriving ghost extermination service. Sigourney Weaver is the first customer: she and excruciating neighbor Moranis have an apartment which has been chosen by the mysterious god Gozer as the access for his second coming.

On every other level and at every other opportunity, however, the story serves as a search and destroy mission on American values, a sort of peace-keeping force that doesn't take any prisoners. Caught in the glare of its comic brilliance is a bizarre junk culture: junk food fuelling junk philosophies and junk moralities. It is like a Tom Waits song translated to the screen and in this cast Ivan Reitman has the perfect inhabitants for such an imperfect world.

Hustlers Hannah (left) and Rourke in Village Dreams.

Aykroyd climbs one more step up the ladder to the title of the screen's funniest funny man, Murray and Ramis reproduce the magic of their *Stripes* partnership, and Rick Moranis confirms an old threat, that if given the right role, he can steal the whole damned show. Top marks, too, to Ivan Reitman who, with *Meatballs* and *Stripes* behind him, again shows that he knows just how much improvisation keeps the comic culture fermenting.

●

Village Dreams looks for a while as if its makers had differing ideas about whether to play it for laughs or tears and ended up with something that leaves hardly a dry seat in the house.

In the States it opened to hardly an occupied seat in the house, but there's a suspicion that this film is a sleeper that got up on the wrong side of the bed. It has a sly, sardonic wit about it and these days anything less subtle than a month-old oyster fart is going to have to scrounge for its own audience at the cinema complex.

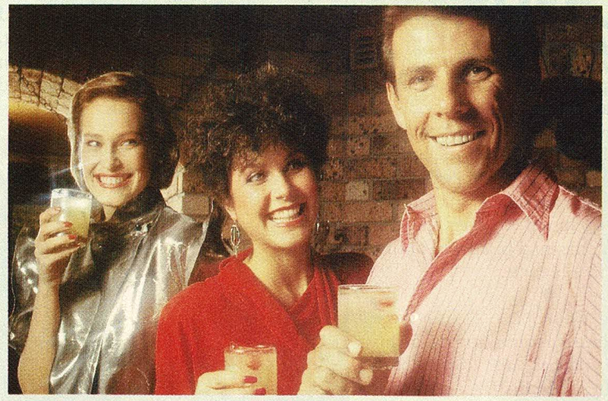
Originally titled *The Pope Of Greenwich Village*, which gave it an even bigger identity crisis, the film explores the world of low-life hustlers and second division mafiosi that exists around the fringes of New York's Little Italy.

Charlie (**Mickey Rourke**) has enough cool and cunning to lift himself out of the back alley and hit the boulevards, but whenever he makes it to the first corner, the old gang loyalities reach out and drag him back. Usually it's in the form of his no-hoper cousin Paulie (**Eric Roberts**), and out-of-control implications eventually land them in the same boat, the *Titanic*.

Charlie's exasperated girlfriend (**Daryl Hannah**) says he's always one inch away from being a good person, but he extends this measurement when a bungled rort promotes them to number one on the wanted list of both the cops and the Mafia. This crisis clarifies one thing: that the unlikely relationship between cousins survives on the incompetent Paulie's dependence on Charlie's panache and that Charlie needs a fix of excitement to counter his natural passiveness.

While any portrayal of Italian and Irish elements in New York is going to have a rich vein of humor running through it, *Village Dreams* is a much more perceptive picture than most. The restaurant where Charlie and Paulie work (Charlie providing a fine caricature of the universal maitre d') is a wonderland of betting tips, numbers games and underworld gossip. This is New York color. But when policeman Jack Kehoe and his precinct pals get involved, that's New York corruption.

"Bacardi rum punch is almost as much fun making, as enjoying."

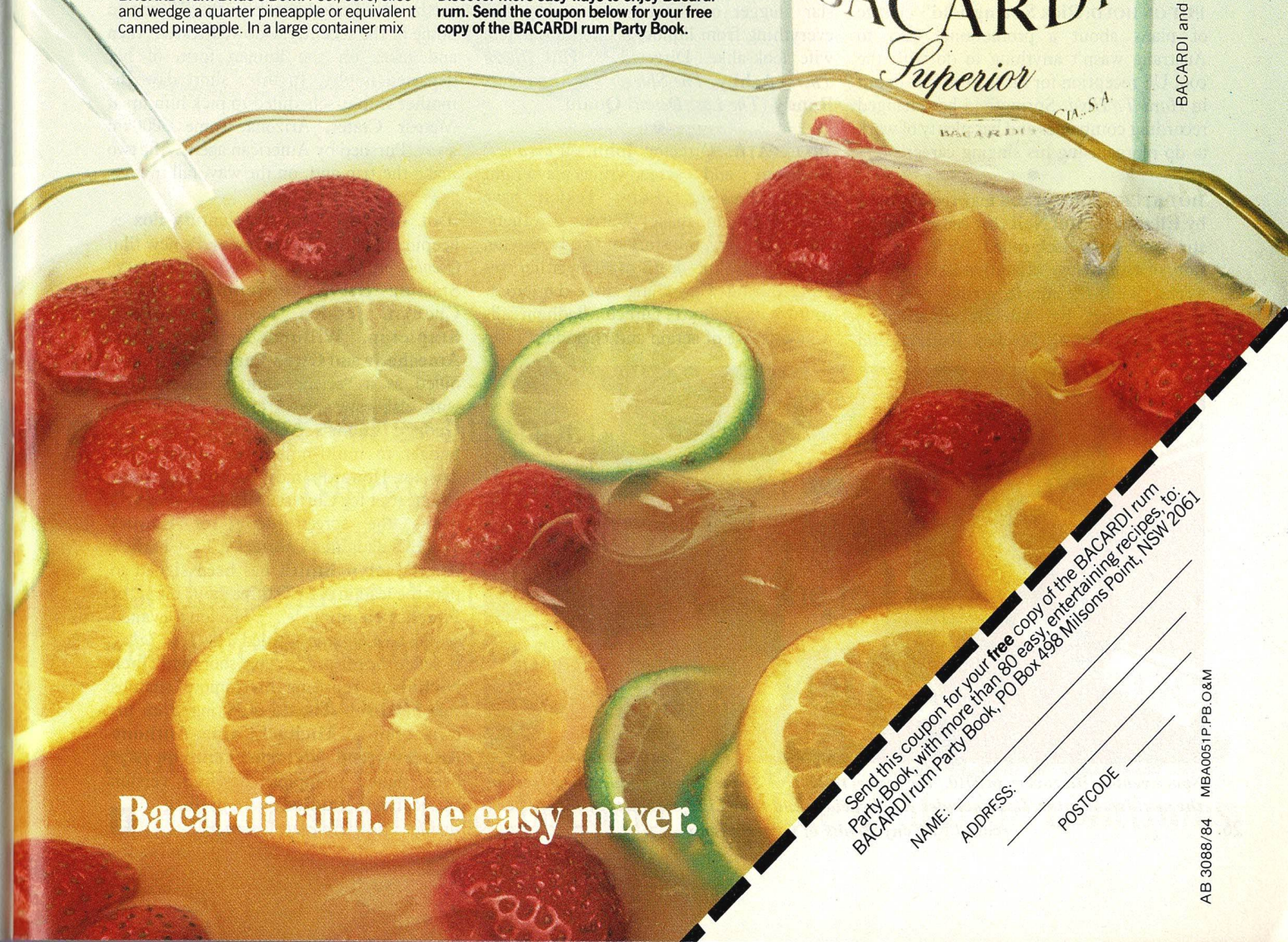


"I call it my instant party pleaser. Half the fun is in the making... making sure the punch tastes just right. Some friends have suggested that I taste more than I serve. Well, it's my party."

BACARDI rum Fruit Punch (illustrated). Into a large container pour 6 fl. oz. (180ml.) orange juice, 4 fl. oz. (120ml.) pineapple juice, and 6 fl. oz. (180ml.) lemon juice. Add 25 fl. oz. (750ml.) of Bacardi rum and a tablespoon of sugar. Stir. Chill. When ready to serve, add ice cubes and cold dry ginger ale (about 30 fl. oz. /900ml.), and decorate with fresh fruit. Serves 10 people twice.

BACARDI rum Bride's Bowl. Peel, core, slice and wedge a quarter pineapple or equivalent canned pineapple. In a large container mix pineapple, 5 fl. oz. (150ml.) lemon juice, 10 fl. oz. (300ml.) unsweetened pineapple juice and 20 fl. oz. (600ml.) of Bacardi rum. Dissolve 2 tablespoons of sugar in a little water and blend in the large container. Chill for two hours and pour over ice in a bowl. Add 30 fl. oz. (900ml.) of soda water and two punnets of sliced strawberries. Stir gently. Serves 10 people twice.

Discover more easy ways to enjoy Bacardi rum. Send the coupon below for your free copy of the BACARDI rum Party Book.



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And so this mischievous movie makes one more sly observation. When it comes down to Rourke and Roberts, the difference is that Rourke accepts every one of the considerable opportunities for fine acting that the character offers him, while Roberts extends the Paulie facility for goofing up even in this regard.

Kenneth McMillan makes a silk purse out of a sow's ear with a brilliant cameo performance as the old safebreaker and director **Stuart Rosenberg** overcomes the film's early schizophrenia to impress as a good director of good acting.

— ROBIN INGRAM

★COMING ATTRACTIONS★

TOUGH TURN: Don't look for **Tina Turner** in a sweet old granny role in **George Miller**'s upcoming *Mad Max 3*. "I want to play bad guys in the movies," she says. "In the **Harrison Ford** movie *Indiana Jones And The Temple Of Doom* there's this one guy and he reaches for your heart and he rips your heart out. I want to do that." Miller might be just the man to indulge her.

●

GETTING EVEN: **Barry Peak** and **Chris Kiely**, co-producers, writers and directors of the cheapy *Future Schlock*, have entered into the spirit of things by quoting the critics in their advertising. They even quote the American showbiz bible, *Variety*, but not the parts of the *Variety* review that called *Future Schlock* "a mess", "haphazard" and "resolutely Melbourne fringe". At least the film doesn't require stampeding crowds at the box office to break even. Total budget was an amazing $80,000.

●

PUT ON HOLD: **Rick Springfield**'s change of plans about a promotional tour to Australia wasn't anything to do with the cool US reception for his feature film debut in *Hard To Hold*. Springfield has changed recording companies and has plenty of work to do reorganising his singing career.

●

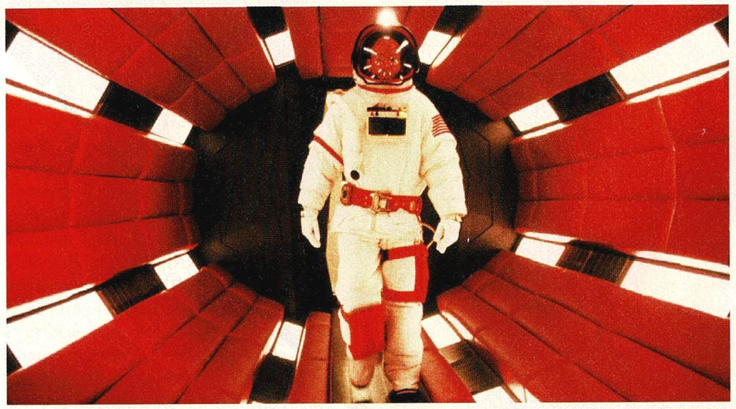
HOT STUFF: Some of you may recall a book by **Elizabeth MacNeil** that caused quite a stir some years back called *9½ Weeks*, the story of a torrid love affair that lasts only 9½ weeks. Well, the movie version is on the way, directed by **Adrian** (*Flashdance*) **Lyne** and starring **Mickey Rourke** and **Kym Basinger** as the couple who go through the ups and downs of an intensely passionate affair. I'm told the flick will be highly erotic, yet soft enough to rate an R. Says director Lyne: "This film is about the kind of passion that verges on lunacy, where two people actually become drunk on each other to the exclusion of everyone and everything else, the kind of attraction that happens once in a lifetime."

●

NO HITTER: In Columbia's *The Slugger's Wife*, **Neil Simon** returns to one of his most durable themes, the mismatched couple. Briefly, **Michael** (*The Great Santini*) **O'Keefe** plays the Atlanta Braves' home-run king, Daryll Palmer, a player in top form. He's married to a rock singer, played by *Risky Business*'s sexy **Rebecca De Mornay**. One day, the slugger's wife decides to leave him and get back to singing and Palmer's hitting streak abruptly halts. Director **Martin** (*The Front*) **Ritt** makes a rare acting appearance as the Braves' manager, the man whose job it is to get his star slugger out of his slump. He tries everything from liquor to smooth talk to a wife look-alike. Directed by **Hal** (*Being There*) **Ashby**, *The Slugger's Wife* co-stars **Randy** (*The Last Detail*) **Quaid**.

●

BIKE PATHS: Director **John** (*Wargames*) **Badham** and screenwriter/playwright **Steve** (*Breaking Away*) **Tesich** have teamed up to make Warner Brothers' *American Flyer*, the story of two boys who, separated by the death of their father, reunite during a gruelling three-day cross-country bicycle race. Director Badham calls it "a mixture of action and character. . . set against the biggest bicycle race in America." *American Flyer* stars **David Marshall** (*French Postcards*) **Grant, Kevin** (*Testament*) **Costner, Rae Dawn Chong, John Amos, Janice Rule** and **Alexandra** (*Christine*) **Paul.**



Space vehicle Discovery in 2010, the sequel to 2001: A Space Odyssey, due for release in the next few months. Cast includes Roy Scheider and John Lithgow and the film has been scored by Tony Banks of Genesis fame.

Karen Allen and Jeff Bridges.

EXTRATERRESTRIAL DEPT: **John** (*Escape From New York*) **Carpenter**'s latest entry into the box office sweepstakes is a sci-fi yarn called *Starman*, starring **Jeff Bridges, Karen Allen** and **Charles Martin Smith.** Bridges plays an alien stranded on earth, who finds himself in the Wisconsin home of the recently widowed Karen Allen and takes on the human form of her departed hubby. In three short days the mother ship is scheduled to pick him up at Meteor Crater, Arizona, some 3000km away. Pursued by American agents, the two make the trip and, on the way, fall in love.

●

IDOL GOSSIP: Twentieth Century-Fox is keeping details of **Ron Howard's** new film *Cocoon* in, well, a cocoon of secrecy. Starring **Steve Guttenberg, Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Maureen Stapleton, Wilford Brimley, Don Ameche Jr** and **Gwen Verdon**, the film is billed as a "science-fantasy adventure", with elaborate special effects courtesy of **George Lucas**'s crew that stretch the budget to multi-millions of dollars. It's director Howard's most ambitious project to date. Set for Christmas 1985, *Cocoon* also marks the screen debut of **Raquel Welch**'s daughter **Tahnee** . . . Ex-Charlie's Angel **Jaclyn Smith** has been signed to play the lead in NBC's three-hour biopic of Florence Nightingale . . . The long-awaited sequel to *Chinatown*, titled *The Two Jakes*, is set to begin production soon with **Jack Nicholson** reprising his famous shamus role and **Bob Towne** directing from his own script . . . **Michael Caine, Anthony Andrews** and **Victoria Tennant** have been signed to topline the film version of **Robert Ludlum**'s bestselling thriller *The Holcroft Covenant*.

Now there's a faster way into Australia's top tennis shoes.

Meet Volley "Strapper." Australia's top tennis shoe with a super-fast 'Rip-grip' closure, instead of a lacing system.

"Strappers" are on and off in seconds. And instantly adjustable for comfort. Yet they still have all the features that have made Volley tennis shoes famous.

So now you can be first on the court, first in the showers.

And still first in the comp.

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The evolution continues

Leo Burnett 4.5140

New V8 Holden Commodore SS. Loses by 0.6 sec. Wins by $38,000.

To measure the performance of the new Holden Commodore SS V8, compare it with the well bred Porsche 911 Carrera.

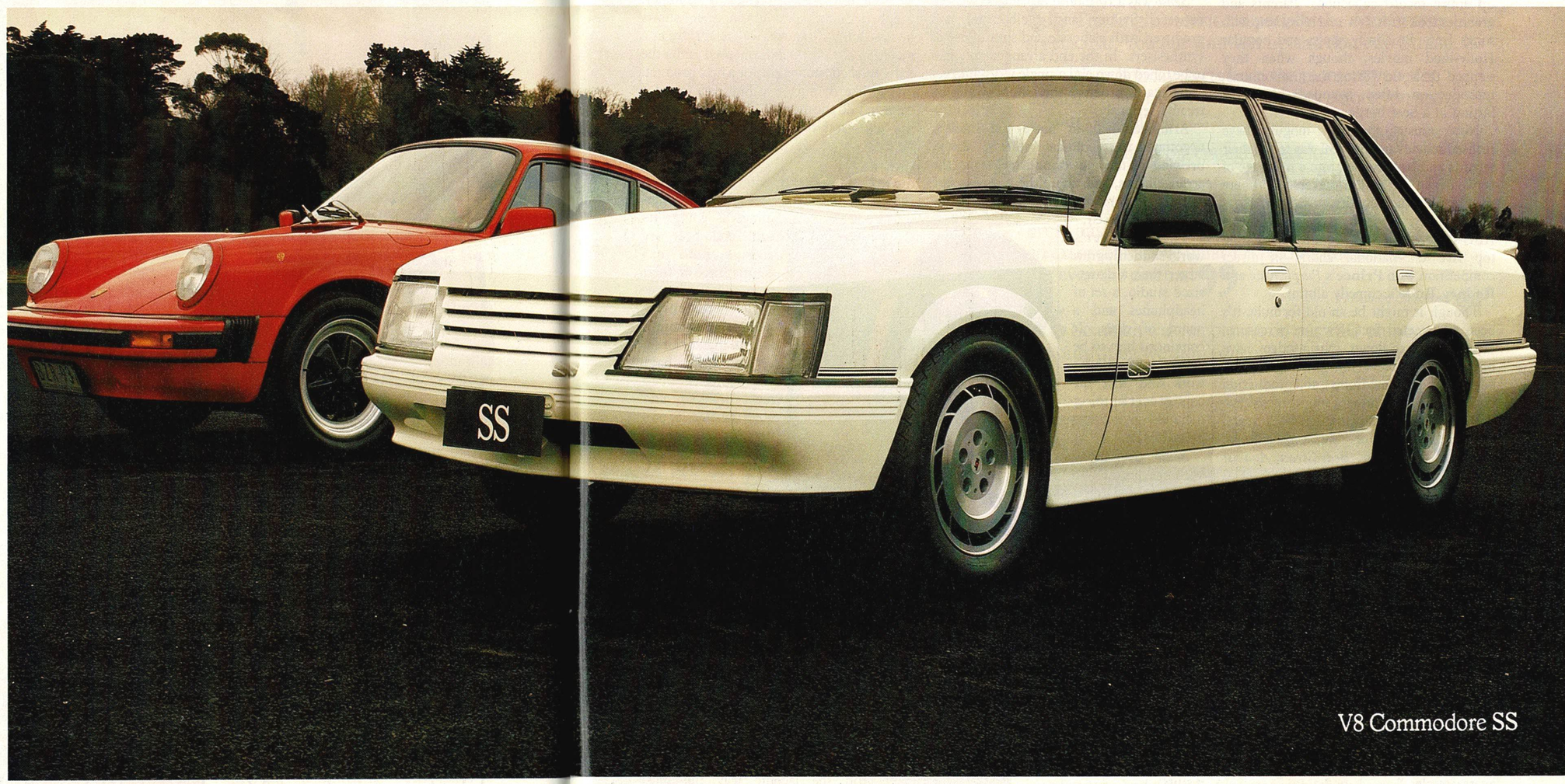
Both cars accelerate from rest to 100Ks in under 7 secs. The Carrera in 6.1 secs, the SS in 6.7 secs.

Over 400 metres, there's nothing in it: 14.3 secs for the Carrera, vs. 14.9 for V8 Commodore SS.

Not only does the SS go like a Carrera, it stops brilliantly too, with big discs all round.

The V8 Commodore SS handling is also preferred over many of Europe's finest. Designed by Peter Brock himself the V8 Commodore SS is based on his experience of seven wins at Bathurst.

Brock has included a limited slip differential, a blueprinted ignition system, and HDT high performance cylinder heads with large inlet and exhaust valves. He has also added a refined inlet manifold with improved inlet passages and free flow extractor exhaust system. Power steering, HDT gas rear suspension, 15" HDT alloy wheels and low-profile Uniroyals provide an outstanding ride with precise handling.



V8 Commodore SS

Apart from beating a lot of classy cars at their own high performance game, the 5.0 litre V8 powered Commodore SS can do practical things such as towing boats, floats and caravans, and comfortably accommodate 5 people and their luggage.

Inside, the SS gives you the driving aids you need — full instrumentation, including tacho, Momo steering wheel, plus a state-of-the-art electronic tune AM/FM stereo radio cassette system and sports Scheel seats.

At over $56,000, the Porsche 911 costs about three times more than the V8 Commodore SS — a difference of over $38,000.

The Peter Brock V8 Commodore SS Group 3 with even more refinements, in design, appearance, performance, ride, handling and luxury appointments is also available.

Your local Holden dealer has full details and specifications for both these exciting V8 Commodore SS models.

Prepare yourself for your first drive of an SS, and the exciting revelation that, yes, V8 Commodore SS really is up there in world class as a high performance car.

Body by Holden. Soul by Brock.

Holden: Australia's Driving Future.

The SS rear spoiler and side skirts are optional at extra cost.

GMCO0155

MUSIC

Old Sports Arminger and Cummings, in peak condition with soundtracks and soul.

Soundtrack albums have made a big comeback with the surge in popularity of teen-street movies. While the real street kids have been rap dancing to cassette-playing ghetto blasters, suburban teens have contented themselves reliving favorite movies through soundtrack albums.

There were days when soundtracks made up entire record collections. Parents and grannies took trips down memory lane with songs from Broadway shows and popular Hollywood movies, though when they slapped their old 78s on the gramophone, reproduction often sounded like bees farting in a beer bottle.

Now music company moguls have realised movies are the ideal way to sell their records and have rushed into a marriage of convenience with film-makers. Both are now reaping the benefits.

Even television is in on the act, with the ABC's *Sweet And Sour* soundtrack reaching top five on national charts in direct competition with **Prince's** *Purple Rain* and **Rodney Rude's** comedy album.

Though it might be an old formula, it's been resurrected for a few timely reasons: record sales are down, music videos have been a great success (thus proving the link between the two mediums), and production quality and techniques for soundtracks have improved dramatically in the past few years.

Witness some of the big movers: *Flashdance*, *Footloose*, *Beat Street*, *Against All Odds* and *Rocky Horror Show*. Australian contenders include the platinum status *Man From Snowy River*, *Starstruck*, and the recent *StreetHero*.

Television winners include *Brideshead Revisited* and *Sweet And Sour*, which surprised everyone.

One person who believes music and television drama crossover is the next big thing is producer and former **Sports** guitarist **Martin Arminger**. "A soundtrack and television show is the perfect double," he said after the success of *Sweet And Sour*.

"Original music on Australian TV is growing as more stations commit themselves to more quality programs and overseas sales."

Arminger was the man behind *Sweet And Sour's* music, but his pedigree goes back many years with his big influence on The Sports in the '70s.

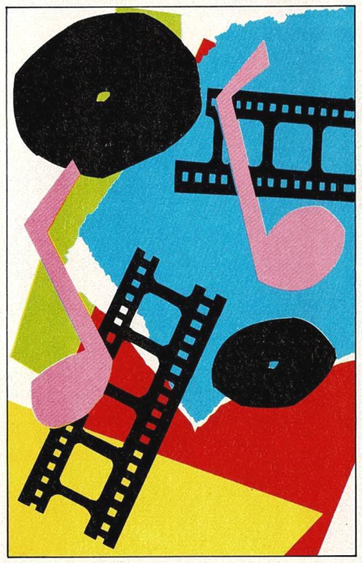
Leaving before the band had run its Melburnian course and going into full-time production, he began a slow haul in convincing fellow musicians he was capable of more than the predictable.

After two years in Sydney, Arminger is convinced that producing soundtracks is his forte, though he'll still devote his energies to a band if he sees there's a chance to discover a few new tricks along the way.

When you go into any record store you'll find his talents spread through various sections. He produced and co-wrote **Stephen Cummings's** *Senso*, produced *Sweet And Sour's* two albums, as well as **Austen Tayshus's** comedy album.

Senso was a 10-month project, co-written between Sydney and Melbourne, and produced with elaborate and soulful use of synthesisers. In the end arrangements had to be toned down and a single written to get radio reaction before the album would be treated seriously.

Arminger had to make the budget, negotiate the political storms always brewing in the music industry, write the arrangements, and tie up the business side of things before the recording buttons had even been pressed.



The producer's world suddenly grew larger than a closet-sized studio, a set of headphones and a board of dials. It convinced him to be extra careful with his work and that his control over a project included giving it a point of sale.

Senso overlapped with the production of *Sweet And Sour*, which Arminger describes as an idea that developed into another 10 months in a studio, this time learning how TV worked, how to mix sound with pictures and how to convince the ABC that the studio was where it all happened. After layering synthesised sounds and working with a drum machine to get the basic tracks, he found the precision needed for television. Two albums later the ABC was ecstatic with the results.

Austen Tayshus was a whole new ball game, although it also employed extensive layering of voices and sound effects. "I had to keep asking myself whether each bit was funny, whether it worked," Arminger said. "Fortunately Austen was very critical of his own work, and for me it was another way of painting sound pictures."

Since then he's explored the world of heavy metal with **Avion**, put together another soundtrack for an ABC telemovie called *Displaced Persons* and is to produce a television mini-series on dance together with an album.

Music with pictures is going to dominate our lounge rooms in the future, and if it's got anything to do with sound and vision, you can bet Martin Arminger's influence will be felt.

•

From one Sports refugee to another: Stephen Cummings's album, *Senso*, shows he has found a rational way to survive as a musician after the band collapsed under the industry's constant urge for a new product.

And like Arminger, Cummings found if he didn't do the expected constant round of live gigs, and didn't get involved in the industry hype, it was hard to be taken seriously.

Senso was plotted with Arminger and shows precisely in which direction Cummings is going. Its soul and beat are stamps both ex-Sports leave on their work and its arrangements reflect a maturity Cummings is keen to have aired.

"Solo singers have traditionally been teen oriented and have needed a pop hit to get anyone interested," he says. "But pop stars are getting older too, and the **Joe Jackson** and **Van Morrison** genre is the style I'm looking at."

While Cummings may not have been on the live show treadmill, he's persevered with his writing and occasional specially styled live shows with different line-ups including string quartets.

The quality of his songs has never been questioned and the shows have created great interest.

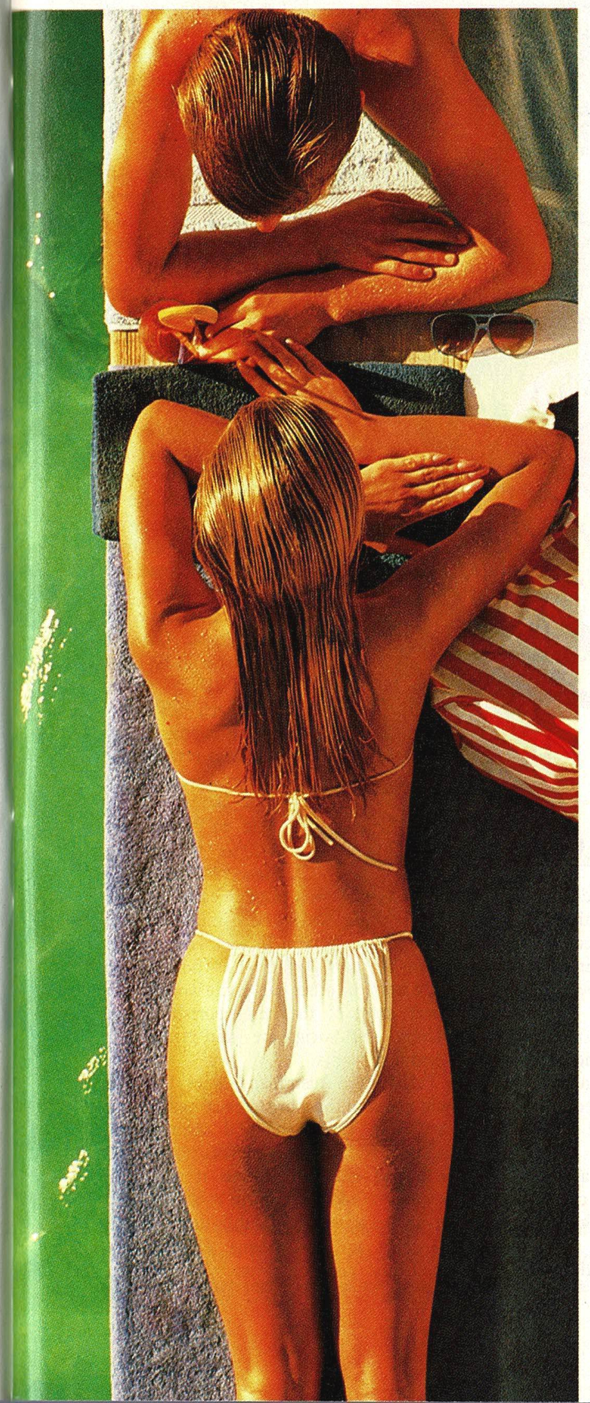
"I find the laconic way the most realistic," he says.

"I'm very serious about what I'm doing, and just wanted to put out one album, *Senso*, to see how it went before I looked at the next step.

"I want to keep doing it, but with a bit of dignity," he adds.

Senso is one album that has all the dignity, and all the style to stay on your turntable long after you've churned through all your Top-40 hits. — TONY LOVE

"My P&O cruise was, without doubt, the best holiday I've had in my life."



Welcome home...

"The English service, especially the drink waiters, is spectacular. You put your feet up and don't do a thing.

Your holiday starts from the moment you step aboard – no boring travel or transfers before you arrive at your destination.

The ship is big enough to get lost in."

N. Azzopardi, Waverton NSW

"There was something to do every moment of every day on board. And none of the activities cost an extra cent above what I'd paid for the cruise — not even the cinema!"

T. Dalton, Cleveland, QLD

"So much was happening on our P&O cruise, the only thing we didn't get enough of was sleep."

J. Taylor, Cammeray NSW

You could be having the time of your life.

A P&O cruise is really twice as much holiday as you'll find anywhere else.

To begin with, you get the relaxation which you can only experience while cruising the tropical paradises of the Pacific: swimming across lagoons lined with multi-coloured coral; soaking up the sun on powder white beaches; sipping a long, cool drink in the shade of a beautiful palm tree.

While on the other hand, you have the excitement of life aboard ship.

There is a disco, where you can dance away to your heart's content. And you have the chance of winning a fortune around the gaming tables.

During the day, the range of shipboard activities and games is enormous. And if you just want to sit back and watch, there are lounges, bars and, of course, acres of sun drenched deck space.

It's all for a price which is probably far less than you'd imagine.

P&O will even arrange for you to fly TAA at special low bonus airfares to connect with your cruise.

For more information, see your local travel agent or P&O Booking Centre.

"Take me away, P&O."

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SPORT

Politicians fund Australian Games, but athletes and spectators may miss out on the benefits.

The growing role of governments in Australian sport needs close monitoring and careful consideration. Otherwise sport could become overrun by politics and politicians with booming bureaucracies needlessly costing (or wasting) vast sums of public money.

The Hawke Government, in particular, has found sport to be an excellent platform upon which to make public postures, almost like high divers in Olympic competition. While this has certainly resulted in considerable benefits to sport generally, the risk of too much government involvement, expenditure and control could be both distracting and damaging to the future of Australian sport.

The first Australian Games, to be held in Melbourne later this month, indicate how politics and politicians can sometimes go astray in the maze of sports and games as they are promoted, managed and administered in Australia today.

The idea of the Australian Games is a commendable one. The Olympics are bogged down with too many problems of their own. In any case, we are only likely to have them here in Australia once in every 40 to 50 years at best. Likewise, the Commonwealth Games, which are easily the best games today because they maintain the original spirit of fierce but friendly competition between people with similar background and heritage, regardless of color or creed. Lesser events like the World Cup in athletics, to be held in Canberra this year, or the Pacific Conference Games being held in Hawaii this year, or the World Student Games to be hosted by Japan in 1985, do not have great public appeal. These events, like the Olympic and Commonwealth Games, are also moveable, being held in different countries quadrennially, and thus could only be held in Australia occasionally.

So we do need to have our own games, and for this reason the Australian Games are to be welcomed.

Since the Federal Government will spend $800,000 to meet part of the costs of these games, and the Victorian Government will add another few hundred thousand dollars, the total government input will exceed $1 million. That may seem a paltry sum in the total context of government expenditure, but it is a gigantic amount in sporting terms, particularly where most amateur (and thus Olympic or Commonwealth type) sports and games are concerned.

Because these games have strong Federal and State Government imprimatur, commercial sponsorship and media interest have been easily found. Now all of that is excellent for all concerned — except the Australian public and most of our top sportsmen and women. If Australia is to have world-class games, then they should not be held in January, or at any other time during the Australian summer. Yet because these are the Australian Games, the political powers have decreed — and the amateur sporting people have eagerly accepted their dictates — that they be held on January 26, Australia Day.

Anyone who knows anything about modern sport can tell you that few, if any, Northern Hemisphere sportsmen and women are in the best competitive condition in January, simply because it is their winter. That is the period when most are doing essential groundwork in preparation for the highly organised big events held mainly during the North American and European summer months. The money is considerable and the glory great in those events. By comparison, the Australian Games are a picnic. Yet they will represent an opportunity for some great names to bask in Southern Hemisphere summer sunshine, still training, and also competing, but not necessarily near their best.

That's fine for those who agree to come, but our Australian athletes, who will either be preparing for their own championships or team trial events, to be held in March or later, will have to interrupt their training schedules if they are to compete and perform well against the visitors brought here at great expense by government and commercial funds.

If Australian champions do *not* compete, choosing perhaps to seek more essential future goals like national championships or Northern Hemisphere top-quality competitions, then they will be declared either afraid or ungrateful.

Those who do compete risk a lot, whether they win or lose. Losing could lessen touring selection hopes later in the season; winning could create great expectations from the media and the public. But those expectations would be based on performances which are unrealistic if the big names our competitors beat are well below their best form and really don't care about such minor losses.

The public, who will pay much to see these overseas stars, may also be somewhat robbed. They will be led to believe that they are seeing the world's best competing against our best and that simply won't be true.

The public, however, is not easily fooled. If the standard of competition and performances in the first Australian Games is not as high or entertaining as expected, the longer term future of the games could well be in doubt. By which time, say after the second or third Australian Games, several million difficult-to-find dollars of sporting funds will have been all but wasted.

That same money, spent on nurturing or simply maintaining some of our young champions, already proven by their Los Angeles Olympic performances, would reap rewards such as gold medals and world records, far in excess of anything which could possibly be expected from the Australian Games.

If there are to be Australian Games, they should be held at a time when Northern Hemisphere competitors are at their best. The Melbourne Olympics in 1956 were held in November, while the Brisbane 1982 Commonwealth Games took place in early October. Neither period was entirely suitable to local participants, but each was essential to ensure the best performances possible for those from the other half of the world, from where most of the best sportsmen and women still originate and train for scheduled events.

Perhaps the Australian Games should be held in one of the more tropical parts of our vast land. But then we'd need special facilities and conditions. Which wouldn't be a bad idea either even if costly. It certainly could be a more profitable and sensible expenditure of public funds in both the short and long terms. Our athletes would also come out winners in the long run. — MIKE AGOSTINI

Swatch. On one hand, it's very Swiss. Waterproof. Shockproof. With precise Swiss quartz technology. On the other hand, it rocks the boat. With outrageous colours. Up-to-the-minute styles. And priced around $35. So why not get two or three? Watch out for them at fine stores everywhere.

swatch QUARTZ

SWAT 0007

What wears skirts, gets a "10" for body shape, performs when the question's asked and teases the hell out of other BMW Owners?

This vehicle was a normal production BMW and has been modified **in Australia** by T-Marts.

Let's be brutally frank. Many BMW's look fairly conservative.
But that doesn't apply once Bob Jane has waved his magic wand over them.
T-Marts throughout Australia now stock world famous BBS alloy wheels, aerodynamic accessories and suspension kits for all BMW 3, 5, 7 and E30 series.
The spoilers and skirts reduce lift-forces and air resistance, giving added safety and top speed while improving fuel economy.
The wheels are high-strength alloy, each individually x-rayed before it leaves the West German factory.
So now you can have a Bee-Em that looks as good as it goes.
You little teaser!

BOB JANE
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BJ207

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL McCARTNEY

A candid conversation with the world's greatest pop composer about The Beatles, drugs, Lennon, and the rising and falling price of fame.

A journalist and a press aide are walking down a long, long, low-ceilinged corridor in a very anonymous administration block at London's Elstree Studios. The door which terminates the far end is open and in it a tiny, playful child is holding an imaginary cricket bat and batting imaginary cricket balls being bowled by the walking press aide.

Overarm bowl. . . the little boy at the far end knocks it back. Overarm bowl. . . the little boy at the far end who knocks it back is getting bigger and, as the journalist and the press aide close on him, he suddenly inflates to grown-up size and turns into one of the iconic images of the age.

This is Paul McCartney looking incredibly like Paul McCartney: cute little twisted smile in a smoothly suntanned complexion that has never known acne, fluttering eyelashes and those innocent butter-wouldn't-melt-in-my-arse eyes. Those eyes which say, "Now would I really do a thing like that?" as he does a thing like that (Paul is not two-faced but he does aim to please in a big way) and around the eyes (this bit actually doesn't look so much like Paul) are the deep grooves of crow's feet (smile lines?) radiating like the spokes of a parasol, which is perhaps the price you pay for having a smile that goes on forever.

Mr Tuneful. Many, many great songs, that's for sure, but not so many lately. But the knack's still there and the money, too, to give the big production lift to what may be a rather characterless chord sequence. And by an aural conjuring trick you are distracted from the fact that the melody has somehow been around for 300 years and the thing goes smash in 50 countries again. When it comes to the pure cellophane pop which can crash all barriers of race, age and class because it is hindered neither by the gravity of passion nor the yowl of need, McCartney is the master. A perfect pop record has John Lennon on the other side — the glamor of pain — but Lennon's not here, so Paul has it all his own way.

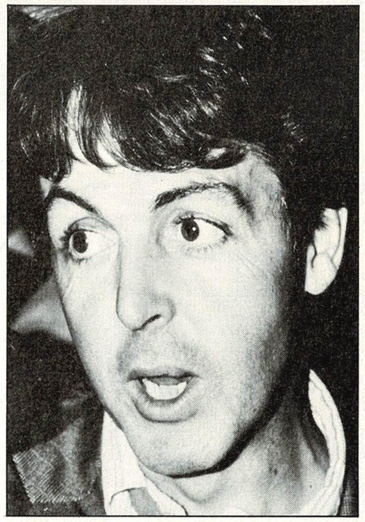
Journalist ***Duncan Fallowell*** *reports on his encounter with the smiling superstar: "Youthful though he'd like to remain, Paul does not — or anyway, has not on this occasion — rinsed the substantial grey flecks out of his hair. Maybe he's rinsed them in as he can be that subtle when he chooses. Otherwise his hair is all present and correct and beautifully cut. He is looking very good today. He's wearing a loose, yellow woollen jumper over a soft creamy shirt plus soft creamy cords rolled up at the bottom and dark brown slip-on shoes.*

"He is having his lunch of avocado salad throughout our interview: a pile of fresh green goodness which makes a loud noise as it's devoured. He has the texture of a quality piece, stylishly casual. There may be a lot of acting in McCartney but there's no posing. There may be a certain nonchalant arrogance but he is not seeking to impress. There is a lot of energy, he's quick, he's lively, but it doesn't wear you down because he throws in a few yawns. And there's plenty of charm which is the art of mixing being good with being naughty.

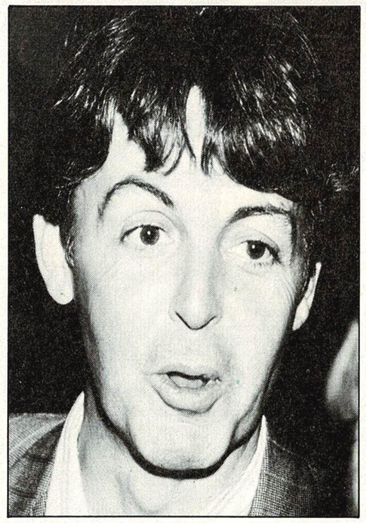
"He uses his hands well when he talks. His face is very mobile. The eyes can flip up at unexpected moments like a pair of lavatory seats or the smile can come at you, slow or fast. Slow ones are most effective — the mouth purses, twists a little, and the smile comes out slowly, almost shyly, like a snail coming out of its shell.

"Those crow's feet started to make it big about 10 years ago and since then not too much has changed. Wings finished and, according to The Guinness Book Of Records, Paul became the world's most commercially successful composer. Impossible to calculate what the total turnover

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALAN CLIFTON



"I think John Lennon was a major force in stopping the Vietnam War. A million people were on the White House steps singing Give Peace A Chance . . . he wrote the anthem."



"Compared to alcohol, valium, uppers, downers, marijuana is a relatively harmless release . . . marijuana still seems to be a new subject, but it's a 20-year-old subject."

"I'm now one of what the '60s people have become in the '80s — a businessman, realistic and clear-thinking. I mean, I felt like I stepped through a minefield in the '60s."

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might be, but every tune is an oil-well and, after the first $100 million, indifference sets in. And his appeal has grown even broader, if that's possible. He makes his contemporaries feel young, or at least 'abreast'. The old? He doesn't offend the old. The young — that is, the very young? Well, Paul's already got one foot in the nursery. The other young, the teenagers plus? So what do they know about music? And they have their own strange, wonderful new groups anyway (Sunglasses After Dark, Alien Sex Fiend, Torture Chamber, The Smegmatics. . .). But in a dodgy world, in a world with groups like Torture Chamber screaming and swooning, let's keep Paul McCartney humming along. He is an element of continuity.

"It's very nice that he's smiling and still around, with everybody dying off so fast, being shot, jumping from buildings, having aerobic heart attacks, drowning. Where is Ringo? Where is George? Ringo made a record recently but wouldn't release it and George? Well, he just keeps travelling."

PLAYBOY: You travel a lot, too, don't you?

McCARTNEY: I don't actually.

PLAYBOY: You don't?

McCARTNEY: I don't. But everybody thinks I do because you see pictures of me going through airports.

PLAYBOY: That's right, being arrested for drugs.

McCARTNEY: I do seem to get arrested a lot. But I'm really intending to be a very law-abiding citizen.

PLAYBOY: But why carry it about? Why not leave it behind?

McCARTNEY: Good question, um. . . It's because I don't think of it as a serious matter. I'm a grown-up and I think why should somebody who advocates whisky as a release have the power to tell me that I must have whisky or nothing? I do feel that I've found a release that is less harmful than whisky. We're in a tense world. People need something. I feel silly not being allowed something I've checked out rather fully when I'm over 40 years old. Compared to alcohol, valium, uppers, downers, whichever way you wanna go, marijuana is a relatively harmless release. It's a plant that grows, for a start.

PLAYBOY: So is deadly nightshade.

McCARTNEY: Yeah, so is tobacco. Personally I think that marijuana is less harmful than tobacco. It's funny, marijuana still seems to be a new subject but it's a 20-year-old subject, at least. But I'm really not going to advocate it since this is an article.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

McCARTNEY: Someone'll get me. They'll say, "You advocated so and so and look what happened, my kid died because of it, etcetera." And I don't want to be blamed. So I now say to any kids reading that I

advise you to do *nothing*. Just drink *water*. Get by, say hi, drink water.

PLAYBOY: Then they'll all seize up from hypertension. Has anything like that ever happened to you? Have you ever collapsed from overwork?

McCARTNEY: I think I probably once did in Africa, in Lagos. Mind you, there were all sorts of associated things. I'd been mugged the day before at knife point. And I was in the middle of tense, *tense* times. Half my band hadn't shown up to make an album. I hate groups anyway, they're terrible things, they're like bad relatives. I did collapse then.

PLAYBOY: What about The Beatles and rumors that you had doctors on tour giving you injections?

McCARTNEY: No, no, but we heard about these doctors. It tended to be high-ranking politicians and socialites who used them.

PLAYBOY: But you took pep pills?

McCARTNEY: Oh yeah, that stuff. . .

PLAYBOY: What was the worst. . .

McCARTNEY: Just let me finish off this bit. By the time we became what you would call famous we'd put in a few years of hard slogging work, 365 days a week. Beatlemania was just a much bigger version of what had gone before. But we had a kind of inbuilt protection because of what we were, street — well, street lads sounds too gangsterish — but street boys from Liverpool. We had a kind of savvy. And we were very ambitious, too. And very tough. Yeah, very rough and toothless. But it was a fabulous thing. We'd been very, very ambitious and very, very hardworking for a number of years. We'd gone to Hamburg on spec. Some guy'd said, "Come on, leave school, it doesn't matter, come to Hamburg." We were only earning £15 per week but we felt we'd got out of Liverpool. We'd achieved some degree of success by getting to Hamburg. Then we became the top group in Hamburg. Then we came back to England and started doing ballrooms. Then we started to take over. There was a definite upward lift. It wasn't a bit of success, followed by a bit of nothing, followed by a bit of success, then nothing. You could feel it lifting up.

PLAYBOY: During the whole Beatlemania period, what was the greatest high?

McCARTNEY: I suppose playing those great big concerts and having the audience go bananas, and meeting the Queen, and those kind of evenings.

PLAYBOY: You smoked dope in the loo at the Palace before collecting the MBE. It must have been a crazy dream.

McCARTNEY: Yeah, it's all a bit of a dream to me, I must say. *Now* is a bit of a dream to me too, you know.

"Bloody lovely, isn't it? First I do you a favor by renting you a nice cheap room and the moment my back's turned you're down here making a little prophet!"

PLAYBOY: What was the worst time with The Beatles?

McCARTNEY: Toward the end of it when it started to fall apart. You didn't know what the hell was supposed to happen next. Like a disintegrating marriage — you start bitching at each other, not quite knowing why you seem to be hating each other so much.

PLAYBOY: Do you suffer from depression at all?

McCARTNEY: Yeah. I hardly know anyone who doesn't. But I can get out of it which is perhaps what depression isn't.

PLAYBOY: Most creative people seem. . .

McCARTNEY: No. It's most people. I think you can generalise like mad about people. The fact that I'm a star and somebody else isn't doesn't mean we don't feel the same things. Most of the time being a star doesn't make any difference. I had a *terribly* nervous period after The Beatles. I'd lost one of the world's good jobs and I couldn't see what I was going to pick up. And the business stuff took a toll. We were playing Monopoly with real money.

PLAYBOY: You were in there very fast with a solo album. The *McCartney* album came out three months before *Let It Be*, the last Beatles album.

McCARTNEY: The stories that came off that split-up did make me look very ruthless, and ambitious. And the success I've had since, it fits with all of that. And if you read a couple of books on The Beatles you'll find I'm written down as that — the cynical self-seeking one. In actual fact all the others were every bit as ambitious and ruthless. One or two things I happened to do right. A lot of it was luck. Some of it was just common sense, some of it was just I'm more. . . careful than the others.

PLAYBOY: Of all the songs you wrote with John Lennon, are there any that you really can't stand?

McCARTNEY: No.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult writing songs completely alone?

McCARTNEY: Yup. It was easy before because you knew that if you had a problem you could take it to your co-writer. That meant that in most cases you could just get on with it and write it yourself — you didn't actually have to take it to him simply because you knew he was there. When he wasn't there, suddenly you needed to take everything to him.

PLAYBOY: Which new groups do you like?

McCARTNEY: I like a few, I quite like Style Council. I like UB 40 — are they new? No, I don't think so. I like Culture Club a bit. I'm not a real big fan of any of them. I suppose because I'm not teenage.

PLAYBOY: Do you listen to much pop music?

McCARTNEY: On the radio I listen to the news mostly and current affairs. We're all growing up, love. I like that. It's like on this

(continued on page 120)

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THE GREAT PINE GAP CON-JOB

Australians may be victims of the biggest confidence trick of the nuclear age.

The United States Of America may have secretly installed nuclear missiles in Australia. The missiles could have been brought here to defend the American spy base at Pine Gap near Alice Springs, not only because Pine Gap is the most important of the American bases in Australia, but because it is far more important to American defence needs than most Australians previously dreamed possible.

The missiles are most likely Spartan and Sprint ABMs (anti-ballistic missiles). The Spartan carries a thermonuclear warhead and, after exploding, destroys incoming missiles by massive X-ray bombardment. The Sprint acts as a second line of defence. It is the fastest rocket in existence, carries a low kiloton warhead and releases large quantities of neutrons which deactivate the warheads of incoming missiles.

The missiles would most likely be based at Nurrungar, about 700km to the south of Pine Gap and contained within the vast perimeters of the top secret US and RAAF administered base at Woomera. Woomera already was equip-

Article by

DR GEOFFREY E. SMITH

ARTWORK BY GRAEME DAVEY

ped with missile silos and rocket launch pads from the British rocket testing program of the '50s.

Sprint missiles could also be in position at Pine Gap itself. The California-based company, TRW Systems Inc, one of the main contractors for Pine Gap, also developed the guidance systems for the Sprint. It would have been all too easy to ship in missile parts with all the other TRW electronic paraphernalia.

What is more, the missiles may have been in place since 1973/74. Their existence would have a direct bearing on what many Australians still believe was a CIA-inspired plot to depose former Prime Minister Gough Whitlam.

If all this is true then Australians are victims of the single biggest confidence trick of the nuclear age. And there is more than a little evidence to suggest that it *is* true, though bringing that evidence to light isn't always easy. For instance, former TRW employee Christopher John Boyce was jailed for 40 years on spying charges when he became disenchanted with the close co-operation between his employer and the CIA. Boyce, who worked in the TRW communications room at Redondo Beach, Los Angeles, California, said at his trial in April 1977 that he began passing secrets to the Russians because he was appalled by the "day-to-day deception" the CIA practised against Australia, its ally.

The deception referred to by Boyce could well be part of a consistent and well-maintained program orchestrated by US intelligence to disguise the real importance of Pine Gap.

And the real importance of Pine Gap may be that it is one of two vital "Noah's Ark" installations outside the continental United States. The other is believed to be in South Africa, and a further eight "Noah's Ark" bases are believed to be inside US borders.

These 10 bases are designed to survive a nuclear war. They would be impregnable to Soviet attack, would safeguard American personnel, vital information and equipment, and enable the US to fight World War Three through to victory. In the aftermath they would be safe American islands in a nuclear desert, able to assert American superiority over what was left of the world.

The importance of having two American "Noah's Arks" anchored securely in the Southern Hemisphere is apparent because, in the event of a nuclear exchange, the Northern Hemisphere would be virtually uninhabitable for at least five years. The eight bases in North America would be effectively cut off from the rest of the world, US bunkers in a radioactive wasteland.

The Southern Hemisphere might be expected to get off relatively lightly, enabling two strong, secure bases there to maintain America's global watch. And if you were playing war games in the Pentagon a couple of decades ago, you wouldn't have had to be a genius to realise that America's staunchest, safest allies in the Southern Hemisphere were Australia and South Africa. Add to that the CIA's historic role in keeping "friendly" nations in line to safeguard America's interests, and a plausible scenario begins to take shape.

In fact, former US President Jimmy Carter released a few tantalising details about the top secret Pentagon project code-named "Noah's Ark" back in 1977.

In a statement apparently intended to soothe American fears that the US was letting its guard down too far with Carter's commitment to detente, the peanut-farming president confirmed the existence of a network of bases established to protect key personnel and irreplaceable data banks in the event of nuclear war. These bases, he said, were all protected by America's formidable ABM shield.

Viewed against the background of that statement, it would be naive to believe that the Americans would *not* defend their two "Noah's Ark" bases outside the US with whatever weaponry they thought necessary.

The vast majority of Australians have always been naive about Pine Gap. Indeed, their innocence has been held in trust by successive Australian governments — with CIA approval. Ironically, the considerable weight of evidence to suggest Pine Gap is much more than your average spy base has been accumulating for more than a decade.

It is only when it is all jigsawed together that the bigger picture begins to emerge.

Back in 1971 the US Defence Support Program launched the first of its spy satellites under Program 647. Later that year the authoritative British handbook, *Jane's All The World's Aircraft*, reported the satellite, hanging in orbit 36,000 kilometres above the Indian Ocean, carried high resolution cameras able to detect enemy missiles and transmit photographs to "a ground station 500km north-west of Adelaide". From this ground station these missile images would be transmitted "via synchronous orbit relay satellites to NORAD (North American Air Defence) headquarters, Colorado Springs, USA".

This was reinforced by the Philip Kass book, *Secret Sentries In Space*, published in 1971, which said the 647 could detect characteristic infra-red radiation from enemy missiles and also send an alarm to a ground station near Alice Springs. As insurance, the satellite would send the same alarm simultaneously to another US ground station in Guam. Either station could then relay that alarm instantly to NORAD headquarters in Colorado and SAC (Strategic Air Command) headquarters near Omaha. NORAD and SAC then would implement America's airborne response to Soviet attack.

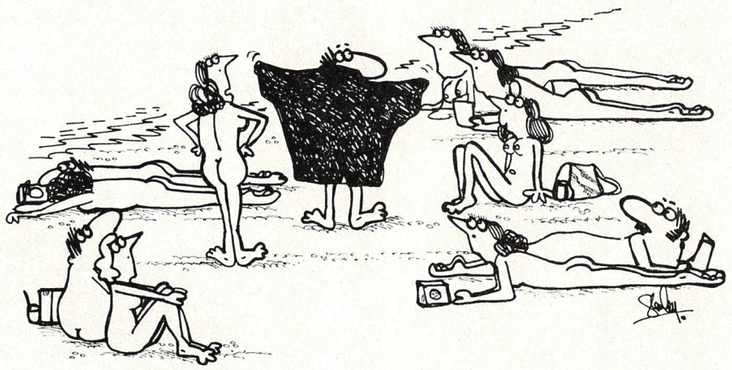
Around the same time, 1971, the Americans launched a series of low-altitude satellites known as Big Bird or Keyhole or KH11s for short. These satellites employed high resolution photography, multi-spectral photography and infra-red photography to spy on the Russians — or anyone else. Successive satellites carry side-scanning radar, which enables the Americans to peep under heavy cloud cover that usually covers the Russian Arctic.

To effectively co-ordinate their spy satellites the Americans had to have ground stations operational in three places (America, Australia and South Africa) by 1971 to give them the global reach they needed.

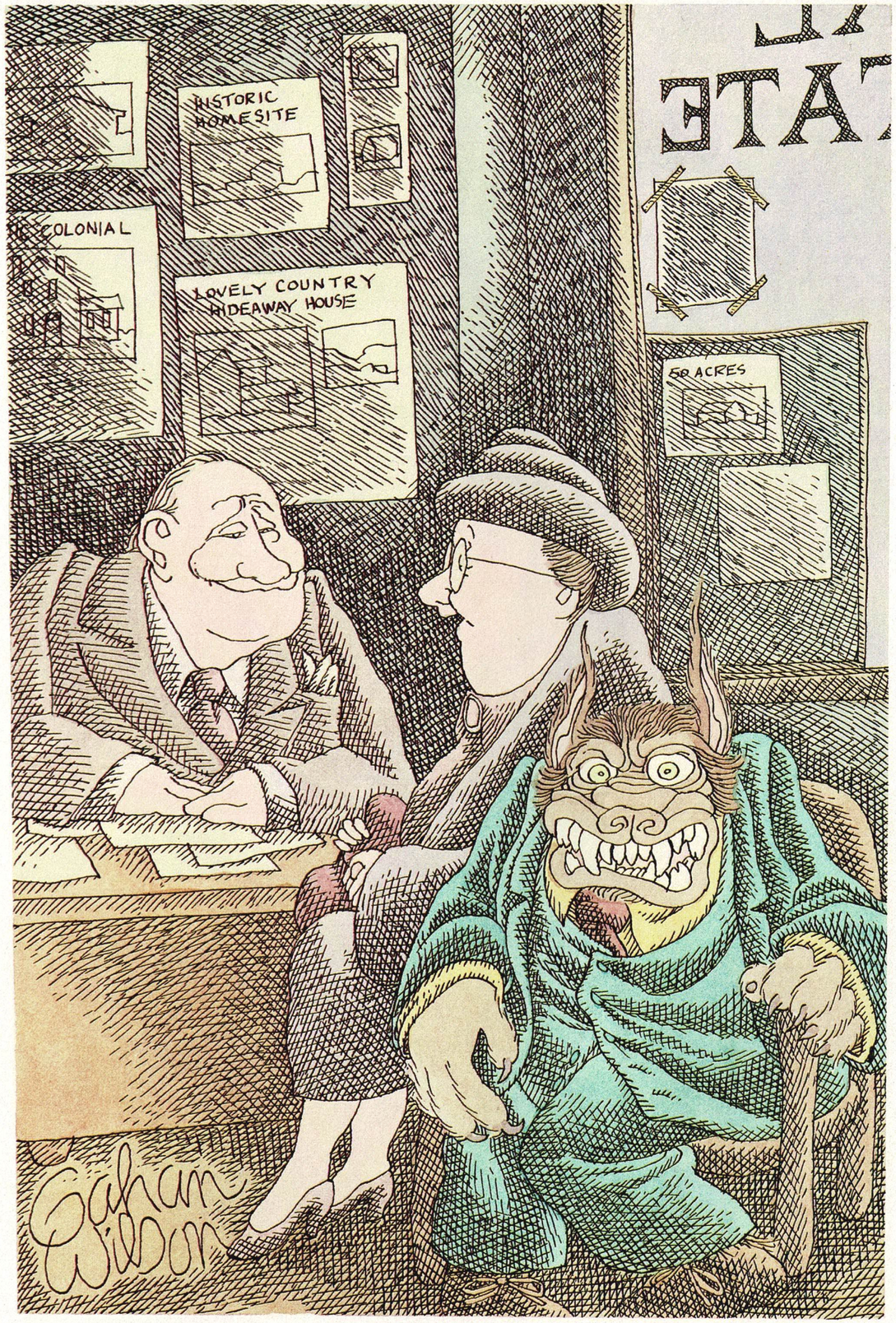
Pine Gap had been on the drawing boards since 1966 and was operational by 1970. Nurrungar was operational by early 1971 and another US ground station in South Africa's Transvaal soon afterwards.

On October 1, 1975, American defence chiefs announced their satellite operation and ABM defence network were operational. Everything had gone exactly

(continued on page 112)



"Harold, will you take that stupid raincoat off."



"My husband, of course, will want a den."

FUNNY GIRL

The way to Karen's heart is through her funny-bone.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Karen Valez has always been popular with men for, well, a couple of reasons. One of them is her friendly, outgoing nature, the other is her sense of humor. Karen admits that laughter is her second favorite form of exercise. Her favorite exercise is horseback riding.

Oh, all right then, we're having you on just a little bit. But Karen says the fastest way to really turn her on is by making her laugh first. She says funny, quick-witted men hold the most appeal for her and laughter is the quickest way to relax two people and open the way to more intimate forms of mutual amusement.

Mind you, that body is no laughing matter. We have a feeling that once the jokes are over and the lucky man in Karen's life gets under her guard, then things will get very serious indeed.

THE SURVIVOR'S GUIDE TO TAMING AN EX-WIFE

Your ex-wife knows what you're really like — here's how to keep her from spoiling the rest of your life.

SUITS CAN BE discarded, cars traded and youthful mistakes forgotten, but an ex-wife never quite goes away. Sooner or later, she's bound to be heard from — like an old war wound.

What is it about an ex-wife (substitute ex-husband if you're of the Alan Alda persuasion) that makes an otherwise civilised man gnash his teeth?

If Lebanon can be dealt with, why not the E-W?

There's the money, of course, and the temptation is to go no further. The government itself relents every now and then and begrudgingly mails off a refund. Narelle, on the other hand, is unlikely to have called and said: "I'm fine this month. Don't send a cent." Still, the economics are only mildly infuriating. The divorced bloke who borrows heavily, takes on an extra job or two and leads a spartan life of minimal pleasures can scrape along very nicely.

There are darker reasons why the whole idea of an ex-wife is an emotional hot potato. Here are some disconsolate thoughts on the matter.

"WE DON'T FORGET"

An ex-wife, rattling around in the world somewhere, is a living witness of your inadequacies. Your current partner no doubt assumes you were born suave, summoning up excellent tables in restaurants and ordering French champagne. She sees you as a man with a steady gaze and a carefully modulated voice. Your anecdotes are finely honed. You signal at intersections. Rarely have *(continued on page 92)*

Advice by **BRUCE FRIEDMAN**

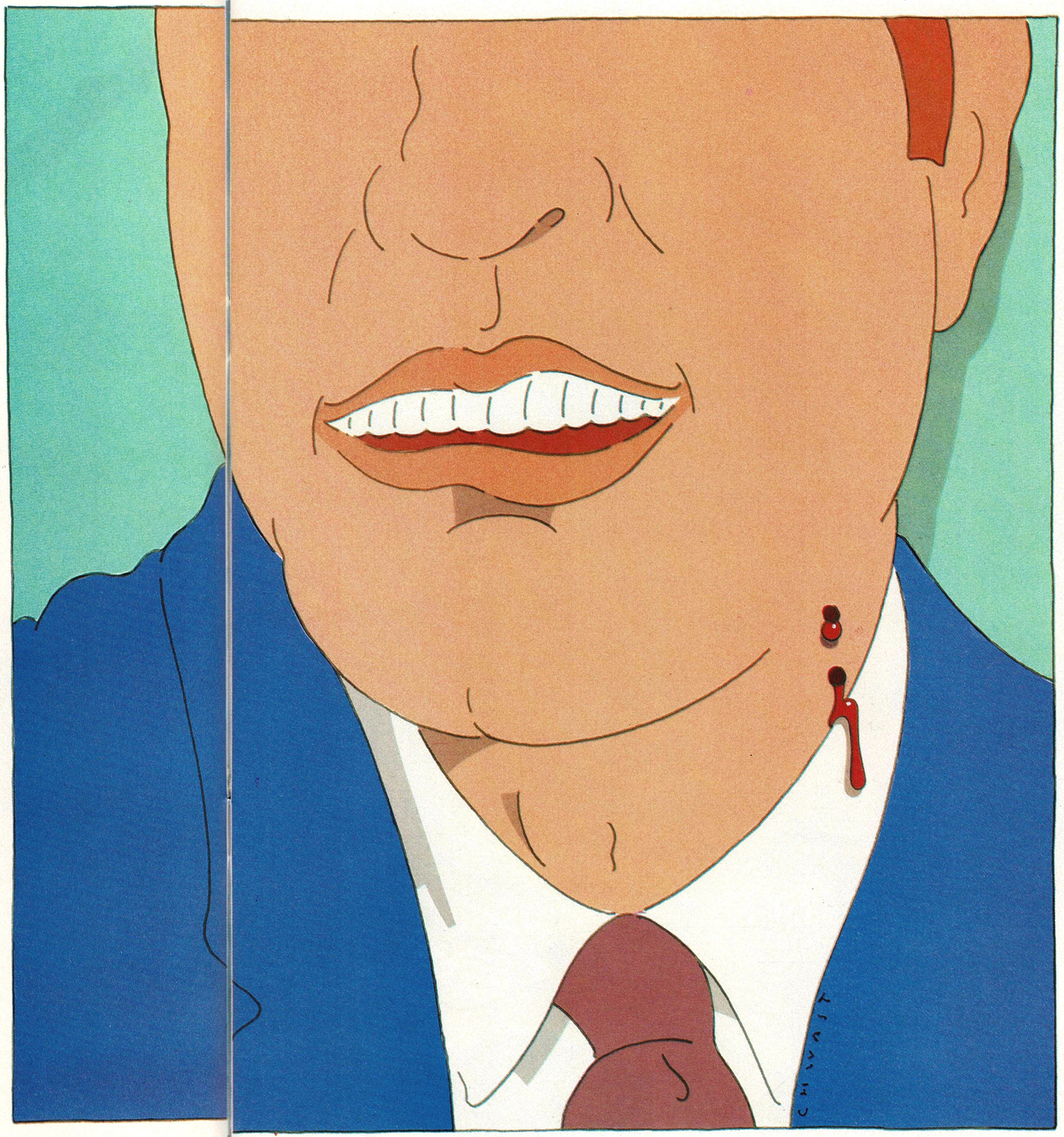


ILLUSTRATION BY SEYMOUR CHWAST

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

HOW TO GET THE BOXING KANGAROO OFF THE CANVAS

A former heavyweight champ offers timely advice to an Aussie sport on its backside.

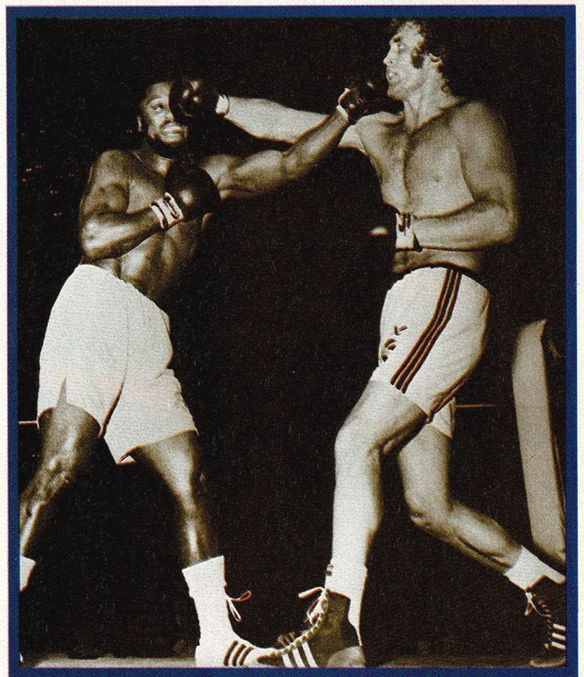
SINCE I CAME to live in Australia I've lost count of the times people have asked me what I think about Australian boxing. I usually come up with a stock answer . . . what Australian boxing? What I've seen of amateur boxing here — and that's confined to the bits and pieces I've seen on television — just makes me feel sorry for the fighters. The

Sport by JOE BUGNER

Joe Bugner, 34, retired in February 1984 undefeated British, European and Commonwealth heavyweight boxing champion. During a distinguished professional career he fought 71 bouts, winning 62. Forty of those wins were by knockouts. He fought all the greats and during the '70s was considered the great white hope of heavyweight boxing, losing narrowly to champions such as Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali in their prime.

equipment and conditions they train and fight with are straight out of the Stone Age. I've seen kids with gloves I didn't know were still made and their boots only half laced up going in to fight with tape over their eyes — I couldn't believe it. Doesn't anybody in Australia know what a strip of tape on a man's forehead can do if it's knocked into his eye? It can slice the cornea wide open.

That's the amateur boxing. Professional boxing doesn't seem to exist in Australia and I can't say I'm surprised. I was here three or four years ago to watch the Gattellari fight. It wouldn't surprise me at all if that fight marked the end of professional boxing in Australia. God knows what the punters thought about it but I know what I thought — nobody came out of it looking good. Still, the turnout showed there's an audience here. People want to see top quality boxing in Australia, I'm sure of that. Give them a good card, give them good fighters and they'll turn out. The problem lies with the people in the fight business here. They haven't got a clue. Not a clue.



BUGNER'S 15-ROUNDER AGAINST SMOKIN' JOE FRAZIER.

Let me give you an example. Shortly after I arrived in Sydney I was contacted by a bloke in Brisbane. He had a fighter and he wanted to know if I would fly up and give his boy a few pointers before he went up against this British fighter. As it turned out I knew the British bloke he was talking about, a courageous fighter, very little skill but the sort of bloke who hangs in there.

I could have given the Aussie lad some useful advice, no doubt about that, and I would have done it for nothing, quite happily, if they had been prepared to cover all my expenses. Anyway, this Brisbane manager thinks it over then gets back to me and asks if I'll do an exhibition while I'm up there. No harm in asking. I could see what he was up to. He thought if he could get me for nothing he could sell tickets, cash in on my name and make a few quid off me. But doing an exhibition is a lot different to flying somewhere for a couple of days to watch a bloke and then give him some tips. I'm still in shape but it would mean getting in good condition for an exhibition and I wouldn't do it for under $5000. The guy offered me $500 and I had to pay my own fare to Brisbane and I could sleep at the fighter's place. I told him no thanks. Now, if that's an example of the Mickey Mouse thinking behind professional boxing in this country no wonder it's going nowhere.

I've given it some real thought and there is a strategy that would revive boxing in Australia. I've broken it down into four categories: control, fighter care, media management and showbusiness. I'll deal with each category one at a time but before I start let me make this point. There is no doubt in my mind that there is a lot of money to be made in Australia from boxing. People like to fight here, there's a lot of aggression in Australian blokes and if they don't fight in a boxing ring they'll fight in the back streets. And just as important, there are a lot of people who will pay to watch a good fight. It's human nature. Violence is entertainment. You only have to go to the movies or switch on the television to see that. Boxing is just another form of violent entertainment. The best thing you can do is try to regulate it in some way. Which brings me to my first point.

Control: Australia needs a boxing commission. There is no organisation at all in Australia to ensure that professional boxing is managed properly. So, at the most basic level, you need an executive body, a group of men from different walks of life but with an affinity for the sport, perhaps a doctor, a lawyer, an accountant. People to oversee the medical aspects of boxing, the law as it applies to boxing and the proper management of purses and contracts. They would be men of substance and reputation in the community and they would have control over the issue of licences.

Some form of licensing structure is essential because it's the only way to control managers, trainers, referees, cornermen and so on. You make it impossible for people to participate in professional boxing without a licence and draw up a code of conduct in respect of each licensing category. Any man breaches the terms of his licence and he loses it for a while. Say a manager persuades a fighter to go back in the ring too soon after he's been knocked out, it comes to the attention of the commission and the manager loses his licence for a while. You might have a system of fines too. A particularly serious breach might result in permanent loss of licence.

The whole thing would be a sort of interlocking structure with automatic checks and safeguards. A fighter doesn't fight without a medical certificate giving him the all clear. A manager sees the fighter's certificate or the fighter doesn't go in the ring. A fighter can't be represented by a manager who isn't licensed. That way everybody checks on everybody.

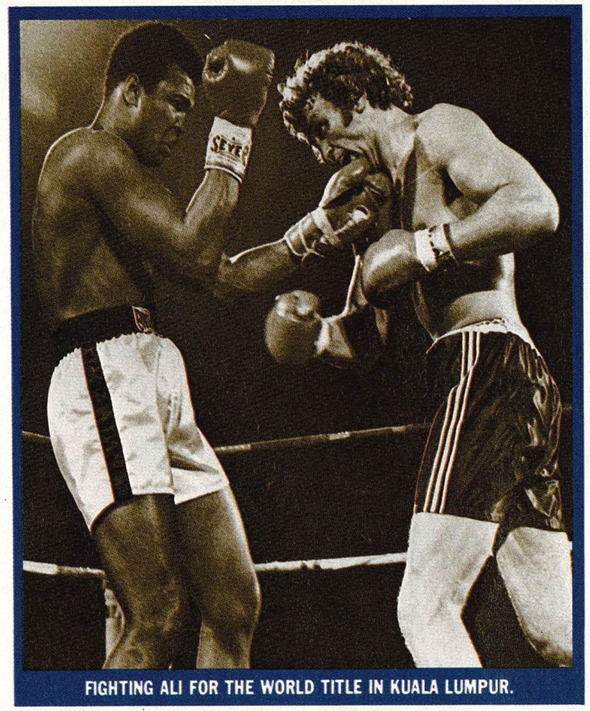
Now, boxing being the sport it is, there will always be groups of people getting together to pull some stroke or another. Boxing is a sport made for betting, a lot of money can ride on a fight so there is always temptation to try and fix things. The fight business has always been like that and probably always will be. But then, most sports are like that.

What can happen in boxing sometimes is that a fighter will need some money in a hurry and he'll want to get back in the ring when he's not fit. Now, he's begging for a chance to make some money even though he's putting his own health at risk. His manager may want to help him out and the promoter may be in on it. So what you have is a little conspiracy. They mean well but it's all wrong. It could ruin a guy for life. That's why you don't have any fighters, managers or promoters on any boxing commission. The commission would consist entirely of impartial men who would step in and pull the licences of everybody concerned in the event of that sort of thing going on.

Now I know what you're going to say. What's going to stop somebody bribing people on the commission? Well, the answer is nothing. It happens. But the best example I can come up with of a clean organisation is the boxing commission in New Jersey. They've had their problems over the years but they've usually weeded out the bad guys. The result is that boxing in that state is very well run. Bribery is a fact of life and it happens everywhere, not just boxing. You pick the best men possible and hope they'll stay honest. If they don't, well, there's always the law and the fact is, people do go to jail for bribery, that happens too. And when you have a system where it's in everybody's interest to keep it clean you have a built-in deterrent against corruption. A system where it pays to be honest is the best system and that way you restore the good name of boxing.

Fighter care: Without boxers you can't have boxing. Managers, promoters, agents, cornermen ... they're all bit players. Nobody pays to see them yet they take a disproportionate amount of money. People pay to see two fighters beating hell out of each other and it's usually the boxer who walks away with the least amount of money. Or that's the way it is when nobody is looking out for the boxer's interests. You see, fighter care isn't just a matter of making sure a guy is fit to fight. A fighter is a human being, he has emotions, a heart, a soul. I think the greatest disservice done to fighters is when a TV guy sticks a microphone in his face the moment he's finished a fight. He's still high from the fight, he's sweating, he's emotional, incoherent. You wouldn't stick a microphone in a marathon runner's face and ask him how he feels the minute he's finished the race. He wouldn't sound too rational, either.

I'm not saying all fighters are sensitive, delicate creatures but they're not all dumb either. They're fighting for a reason. Usually it's the only way they can make a lot of money in a short space of time. They're fighting to escape poverty, to set themselves up for life. Sometimes you meet guys who just love to fight, sometimes you meet guys from middle-class backgrounds who love boxing as an art form. But mostly they're doing it because it's the only skill they have to get them out of the gutter. Naturally they're easy to exploit and that's where fighter care has to come in.



FIGHTING ALI FOR THE WORLD TITLE IN KUALA LUMPUR.

You won't get the best out of a guy if he knows he's being exploited. You can fool him so long but the moment he finds everybody around him, the people he thought were his friends and supporters, the moment he finds out they were just along for the ride and the money, he loses heart.

Let me give you another example: double contracts. They're the scourge of the fight business. A manager tells his fighter he's fixed up a match and shows him the contract with a fixed purse. The fighter takes it at face value. But the same manager has another contract with the promoter and the money on that contract is another story — but it's the manager who's getting it all.

A fighter has to believe he's getting somewhere to see any point in continuing. He's the one who's up there getting belted around the ring, he can't stand too much of that unless he sees a substantial reward at the end of it. When he discovers he's being exploited you've lost him. That's why most careful not to be exploited.

When I was 19 I fought a fellow at York Hall, Shoreditch, one of the two big boxing venues in London. He was a black guy called Urlick Riges. The fight went the distance and Riges lost. He went into a coma after the fight and died six hours later. I was devastated. I wanted to retire then. But I was advised that the only way to snap out of my depression was to get back in the ring and have another fight. As if killing a man is like falling off a horse — get up and do it again and you'll feel fine. I fought again within three weeks of that tragedy because I was so naive I thought I was being told the truth. How sadistic can you get? Personally I wouldn't hurt a fly. I was fighting to escape poverty, not because I enjoyed it. I believe that getting back in the ring so quickly after killing that fellow actually damaged me in the long term. Instead of getting over it I used to worry every time I got into the ring. I worried about my aggression. Up till that point my career had been a row of knockouts. I won all my fights through knockouts. After that, I wasn't the same fighter. I never had time to work the shock of killing a man through my system and I think it shook me subconsciously.

I was fighting 10 times a year then, sometimes even more. People were getting rich off me but I was starting to daydream in the ring. I'd be up there fighting and at the same time thinking about where I might take my holidays. Imagine, some bloke is trying to beat your brains in and you're thinking about your holidays. That's when fighters get seriously hurt. Nobody seemed to care how I felt. A 15-round fight takes six weeks pre-training. I was fighting once a month. No wonder I felt exploited.

Let me tell you another story. In 1976 I was preparing to fight Ron Lysle in Las Vegas. It was an important fight and the winner was going to get a shot at the title. During training I chipped a bone off my ankle. The doctor told me I shouldn't fight because it wasn't just a sprain which could be bound up. It was a chip which kept floating around doing all kinds of nerve damage. I said I couldn't fight. They told me it was going to be a big let-down for everybody. I'd just come from a fight in which I'd knocked out Richard Dunn in the first round. I was the great white hope. The hype for my fight with Lysle was unbelievable. A contingent of newspapermen from England had been flown out from the UK to Las Vegas, TV rights had been sold, tickets were going fast. The pressure on me to fight was enormous although here I was in so much pain I couldn't spar. I couldn't even run.

Well, the fight went on. My ankle was bound up, I was like a zombie and I took a terrible thrashing. Two cracked ribs, a burst ear drum and a badly bruised kidney. After the fight I'm sitting in my dressing room alone and the only sympathy I get is "too bad". That's the sort of thing that can go on. I'm sure fighters in Australia feel the same sort of psychological manipulation and sometimes it all comes down to the fighter to find people who will look after him properly. Me? I got married and now my wife does it all.

Marlene has never made a bad deal for me. I just wish I'd had her in the early days.

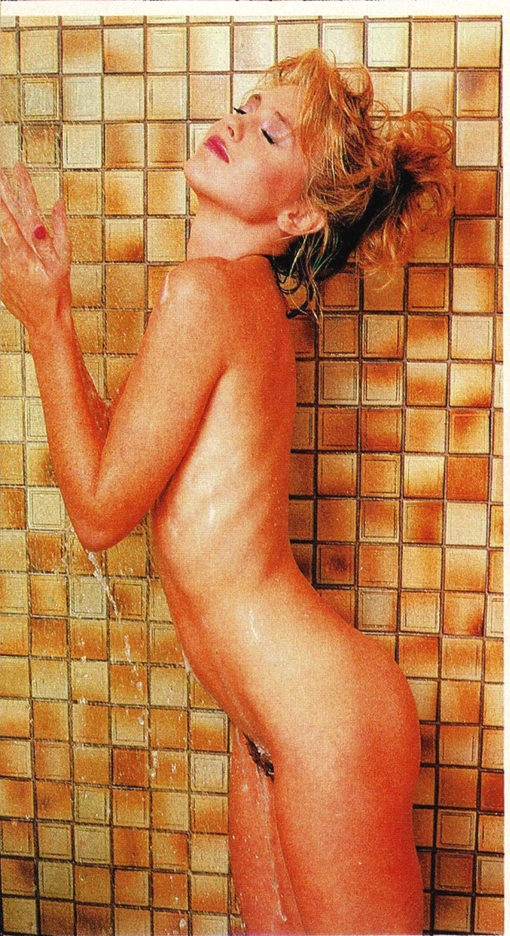
Media management: Legends are made from newspaper headlines. Never forget that. Obviously the simple act of forming a boxing commission will generate publicity from the start. After that you need a continual public relations campaign to keep boxing and boxing personalities in the headlines. That's why I'm all in favor of

(continued on page 109)

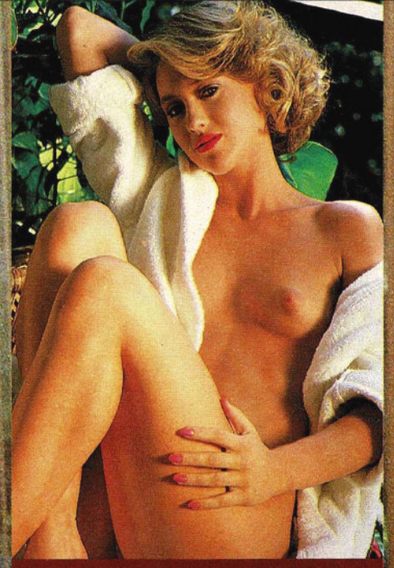
STAR QUALITY

Lovely Lisa Maher wants to light up the sky with her name.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN CLUTTERBUCK
CENTREFOLD BY RICO METTBACH



I've never gone out with rich men. I don't like them. They're really arrogant and vain. They think if they give you something they own you. They think their money gives them power over people. I like guys with muscles, I like really big guys because when they're holding me I feel so small and feminine. I couldn't cuddle a skinny little guy, I would overwhelm him. I like watching guys work out in the gym. My idea of a beautiful body was Arnold Schwarzenegger . . . until he got too skinny for those Conan pictures.



I really don't have any secret fantasies. That was the hardest category to fill in on my PLAYBOY data sheet because I'm already getting all I want from life.

Lisa Maher had a nickname at school. Luscious, lovable, lusty Lisa they used to call her. And that was just the teachers. You can tell they liked her. But it would be hard not to like Lisa. She's been making conquests all her life. Not just because she's a stunning blonde with those demure but oh-so-sexy looks that drive men wild but because of the person that comes with the beautiful wrapping. There's not an ounce of conceit or pretension in Lisa Maher. She's a delightfully earthy Aussie girl, a dinky-di sweetheart from Sydney's western suburb of Liverpool who's been doing very nicely for herself as an upmarket model.

Just 19 years old, Lisa has a mature commonsense approach to life and especially her own career. She can be disarmingly frank, loves to laugh and says she has a knack for seeing through people very quickly if they aren't sincere.

"I developed very early," she says. "I had this body when I was 12. I learned very quickly what people were after from me, especially males. I'm not impressed by men who promise the earth; I'm not impressed by rich men or men who swear undying love after five minutes. I can see through most acts. If you want to get to know me you have to know me as a person first."

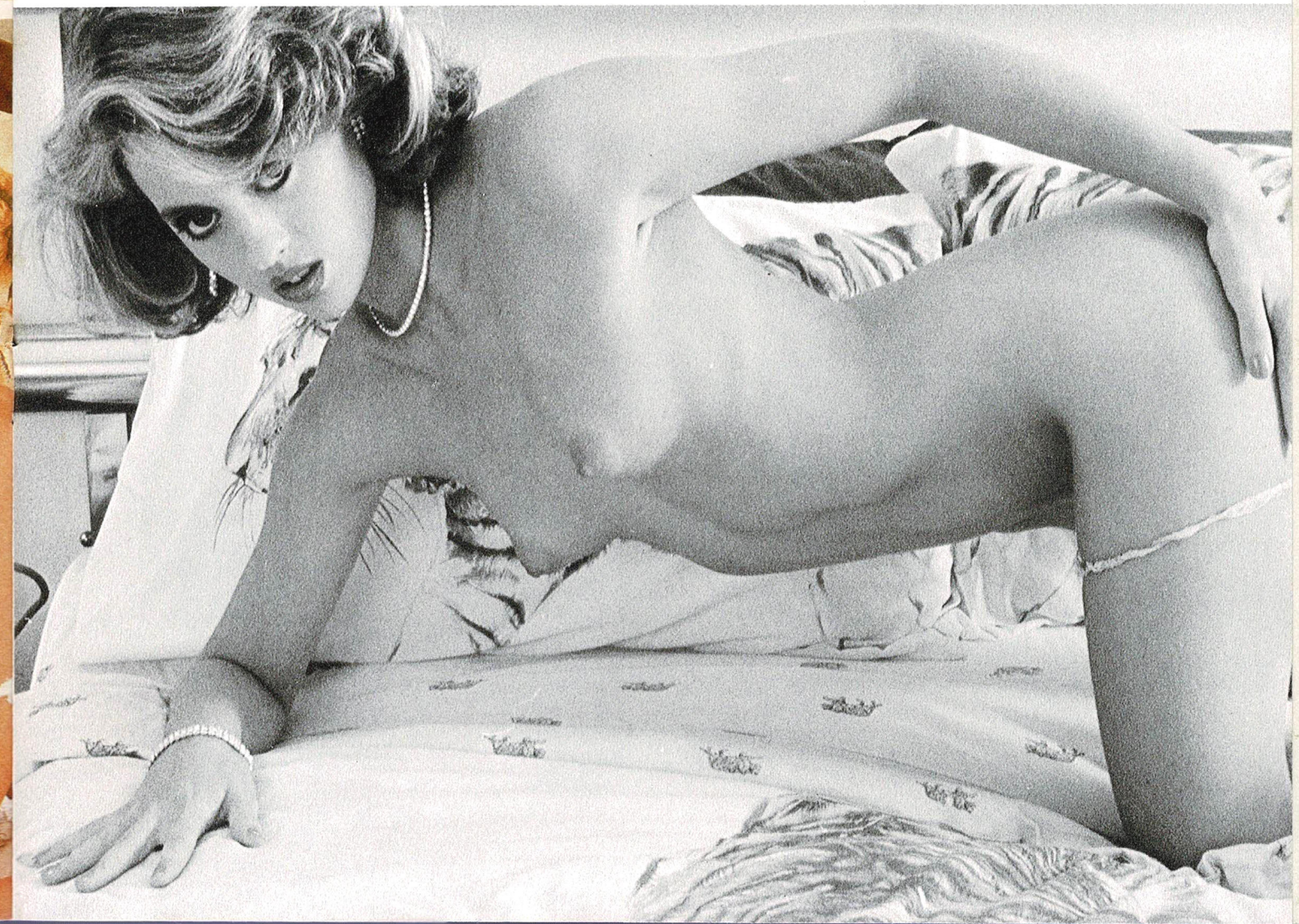
Lisa was a student at Hoxton Park High School where she admits she was a bit of a teacher's pet. "I knew early on I could wrap the male teachers around my little finger. How else could I come top of the class in woodwork?"

Lisa was already doing part-time modelling while still at school and when she turned 16 she was happy to make it a full-time career. She moved to Mosman and then Manly where she has her own unit now. "I like to go jogging on the beach," she smiles, "but I only jog when someone's watching; the rest of the time I walk!"

Lisa hopes to use modelling as a stepping-stone to becoming an actress. "I know all the girls say that but somebody has to make it and it might as well be me. If I don't try I'll never know, will I?"

She says her parents are proud that she has been chosen to be an Australian PLAYBOY centrefold. "They're very proud of what I've achieved in modelling," explains Lisa. "My dad especially thinks it's terrific I've made it to Australian PLAYBOY. I like working for the magazine, I like being the centre of attention: it's a special thing. I don't feel I'm being exploited. It's like having beautiful hair and being paid well to show your hair in a shampoo commercial.

"At first I was uneasy at the thought of being photographed nude but the photos are beautiful. It really gives you a new way of seeing your body. Before I came to Australian PLAYBOY I thought I had an okay body, I had been getting plenty of attention from men so I knew I had something. But, you know, you see your own body all the time, you get dressed in the morning, undressed at night, you think it's nothing special. To me it's just a body. But the pictures made me look beautiful. You come to see your own curves in another light. You stand a certain way and it really accentuates your legs or your bum and you think, 'Well, not bad, not bad at all, kid.' "



MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Lisa Maher

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5-6" WEIGHT: 48 kg SIGN: Scorpio

BIRTH DATE: 6-11-65 BIRTHPLACE: Sydney

AMBITIONS: To be successful at what ever I do : To always be happy.

TURN-ONS: Muscular Men:
Sexy Smiles:

TURN-OFFS: Arrogant Men:
Bad Breath :

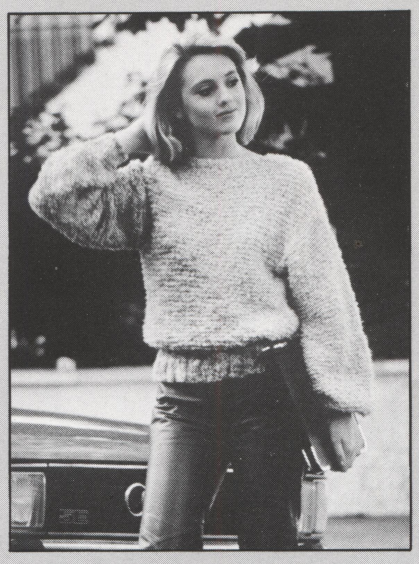
FAVORITE BOOKS: Romantic Novels

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Elvis : Barbara Streisand:
Elton John:

FAVORITE SPORTS: Weight training : Water Skiing:

IDEAL MAN: Understanding, thoughtful:
loving:

SECRET FANTASY: To be lost on a deserted Island with my Ideal man.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When was the last time you had sex?" the eager young lady purred to her airline pilot escort.

"Nineteen fifty-five," he replied.

"Gee, that's a long time ago," she replied in an astonished voice.

"Oh, I don't know about that," the pilot replied as he looked at his watch. "It's only twenty-one thirty now."

What do sixty-niners and ASIO have in common? One slip of the tongue and you're in the shit.

And then there was the sex-crazed woman who ran amok in the vibrator section of a Kings Cross sex shop and, when the police tried to intervene, begged to be left to her own devices.

Barry owned a very talented octopus named Oscar whom he had taught to play just about every kind of musical instrument ever invented. Oscar was so good that the pair toured all over the world demonstrating the octopus's amazing ability.

To make the performances more interesting, Barry would offer $10,000.to any member of the audience who could produce an instrument that Oscar couldn't play. This offer attracted huge crowds but no one was ever able to walk off with the prize money.

Then one day Barry and Oscar arrived in Scotland and prepared for their performances in Glasgow and Edinburgh. And that was when things began to go wrong. When they appeared on stage, the Scottish crowds besieged the pair with saxophones, flutes, fiddles, accordions, harps and even a set of drums. Oscar coped brilliantly with the lot until a set of bagpipes was handed up on stage.

He approached them warily, slowly circled and then suddenly grabbed the bagpipes and wrapped his arms around them. He hugged the pipes for a couple of minutes but not a note was to be heard.

He began to roll all over the floor still holding on to the bagpipes but still no music came out. Looking very hot and bothered, Oscar finally threw them to one side and left the stage in disgust.

Much to the delight of the audience, a very embarrassed Barry handed over $10,000 to an old Scotsman and then hurriedly walked off the stage in search of Oscar.

"You silly bastard," he shouted at Oscar in the dressing-room, "why didn't you play those Scottish bagpipes?"

"Bagpipes?" replied Oscar. "*Now* you tell me they were bagpipes. I thought it was a Scottish lassie and I was trying to give her one!"

A shabbily dressed man applied to his bank manager for one of the new executive loans that the bank had been advertising on TV.

"Just what line of business are you in?" inquired the manager.

"I'm with a septic-tank firm," the man replied.

"And you function in an executive capacity?" he was quizzed.

"Well, we drive to the job site and open the tank, and I go down a rope ladder with a bucket, fill it and pass it up to the guy who dumps it into the truck — and so on."

"Do you really expect me to consider that as executive work?" sniffed the banker, busily shuffling papers around his desk.

"Well, look at it this way, mate," the applicant answered, "Where I work, there ain't nobody handing *me* no shit."

What kind of work do you do?" the prostitute asked the middle-aged man as he was dressing after their session.

"I'm an astrologer," he replied.

"Well, this is just a wild guess," the pro smiled, "but I'd say your sign's the Little Dipper."

It was said of a girl on Cape Cod
That her verb choice was certainly odd;
In describing a date
She said, "Tony stayed late.
We ate oysters and clams and then scrod."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *paleface* as oral sex performed by an albino.

A voluptuous female named Alison
Was observed in a bar with a phallus on;
"It's not that I'm queer,"
She said, drinking a beer,
"I am wearing this thing as a talisman."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines a *quickie* as something that is no sooner spread than done.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Why don't we pop into the sack now while it's empty? We've got the rest of the evening to get acquainted."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER CARRETTE

THE FAME GAME

Your guide to who's making it, who's faking it and who's just breathing hard.

Fame is that odd commodity some people strive all their lives to attain—then deny they ever really wanted. Not only that, but these same people play funny games. Like the game where they try to avoid the fans whose attention they worked so hard to attract in the first place. Inevitably these people overplay their hand and die alone, unnoticed, unmourned. And quite right too.

Some people are born famous and are lucky to have it. Let's be honest, with those ears and that dopey manner, Prince Charles would be lucky to get a job as a quiz show host if his mum hadn't been in the right place at the right time.

Other people have fame thrust upon them. Like hijack victims. Some people marry fame and spend the rest of their lives wondering if it was worth it. The really smart ones divorce, take the money, and then debauch themselves in blissful anonymity.

Mind you, fame isn't what it used to be. Since it became the growth industry of the '80s, even nobodies have become famous. The limelight has been spread too thin. You can blame shows such as *That's Incredible* for that. On *That's Incredible* people who eat worms, drive nails through their head or set themselves on fire and solemnly advise other people not to follow their footsteps are famous for a few minutes.

Before this fame business gets completely out of hand we at Australian PLAYBOY wanted to have our say. Halfway through the fame decade seemed an appropriate point to take stock of the whole out-of-control extravaganza and see who really is making it, who isn't and who just thinks they are. Along the way we found some pretty funny people to look at the business of being famous and what it really means to the rest of us.

The following pages will tell you everything you need to know about the whole shonky business of being famous.

Hasn't all this fame business got out of hand? Perhaps if we ignore the stars they'll just go away.

I'M SICK OF CELEBRITIES

Article by **ROY BLOUNT JR.**

A celebrity is someone distinguished for having been heard of by a whole lot of people. Wherever a whole lot of people get together, there have to be plenty of conspicuous, plainly lettered signs posted to keep them all from wetting their pants and falling over one another. That's what a celebrity is: a sign saying *I have been televised. You want my autograph?* The only difference is that a celebrity *causes* people to wet their pants and fall over one another. Even if he is only Johnny Young.

Fair enough, I guess. Only I remember a time when celebrities, like lotteries, were fewer in number and you *knew* how much you were going to win. Maybe they weren't particularly accomplished, but they had done something more than garble their lines on purpose and grin more or less engagingly so as to appear on TV's *Foul-ups, Bleeps And Blunders.* Maybe they were press agents' creations, but at least they felt obliged to display a measure of personality, however trumped up. They worked at fame: disrobing at openings, throwing drinks on other celebrities, wearing trademark toupees, stealing wives.

But during the past decade or so, a celebrity has become someone whose name and/or face have been seen more than twice while flipping through magazines at the newsagent, or switching from channel to channel searching in vain for someone else really interesting to watch. You don't really care who he is, but like a certain French verb when you are trying to satisfy your foreign-language requirement, he's popped up often enough that you feel vaguely as though you probably ought to know him.

Take the case of Julio Iglesias. I could not pick Julio Iglesias, by his face or voice, from a boatload of soccer players, yet his name is lodged in my consciousness. Because he paid to have it lodged there.

Two years ago, Iglesias was a megastar Spanish crooner with a huge following in South America. He regretted deeply that North America did not know him from a bale of hay, so he paid PR megafirm Rogers and Cowan a small fortune to make him mega above the Rio Grande. He wanted to be America's Next Lover.

I don't love him, but I do know, and so do major numbers of other gringos, that he sang a duet with Willie Nelson on the Grammy Awards show. (Andy Warhol's prophecy that eventually everyone will be famous for 10 minutes may never pan out, but it does appear that everyone will in time sing a duet with Willie Nelson.) Rogers and Cowan arranged that performance. I didn't catch it, but I have heard the record that resulted after someone sent a bootleg recording of the duet to a country-music station, forcing Willie and Julio into the studio.

And when I heard it, I cried, "No, Willie! Sing a duet with Dolly Parton! Sing a duet with Freddy Fender! Sing a duet with any number of persons who, in the course of working as many tough rooms as you have, became better than celebrated. Do not sing a duet with this road-show Engelbert Humperdinck!"

But the thing had been done. Julio Iglesias was a giant in the industry. Celebrity in its essence.

It is hardly news that fame is more lucrative than workmanship, but there used to be more of a connection between the two. It also used to be that when an American president looked at the nation from the television screen, part of his expression said, "Well, hell, I'm doing the best I can. But being president is *hard*, goddamn it." Presidents strove to be real. Now there's a president with a knack for simplified celebrity.

In a recent 10th-anniversary issue, America's *People* magazine picked the top celebrity of each year from 1974 through 1983. The first was Richard Nixon. The last was Ronald Reagan. I would not choose either man as America's Lover, but Nixon hit it big by dint of political workmanship and hard-earned expertise in domestic and foreign affairs. Reagan got there because his leadership has been a kind of logo. He knows as much about how the nation or the world functions as Ronald McDonald knows in reality about making hamburgers.

And yet Reagan works, in the thespian sense. He communicates serenity, because he has no shame. He has a two-year-old grandson he's never seen and he once called his own dog by the wrong name in front of the dog and reporters. Yet he represents abiding values to millions of people. He shrugs and grins and doesn't put himself out. He *must have* paid his dues, because there he is. I would call it voodoo ascendancy, except that voodoo *gets down.* Celebrities today just loom large, like parade floats.

And yet I think more and more people are asking: "Who do celebrities think they are, anyway?" Celebrities today seem monumentally richer and more familiar. You'd think that a celebrity would feel obliged to be amazing, or at least colorful, but too many celebrities today are content with being sufficiently famous that they don't have to be interesting. So who needs them?

"What I want to know," says a friend of mine, "is how come every day it says in the paper that today is Daryl Somers's birthday? Or Tom Jones's. Or Victoria Nicolls's. How come it never says today is my mother's birthday? Or one of my uncles'? I've got sisters too. How come it never says it's one of their birthdays? That's what I'm interested in. I don't *care* if it's Tom Jones's birthday."

My friend comes from a small country town where the paper will have a picture of Mrs Ruth Hazelrigs, who has grown a particularly large vegetable, and another one of Kevin Johnson, who has killed three great big snakes. Mrs Hazelrigs and Mr Johnson will be pointing to what they have grown or killed, and they're the reasons for the pictures. Celebrities, to get their pictures in the paper, don't have to have done anything. They can just be standing there.

Today's celebrity is someone who has never allowed TV cameras into his home before, but he'll make an exception this time for Michael Willesee. Here's some good footage of him fixing himself a salad, just like a normal individual. Today's celebrity is someone who is a very private person, really, who is uncomfortable with all the glamor and acclaim. Prefers simple pleasures, like ironing. Any normal person who said he or she liked ironing would seem crazy. But the celebrities get credit for liking to iron.

I want you to read this passage from a recent story about Jackie Onassis in the American magazine *People:* "She eschews bodyguards and entourages and sometimes travels alone on Doubleday business. 'I walk fast,' Jackie explained. On a trip to Paris, she registered at the Hotel Crillon as Mrs Lancaster. She met photographer Deborah Turbeville for a tour of the dusty back rooms at Versailles which Turbeville later photographed for the 1981 book *Unseen Versailles.* 'One time she leaned out of the limo window to ask directions,' says Turbeville. 'She didn't cringe in the car, making a big deal about it.' "

Well, hell, most people would feel unreasonably privileged to be able to afford to register at the Hotel Crillon as *anybody.* Most people eschew bodyguards and entourages without even thinking about it, and not because bodyguards and entourages don't walk fast enough for them, either. Personally, if I had an entourage, I'd say, "Listen, y'all, I'm going to pick up the pace now," and if they couldn't keep up, I'd find me an entourage that could.

Now I will say this: The way *People* puts it, it sounds as though Jackie Onassis toured the palace of Versailles in a limousine. If she did, well, that *is* interesting. My hat is off to anybody who would ride in an automobile of any kind right up the steps into the palace. My friends and I never did that, but we did close the castle of Versailles one night, lurking around, hoping we'd get locked in so we could sleep over in Marie Antoinette's bed. That wouldn't have been as interesting as tooling down the back halls in a big, old, long, black car, but it would have been worth telling about if we'd managed to do it. But some Frenchmen made a sweep through the castle before they locked up, and they made us leave.

I don't think Mrs Onassis actually got limoed from room to room at Versailles saying, "Driver, that looks like an interesting torture chamber, pull over there." I think that what *People* meant was that Jackie Onassis stuck her head out of a limo and asked how to get to Versailles. Actually, as I remember, the roads are pretty well marked. In fact the way the franc is now, it's a surprisingly cheap cab ride from Paris to Versailles. I know because we missed the tour bus that night and took a cab back. I think it was just about $20, which split four ways is not bad at all. Nobody saw fit to write us up for getting a good deal like that, but I have mentioned it at parties a number of times, because I welcome the opportunity to let people know that I've been to France. Because it gives me a feeling of being snazzy. And people realise that I am trying to get them to help me feel snazzy, so they don't look impressed. A celebrity, though, can stick her head out of a limo in France and people will rush to regard it as just-an-ordinary-person behavior, which is to say another star in her crown.

Incidentally, according to *People*, Jackie

Onassis recently "scored a major publishing coup by signing up Michael Jackson to write his memoirs."

Jackie K. Onassis signs Michael *"Beat It"* Jackson. All right! We're talking *elements*. That's like the Hydrogen Sisters getting on the blower to Dr Oxygen and saying, "Let's make water." The only thing is, do you think there is an actual book here? I mean even an actual non-book. And if there is, do you think Michael Jackson is going to write it? I believe he could *sing and dance* his memoirs, and I would pay to see him do it; but I don't see how it could take him very long. How old is he, nine?

I talked to somebody the other day who had talked to a photographer who had taken pictures of Michael Jackson. The photographer had wondered what Michael Jackson would be like between pictures. The photographer reported that between pictures Michael Jackson just stood there with one glove on.

Which is fine with me. Michael Jackson puts out when he's on camera and keeps to himself when he's off. That's the way an icon ought to be. I don't want him telling us what he's really like. The next thing you know, Jackie Onassis will be signing up the Mona Lisa to write her memoirs: "I remember one day Da Vinch — I called him 'Leo Da Vinch', we would kid like that, he was just really very mellow — said to me, ML..."

Can you believe there is an American TV show called *Lifestyles Of The Rich And Famous?* Actually the lifestyle of the rich and famous consists of appearing as themselves on television. When they aren't appearing on *Lifestyles Of The Rich And Famous,* they are appearing on *$25,000 Pyramid* or *Love Game* or *Celebrity Hot Potato.*

Can you believe there is a gameshow called *Celebrity Hot Potato?* There is. Lainie Kazan and Jan Murray were scheduled recently. I have never watched *Lifestyles Of The Rich And Famous,* but I know what the celebrities do on it. They talk about how busy they are (busy appearing on shows like *Lifestyles Of The Rich And Famous),* so busy they hardly have time to just kick off their shoes and throw a couple of mahogany table legs on the fire and relax like everybody else.

I think celebrities ought to have second thoughts about trying to make a virtue out of being like everybody else. Celebrities can lose their sheen just like everybody else. Recently I heard about a drunk guy who got thrown into the cells and tried to get out by exclaiming loudly that he played guitar with a big country-music star, which was true.

Finally he got somebody's attention. A cop went back and looked at him through the bars and said, "You really play guitar with Doowayna Wheatstraw (not her real name)?"

"Yep," said the guy.

The cop looked at him for a minute. "I fucked her maid," he said, and then he walked away.

Rodney Rude explains why fame will never turn him into a class act.

Y'KNOW WHAT I LIKE?

TO ME fame means money. Money to buy the things I want, to indulge myself and look after my friends and family, and the people who stuck by me through all the lean years. It means that on Father's Day I can get my old dad something special. In the past I might only have been able to buy my dad a pair of socks or something unimaginative like that, but last Father's Day I bought my father a carton of toilet paper. Imagine that. A whole carton. There are 60 rolls in a carton of toilet paper, you know. Now that I've got a bit of money, I believe in buying things for people they can actually use. Naturally, I wanted to give my dad something that would make him think of me every day. I'm sentimental like that.

But apart from spoiling people, I'm exactly the same feller I was 10 years ago. I might get to stay in better hotels, but I'm still a pig. For instance, I've got this bad habit of spitting on people. I've been doing it for years and I think it's terribly funny. Mind you, I hate it when you're sitting in your car at a traffic light and you go to spit on somebody in the next car and your window's up. But I like spitting out of hotel windows too, especially on to a street crowded with people. Now that I'm staying in a nicer class of hotel in a nicer part of town I'm spitting on a nicer class of person too.

Although I don't want you people out there to think I'm totally delinquent. I'm not. I have a highly developed sense of responsibility. For instance, when I get back to the hotel after a show it's like the middle of the day for me. I'm wide awake and I want to stay up, but everybody else is asleep and everything in the hotel is closed. So I've started doing good deeds for other guests. I creep around the corridors in the middle of the night and change all the breakfast orders.

You know those little breakfast signs people hang outside their rooms? I change them all and order extra stuff so they'll have lots to eat in the morning because a lot of those business people need a good breakfast. A lot of them won't have it though, because they're on diets and stuff so I order a proper breakfast for them. The other day I ordered one bloke two lamb's fry. Then I ordered him cornflakes, eight orders of toast, two pots of coffee, one pot of tea and a bottle of milk. You try not to overdo it. Oh yeah, and I got him seven orders of prunes.

I can appreciate all this emphasis on staying healthy too, you know. I'm into aerobics and all that stuff. I used to go to exercise classes but I didn't like that, so now I'm into aerobic driving. I get up early in the morning, put on my jogging shorts and headband and then I drive the piss out of the car for about an hour. Then I get out, have a shower and a big breakfast. I've also started aerobic eating to keep healthy. That's where you eat till you're breathless, then go out to dinner.

I'll tell you one thing I have noticed since I became famous. I have a lot more accidents when I'm driving. I'm driving along and there are all these people waving to me so I wave back and run smack into the back of a school bus or something. I have to admit that I'm hitting a lot of things because I'm looking around all the time, hoping people will recognise me.

Something else I've been doing is collecting the autographs of people I don't know. Every time somebody asks me for an autograph I get theirs as well. I put them all in a big book and read them in my spare time because it gives me confidence to know how many friends I've got. Some of them give me their phone numbers too so I phone them up and ask if they'd like another autograph.

I'm actually thinking of taking this a step further and running a celebrity service where I move in with people, I might pick a fan at random and tell him, right, you're the lucky bloke. I move in for a week, eat your dinner, root your wife, kick your dog. And I only move in when it's pay week so I can borrow money, get drunk, beat the piss out of everyone and throw up in bed.

You have to acknowledge that sometimes — let's be honest — celebrities are a bit different, but a week with me as a guest will convince any fan that I'm still the same, lovable bloke I always was.

If your name isn't here somewhere, you'd have to be a nobody. You can count yourself lucky!

BIG STARS LITTLE STARS & OTHER HEAVENLY BODIES

There are still people around who've earned the respect of the public through their talent and achievements. They are what we all think of as "stars". The real thing. Unfortunately, they're wildly outnumbered by the "personalities" who are famous without benefit of either talent *or* achievement. In any case, the cast has grown too big for any of us to deal with on our own. We can't care about *everyone* and still have time left for ourselves. What we need are priorities, and that's where the chart on the next page comes in. Australian stargazers will find it a handy, time-saving guide to just who really sparkles in the celebrity universe and who's bound for oblivion.

At the bottom of this cosmos is *Celebritus Minor*, a huge, vaporous cluster of bodies who — however dimly they shine — all think they're destined to be the centre of the universe. Next there's the transitory *Nebula,* a stormy, medium-bright field of waxing and waning stars largely held together by their own excessively hot, gaseous energy. Then there's *Celebritus Major*, a small, brilliant, relatively stable constellation. On a clear night, many women claim to have seen Warren Beatty (just behind the Big Dipper). Shooting star Mel Gibson is said to have been observed heading in the same direction. At the top, there's a tiny cluster of the most powerful stars in this galaxy: the *Supernovas*. They generate as many storms as Nebula, but the money here is millions of magnitudes more intense.

Finally, there's the *Black Hole*, a spinning, sucking vortex of energy turned inside out. Any star from any constellation can suddenly flame out and vanish into it; a frightening sight, especially if you're that star's agent, best friend, or groupie.

ILLUSTRATION BY RON VILLANI

YOUR GUIDE TO THE STARS

A certain myth has sprung up about stars. And that is that just because they are famous somehow they are intrinsically fascinating. Nothing could be further from the truth. Just ask any talkshow host who has struggled to make a guest star appear intelligent or vaguely interesting when they haven't got a script in front of them. Everyone, however celebrated, eventually finds their appropriate niche in the firmament of fame. This is where we put them all in proper perspective. So fasten your seatbelts for a bumpy ride, this is the ultimate hitch-hiker's guide to the galaxy.

SUPERNOVAS

HOT CENTRE
Michael Jackson

LIVING LEGENDS
Dame Joan Sutherland
Bob Hawke
Jimmy Stewart
Slim Dusty
Cary Grant
Gough Whitlam
Dame Edna Everage
Sir Donald Bradman
Lord Olivier
Katharine Hepburn
Sir Robert Helpmann

EGGHEADS
Manning Clark
Patrick White
Prof Geoffrey Blainey
Prof Leonie Kramer
Angry Anderson

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN
John Lennon
Sir Robert Menzies
Marilyn Monroe
Lenny Bruce
John F. Kennedy
Chips Rafferty
John Wayne
Joan Crawford
Howard Hughes
James Dean
Elvis Presley
Phar Lap
Alfred Hitchcock

CELEBRITUS MAJOR

THE WORLD'S A STAGE
Margaret Thatcher
Fidel Castro
Konstantin Chernenko
Francois Mitterand
Lech Walesa
Ayatollah Khomeini
Deng Xiao-Ping
Muammar Qaddafi
David Lange

CULTURE CLUB
Thomas Keneally
Gore Vidal
Luciano Pavarotti
Roger Woodward
Norman Mailer
John Updike
David Williamson
Peter Carey

BALLS
Pat Cash
Ian Chappell
Greg Norman
Alan Border
Martina Navratilova

BEST SELLERS
Colleen McCullough
Morris West

...WAKE ME AT INTERMISSION
Ronald Reagan

TOP OF THE NEWS
Brian Henderson
Geraldine Doogue
Clive Hale
George Negus
Jana Wendt
Richard Carleton
Terry Willesee
Mike Willesee

KISS MY RING
Pope John Paul II

THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT
Jack Nicholson
Warren Beatty
Robert de Niro
Shirley Maclaine
Robert Duvall
Jack Thompson
Dustin Hoffman
Paul Hogan
Al Pacino

MOGULS
Rupert Murdoch
Kerry Packer
Alan Bond
Robert Holmes a Court
Lang Hancock
Sir Peter Abeles

FANTASY ISLANDS
Steven Spielberg
George Lucas
George Miller

HAVE TONGUE WILL TRAVEL
Jesse Jackson

NEBULA

COUPLES
Pamela Stephenson/Billy Connolly
Lisa Curry/Grant Kenny
The Leyland Brothers

BROUGHT TO YOU BY...
Michael Edgley
Reg Grundy
Paul Dainty
Hector Crawford
Robert Stigwood

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR US LATELY?
Bob Dylan
Jim Cairns
Diana Ross
Robert Altman
Ringo Starr
Richard Dreyfuss
George Harrison
Graham Kennedy

LAUGHING ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK
Rodney Rude
Jeanne Little
Woody Allen
Phyllis Diller
Austen Tayshus
Barry Humphries
Los Trios Ringbarkus

GAME BIRDS
Debbie Newsome
Delvene Delaney
Karen Pini

MARRIED WELL
Princess Di
Mark Phillips
Linda McCartney
Susan Sangster
Yoko Ono
Priscilla Presley
Bianca Jagger
Princess Michael Of Kent
Sonia McMahon

BURN, BABIES, BURN
Glynis Nunn
Jane Fonda
Victoria Principal
Richard Simmons
The Rankin Sisters

YESTERDAY'S HERO
Malcolm Fraser

MOUTH FROM THE SOUTH
Derryn Hinch

MOUTH FROM THE NORTH
Joh Bjelke-Petersen

GIRLFRIENDS
Susan Anton
Jerry Hall
Mia Farrow

TENS
Bo Derek
Daryl Hannah
Nastassia Kinski
Rachel Ward
Jane Seymour

PAST TENS
Brigitte Bardot
Sophia Loren
Claudia Cardinale
Ursula Andress
Rita Hayworth
Catherine Deneuve
Ann-Margret

BUSTS
Abigail
Dolly Parton
Mariel Hemingway
John DeLorean

EXPATRIATES
Olivia Newton-John
Bee Gees
Rick Springfield
Helen Reddy
Clive James
Peter Allen
Rod Taylor
Little River Band
AC/DC

OUT FOR LUNCH
Mick Young
David Combe
Valeri Ivanov

ADS INFINITUM
Victoria Nicolls
Robert Morley
John Cleese
Warren Mitchell
Doug Walters
Dennis Lillee
Julie Anthony
Sir William McMahon

BRAND NAMES
Pierre Cardin
Calvin Klein
Giorgio Armani
Trent Nathan
Yves St Laurent
Ralph Lauren
Prue Acton
Halston
Anthony Squires
Stuart Membery

SOAP STARS
Penny Cook
Rowena Wallace
Grant Dodwell
Lorrae Desmond
Ian Rawlings
Tony Bonner
Kim Lewis
Ed Deveraux
Lorraine Bayly
Andrew Peacock

TOP BLOKES
Graeme Blundell
Nigel Havers
Martin Sheen
William Hurt
James Caan
Kevin Kline
Christopher Walken
Andrew McFarlane
George Segal
James Earl Jones
John Hargreaves
Roy Scheider
Colin Friels
Malcolm McDowell
John Stanton
Gene Hackman
Bill Hunter
Ben Kingsley
Jeremy Irons
Simon Burke
Reg Livermore
John Bell

TOP SHEILAS
Jessica Lange
Rebecca Gilling
Joanne Woodward
Megan Williams
Sally Field
Jacki Weaver
Jill Clayburgh
Kate Fitzpatrick
Dyan Cannon
Angela Punch McGregor
Sissy Spacek
Sigourney Weaver
Rowena Wallace
Jacqueline Bisset
Lee Remick
Wendy Hughes
Mary Steenburgen
Julie Christie
Glenn Close
Geraldine Turner

CELEBRITUS MINOR

HOLIER THAN THOU
Fred Nile
Billy Graham
Jerry Falwell
John Dowd
Cliff Richard
Pat Boone
Mary Whitehouse

ROYAL PAINS
Princess Anne
Prince Andrew
Prince Leonard Of Hutt
Prince

GOLD DIGGER
Carl Lewis

YOUR 10 MINUTES ARE UP
Moon Zappa
Meat Loaf
Deborah Harry
Juni Morosi
Margaux Hemingway

SUPER FREAKS
Ozzy Osbourne
Ossie Ostrich
Divine
Mr T

HOT ROCK
Sharon O'Neil
Tina Turner

TAKE ONE
Peter Weir
Fred Schepisi
Bruce Beresford
Paul Cox
Gillian Armstrong

TALKERS
Bert Newton
Mike Walsh
Michael Parkinson
Johnny Carson
Tony Barber
Ian Turpie
Greg Evans
Stuart Wagstaff
Daryl Somers

TUBE BOOBS
Linda Stoner
Morgan Fairchild
Linda Evans
Jaclyn Smith
Kate Jackson
Linda Gray
Cathy Lee Crosby
Angie Dickinson
Cheryl Ladd
Paula Duncan

SEQUELS
Arkie Whitely
Tatum O'Neal
Debbie Boone
Candice Bergen
Diane Cilento
Jason Connery
Vanessa Redgrave
Liza Minnelli
Beau Bridges
Jeff Bridges
Nick Whitlam
Simon Crean
Maureen Reagan
Timothy Hutton

THANK GOD FOR THE LOVEBOAT
Carol Channing
Greer Garson
Gene Kelly
Gavin MacLeod

ONE TRICK PONIES
Leonard Nimoy
William Shatner
Denis Waterman
Anthony Quinn
Sandy Dennis
Gerard Kennedy
Bruce Dern
Rod Stewart
Leonard Teale

BAD JOKES
John W. Hinckley Jnr.
Charles Manson
Mark David Chapman
Idi Amin
Bandidos
Comancheros

ON AGAIN/OFF AGAIN
Marilyn
Boy George

WIRED FOR SOUND
Dick Smith

SINGING WAITER
Julio Iglesias

CREST OF A WAVE
Tom Carroll

A WORD TO THE WILD
Bettina Arndt

NATIONAL BAKE-OFF
Flo Bjelke-Petersen

YOU HAD TO BE THERE
Mel Brooks
Barry Crocker

PROFESSIONAL WOMEN
Wendy McCarthy
Betty Friedan
Gloria Steinem
Germaine Greer
Senator Susan Ryan
Ita Buttrose

SAILING INTO THE SUNSET
John Bertrand
Ben Lexcen

BLACK HOLE

Philippe Junot
Margaret Trudeau
Doug Anthony
Jimmy Carter
Normie Rowe
Ainsley Gotto
Vanessa Williams
Pia Zadora
Bernadette Devlin
Rod McKuen
Rocky Gattellari
Donovan
Farrah Fawcett Majors
Bert Lance
Eyel McNeveal
Tiny Tim
Sir John Kerr
Cheech and Chong
Telly Savalas
Billy Snedden
Little Patte
Donnie and Marie
George Lazenby

WHO WILL BE FAMOUS IN 1995?

President of the Republic of Australia — **GOUGH WHITLAM**
Prime Minister — **PAUL KEATING**
Leader of the Opposition — **PAUL EVERINGHAM**
Leader of the Country Party — **GEOFFREY BLAINEY**
President of the ACTU — **NORM GALLAGHER**
Secretary-General of the UN — **BOB HAWKE**
Entertainment This Week correspondent — **ANDREW PEACOCK**
US vice-presidential candidate — **MEL GIBSON**
Ambassador to the Court of St James — **DAME EDNA EVERAGE**
Captain of the Australian cricket team — **DEAN JONES**
National Tonight show host — **RODNEY RUDE**
Chairman of the ABC — **RICHARD CARLETON**
Chief Justice — **NEVILLE WRAN**
Richest man in the world — **RUPERT MURDOCH**
President of the National Wildlife Foundation — **KERRY PACKER**
Chairman of the Australian Film Commission — **MICHAEL EDGLEY**
Archibald Prize winner — **PATRICK COOK**
Timbertop graduates — **WILLIAM AND HENRY WINDSOR**
Minister for Sport — **ROBERT DE CASTELLA**
Australian cricket selector — **KATE FITZPATRICK**
Ambassador to the USA — **PAUL HOGAN**
Queensland Minister for Racing — **HAYDEN HAITANA**
Queen of Pop — **TRACY MANN**
President of the New York Yacht Club — **ALAN BOND**
First Australian on Mars — **DICK SMITH**
Chairman of Kellogg's — **GRANT KENNY**
Young Talent Time host — **TIM FINN**
Countdown host — **JIMMY BARNES**
The new Bert and Patty — **BRYAN BROWN AND RACHEL WARD**
Premier of NSW — **ROSEMARY FOOT**
Premier of Queensland — **FLO BJELKE-PETERSEN**
Premier of Victoria — **JOHN ELLIOTT**
Premier of WA — **ROD MARSH**
Premier of SA — **PETER DUNCAN**
Premier of Tasmania — **BOB BROWN**

SEX STARS
OF THE YEAR

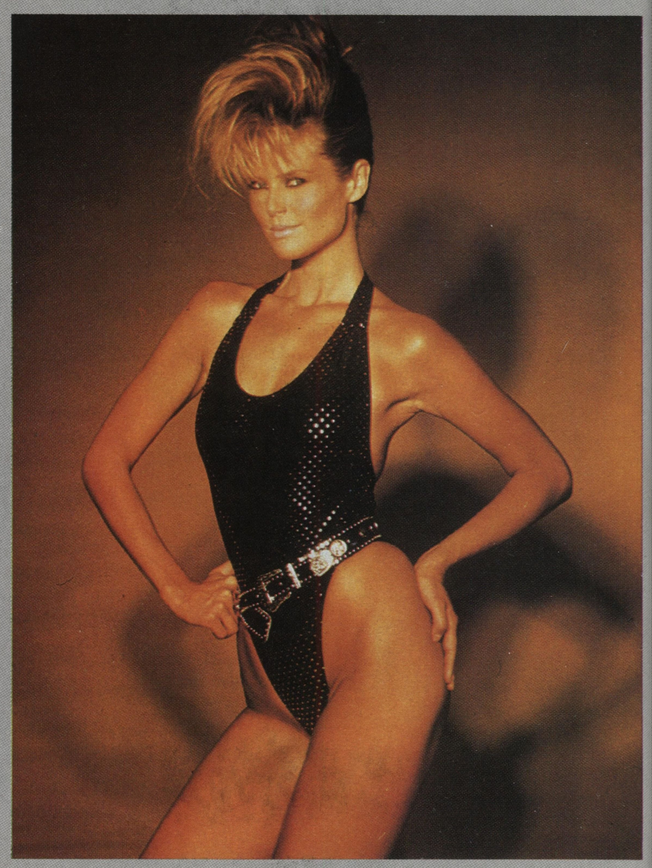
These lovelies from the world of movies and television made your pulse beat faster during 1984.

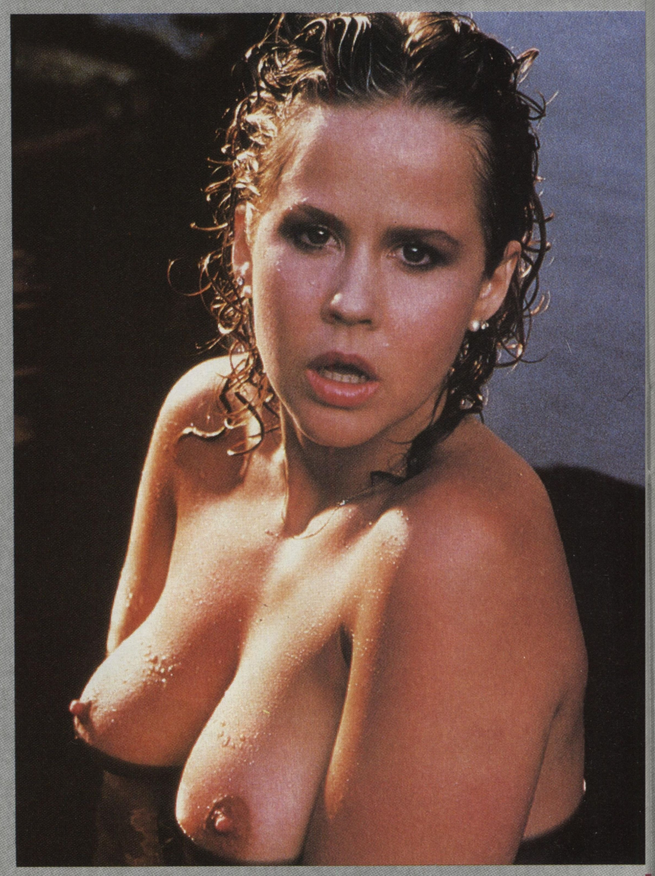
Her long, slim fingers reached out and grasped the hard shaft lovingly, caringly. Sweat beaded between her heaving breasts as she opened her legs in anticipation. Almost involuntarily she clenched her tight, round buttocks, preparing to extract the utmost excitement from the next few moments. Yep, no doubt about it, the Olympic athletes were the true sex stars of 1984.

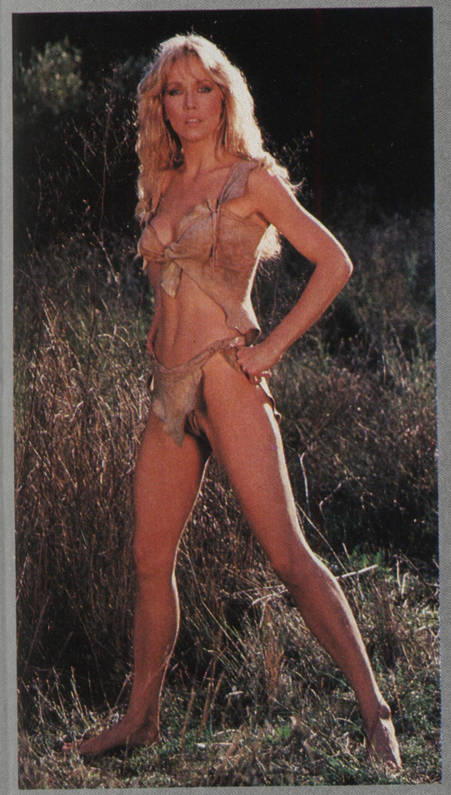
The Olympics came just in time. It was getting a bit confusing for us happy heterosexuals in the year of Boy George and Marilyn. However, there was enough to remind us of the things that are truly meaningful in life, such as honesty, integrity . . . and great boobs.

Speaking of integrity, **Sybil Danning** (left) made a big impression on Arnold Schwarzenegger in *Conan The Barbarian.* In fact she made a couple of big impressions on Arnold. Equally endowed is delicious **Daryl Hannah** (below), who showed a great set of gills in *Splash*. **Kathleen Turner** (right) ignited male audiences in *Body Heat* and proved she was no flash in the pan by appearing in *Romancing The Stone* with lucky Michael Douglas.

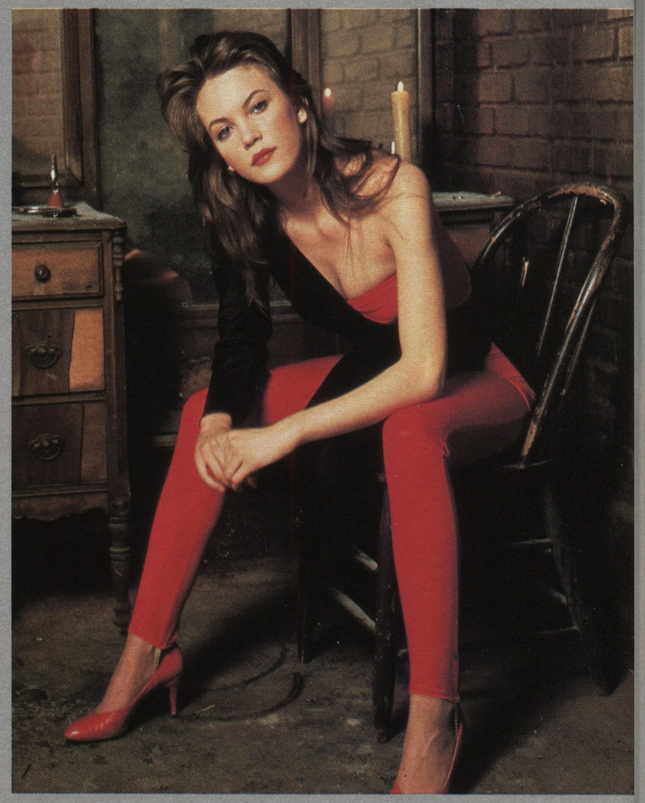
Clockwise from the far left: **Grace Jones** was the Amazonian interest in *Conan, King Of Thieves*, **Bo Derek** proved you can't get too much of a good thing with *Bolero*, while **Brooke Shields** did the rounds of the world's magazine covers. Former Playmate Of The Year **Amanda Dole** moved from modelling to movies and scored a couple of successful picture deals. **Anne Carlisle** proved psychedelia wasn't completely dead in *Liquid Sky*. **Christie Brinkley** was the sizzling blonde in Billy Joel's video clip for his hit single *Uptown Girl*. Meanwhile **Jamie Lee Curtis** tried to move upmarket by sexing up her image, but all she scored was Adam Ant. Remember him?



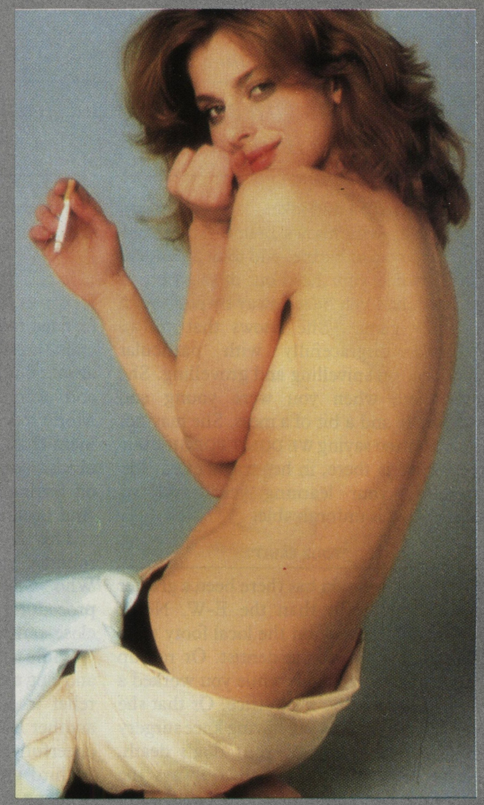




Clockwise from far left: **Kym Basinger** kept James Bond awake in *Never Say Never Again;* **Rachel Ward** inspired Jeff Bridges to do some heavy breathing in *Against All Odds*; **Tanya Roberts** went native in *Beastmaster;* **Sylvia Kristel** reprised as *Emmanuelle*; former Australian PLAYBOY centrefold **Rosemary Paul** wore No Knickers on TV; and **Linda Blair** showed how she'd grown since *The Exorcist*.



Clockwise from far left: Mischievous **Mia Nygren** is the new Emmanuelle, while the smashing **Diane Lane** registered in *Streets Of Fire,* England's **Kelly LeBrock** stunned us all in Gene Wilder's *The Woman In Red.* Our July '83 covergirl, **Nastassia Kinski,** made no fewer than five films. Irrepressible **Joan Collins** was one of the most talked about celebrities of the year while *Perfect Match* hostess **Debbie Newsome,** who appeared in the first ever issue of Australian PLAYBOY as a candidate in The Great Playmate Hunt, became one of the darlings of Aussie TV in 1984.



Photography: Sybil Danning by Ken Marcus; Kathleen Turner by Arny Freytag: Kym Basinger by Richard Fegley; Rachel Ward by Nancy Ellison/Sygma; Sylvia Kristel by Just Jaeckin; Linda Blair by Dick Zimmerman/Shooting Star; Mia Nygren by Tony Kent/Sygma; Nastassia Kinski by Eva Sereny/Sygma; Joan Collins by Mario Casilli; Grace Jones by Michael Childers/Sygma; Bo Derek by John Derek; Brooke Shields by Patrick Demarchilier; Anne Carlisle by Richard Fegley; Christie Brinkley by Patrick Demarchilier; Jamie Lee Curtis by Michael Childers/ Sygma; Amanda Dole by Bob Watson; Rosemary Paul by Denis Scott; Debbie Newsome by Peter Carrette.

EX-WIFE *(continued from page 55)*

If you take up with a 19-year-old uranium heiress, it might be best to keep it under wraps.

you thrown up a dud joke.

Your ex-wife knows better. She's seen you throw up at barbies and total a Holden. She's pulled your head out of salad bowls and watched you be led away by policemen at footy games. She knows that you've behaved disgracefully with particular emphasis on snivelling and grovelling. She was there when you were young and passionate and a bit of a mess. She may not wear a tattoo saying WE DON'T FORGET, but the record is there, in her tragic eyes. She witnessed your learning years and, of course, that is unforgivable.

"YOUR FAULT"

Not since Nagasaki has there been a greater producer of guilt than the E-W. Never mind that she took on the local footy team while you were at the dentist. Or ran up record credit card bills while you worked a double shift at the post office. Or that she left you while you were having knee surgery on the anniversary of your dog's death. Never mind all that. There's always the lingering possibility that you could have kept the marriage going. Perhaps you should have given her a *third* credit card. Or been a little more understanding about her fling at Thredbo with the Swiss ski instructor.

So she laughed at your beer gut a few times. And referred to The Big Bloke as The Little Fella. Everyone makes mistakes.

The implication is that if only you'd done this, if only you'd done that, the marriage — though tattered and moth-eaten — would still be standing, like the British Empire.

In her martyred silence, the ex-wife cries out to the world: "It's all your fault."

A RETURN TO PRISON

One reason the ex-wife is never quite out of your thoughts is that you may very well still be slightly in love with her. This unnerving realisation generally comes when the battlefield is calm, the body count is in and the last lawyer has skipped off to deposit his gains. How can I still be in love with her, you ask. This is absurd. After all, we're talking Narelle here, who left me grovelling on the patio. And ran off with Bruno. And then rented billboards so she could announce it to everyone who hadn't heard. Where did I go wrong? And what do I do now?

Nothing drastic. Above all, don't send flowers. You've done that already and look what happened. What you're feeling is normal, or only slightly depraved. Man has always been fascinated by the bizarre; there's a bit of a masochist in all of us. Many a long-term prisoner out on parole has been known to commit a crime so he can return to the comfort of jail.

NO LOOSE ENDS

Ex-wives, finally, are inconvenient. There's no need to refer to them as one of life's loose ends, but is there any doubt that they're always out there somewhere, flapping about and eventually having to be dealt with? More specifically, there's always a document that involves them. A certificate that needs two signatures. Or a child who insists on having both parents at some function. And back comes the E-W into the picture.

This is not to suggest that they all be rounded up and shipped off somewhere. Who would condone such a dreadful procedure? But there should be some way to close out the books. And there isn't.

Some men accept their ex-wives stoically and slog along in the preposterous hope that relief is on the way. Others take on yet another E-W which is very much like Hitler cheerfully contemplating a two-front war. A third group faces the issue squarely by drinking and moaning a lot.

Clearly, what's needed is a balanced game plan, somewhere between the candle-lit dinner and the contract killing. Here, gathered at great cost to soul and spirit, are some shaky guidelines for such a program.

KEEP HER TAPPING

Control your anger. Blind rage might be an excellent tactic if we lived in a society that tolerated casual strangling. Until that day arrives, it can only deplete your energy, which you are bound to need in the long struggle ahead. A better approach is to clench your teeth, take a deep breath and think of your wife as a human being, not necessarily a *fellow* human being, but one with her own hopes, fears and aspirations, however weird they may be.

After all, she may not be out to get you. Not full-time. She may have other things to do. Many an E-W has become a useful functioning member of the community. She may very well have taken up something — tap-dancing, for example. While your back was turned, she may have started up a school devoted to that lost art. Why not help her along? There's no need to drop down and take lessons — but is there any harm in wishing her well? An ex who is up on her toes, tip-tap-tapping her way through life is an ex you may not hear from for a while.

FIRST OF THE MONTH

Make all payments on time. After all, you've agreed to make them. What good does it do to shriek like a dying animal each time you write out the cheque? Besides, it's *thinking* about paying out the money that hurts. Once you part with it, you may experience a certain giddiness and lightness of step which will serve you well as you set about saving up some more money. After all, what would you have done with it anyway? Had some fun? Hasn't it been proven time and time again that fun is transitory?

So send that cheque on time and let *her* be stuck with fun. (Note: Ignore this advice when interest rates are high.)

LOW PROFILE

It's true that your ex may have set aside an hour or two each day for throwing darts at your effigy. But this does not preclude her being jealous of your current life, which she may imagine is splendid. For that reason, it's a wise idea to conceal any outward display of good fortune. This is not to suggest that you send her bulletins about your failing prostate. Just don't flaunt any signs of happiness.

Very often it's the *kind* of news you pass along that causes trouble. She may not mind hearing about a few pathetic gains you've made in the greasy wool market, or a poem you've placed in the local newspaper.

But if you take up with a 19-year-old uranium heiress, it might be best to keep it under wraps.

A VISIT FROM WAYNE

It's a swinish thought, but you might consider having a lecherous old friend drop around and see how she's getting along. No doubt your E-W is still a handsome woman — a ripened version of the wench you spotted at the beach — and probably not all that long in the tooth. A romance might be good for her, good for you and, who knows, maybe good for old Wayne.

LET YOUR EX BE YOUR EX

Think about taking your E-W to dinner. A charming little French place, soft lights, a little music, a little duck a l'orange. Think about it and then, for God's sake, DON'T DO IT. It won't work. Something will come up. She'll knock your haircut. You'll have a few choice words about her lawyer. Things will wind up being thrown. Or, worse still, something *won't* come up. It will work out nicely and you'll be sucked in again. So keep your distance. Out of sight, out of harm's way. Let your ex be your ex.

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Finally, there is no sure-fire way of dealing with an E-W. No man has ever seen or spoken to one and come away whistling. At best, it's a holding action. But following these guidelines will give you a chance to take your place in society as an only moderately depressed man.

One cautionary note: don't behave too well. Excessive good behavior can backfire. The E-W will see you in a new and attractive light and you'll be right back where you started.

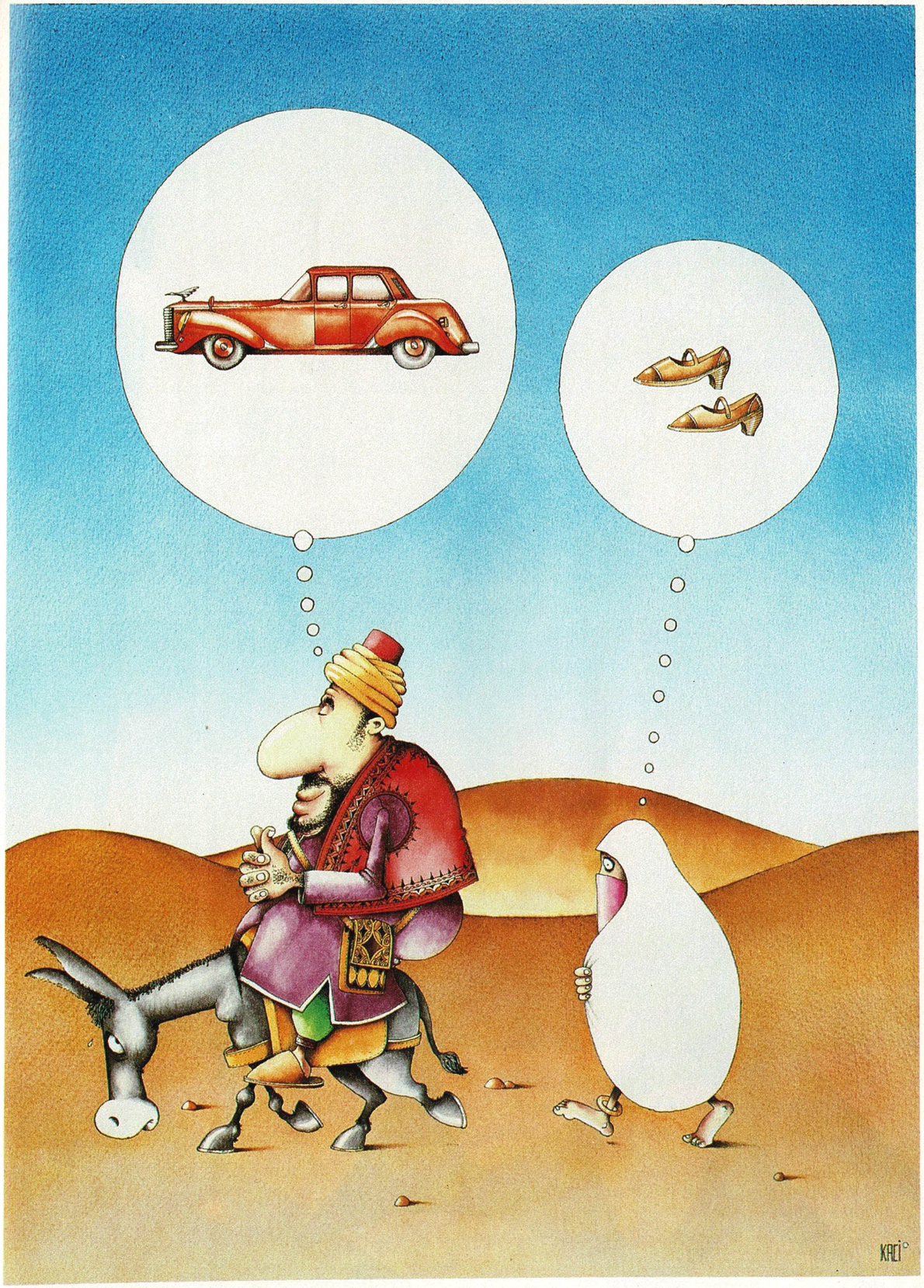


ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

TOURIST TRADE

When they spent the night together, more than the earth moved.

AFTER A MOMENT Eitel's eyes adjusted to the darkness and the glare of the clashing, criss-crossing spotlights. But he didn't need his eyes to tell him what sort of bizarre zoo he had walked into. His sensitive nostrils picked up the whole astonishing olfactory blast at once: a weird

Fiction by **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

hodgepodge of extra-terrestrial body odors.

"Something wrong?" David asked.

"The odors. They overwhelm me."

"The smoking, eh? You hate it that much?"

"Not the tobacco, fool. The aliens! The e-ts!"

"Ah. The smell of money, you mean."

"For a shrewd man you can sometimes be very stupid," Eitel muttered.

"For a Moroccan, I am," said David serenely. "And so it was very stupid of you to choose me as your partner, eh? Your grandfathers in Zurich would be shamed if they knew. Eh?" He gave Eitel a maddeningly seraphic smile.

Eitel scowled. He turned and looked the place over.

Plenty of humans, of course. This was the biggest gathering place for aliens in Morocco and a lot of gawkers came to observe the action. Eitel ignored them. There was no sense doing business with humans any more. There were probably some Interpol types in here too, hoping to head off just the sort of deals Eitel was here to do.

To hell with them. His hands were clean, more or less.

But the aliens! All over the room. Vast saucer eyes, spidery limbs, skins of grotesque textures and unnameable colors. Eitel felt the excitement rising in him.

"*Look* at them!" he whispered. "They're beautiful!"

He had discovered not long after the first alien tourists had reached Earth that they stirred unexpected areas of his soul: strange vistas opening, odd, incoherent, cosmic yearnings. To find at the age of 40 that there was more to him than Panamanian trusts and numbered bank accounts — that was a little troublesome but it was delicious, as well.

He stood staring for a long, ecstatic, chaotic moment. Then he turned to David and said, "Where's your Centauran?"

"I don't see him."

"Neither do I."

"He swore he'd be here. Is a big place, Eitel. We go looking, and we find."

Eitel moved carefully around a tableful of leathery-faced, pockmarked, red Rigelians — burly, noisy, like a herd of American conventioneers out on the town. Behind them sat five sleek and sinuous Steropids, wearing cone-shaped breathers. Good. Steropids were easy marks. If something went wrong with this Centauran deal David had set up, he might want to have them as customers to fall back on.

Likewise that Arcturan trio, flat heads, grizzled green hair, triple eyes bright as blue-white suns. Arcturans were extremely wild spenders, though they weren't known to covet Eitel's usual works of fine art. Perhaps they could be encouraged to.

"There," David said.

Yes. Far across the way, a turquoise creature, inordinately long and narrow, that appeared to be constructed of the finest grade of rubber, stretched over an awkwardly flung-together armature of short rods.

"There's a woman with him," Eitel said. "I wasn't expecting that. You didn't tell me."

David's eyes gleamed. "Ah, nice."

She was more than very nice. She was splendid. But that wasn't the point. Her presence here could be a troublesome complication. A tour guide? An interpreter? Had the Centauran brought his own art expert along? Or was she some Interpol agent decked out to look like the highest priced of hookers?

"You should have told me there was a woman," Eitel said.

"But I didn't know! I swear, Jesus Mary Moses, I never saw her yesterday! But it will be all right."

●

The Centauran, seeing the red carnation in Eitel's lapel, lifted his arm in a gesture like the extending of a telescopic tube and the woman smiled. It was an amazing smile, and it caught Eitel a little off guard, because for an instant it made him wish that the Centauran was back on Centaurus and this woman was sitting here alone. He shook the thought off. He was here to do a deal, not to get into entanglements.

"Hans Eitel of Zurich," he said,

"I am Anakhistos," said the Centauran. His voice was like something out of a synthesizer, which perhaps it was, and his face was utterly opaque, a flat, motionless mask. For vision he had a single bright strip of receptors an inch wide around his forehead, for air intake he had little vents on his cheeks and for eating he had a three-sided oral slot like the swinging top of a trash basket. "We are very happy you have come," he said. "This is Agila."

Eitel allowed himself to look straight at her. It was dazzling but painful, a little like staring into the sun. Her hair was red and thick, her eyes were emerald and very far apart, her lips were full, her teeth were bright. She was wearing a vaguely futuristic metal-mesh sheath, green, supple, clinging. There was something a little freakish about such excessive beauty. A professional, he decided.

"This is a great pleasure for me," he said to the Centauran. "To meet a collector of your stature, to know that I will be able to be of assistance. . ."

"And a pleasure also for ourselves. You are greatly recommended to me. You are called knowledgeable, reliable, discreet. . ."

"The traditions of our family."

"We are drinking mint tea," the woman said. "Will you drink mint tea with us?" Her voice was warm, deep, unfamiliar. Swedish? Did they have redheads in Sweden?

"Actually, an orgasm wasn't the type of reflex I was expecting."

Eitel said, "Forgive me, but it's much too sweet for me. Perhaps a brandy instead. . ."

A waiter appeared as though by telepathic command. Eitel ordered a Courvoisier, and the woman another round of tea. She is very smooth, very good, he thought. He imagined himself in bed with her, digging his fingers into that dense, red mane, running his lips over her long, lean thighs. The fantasy was pleasing, but an idle dream, cool, agreeable, giving him no palpitations, no frenzy. Good. After that first startled moment he was getting himself under control.

She said, "I love the Moroccan tea. It is so marvellous, the sweet. Sugar is my passion. I think I am addicted."

"When did you arrive on Earth?" Eitel asked.

"It is the first week," the Centauran said. "Five days here in Fez, then we go to Rome, Paris, and afterward the States United. Following which, other places. It is greatly exciting, your world. Such vigor, such raw force. I hope to see everything, and bring back much art. I am a passionate collector, you know, of Earthesque objects."

"With a special interest in paintings."

"Paintings, yes, but I collect many other things."

Carefully, he said, "Such as?"

"Everything that is essential to the experience of your world! Everything fine, everything deeply Earthesque! Of course I am most fastidious. I seek only the first-rate objects."

"I couldn't possibly agree more," said Eitel. He looked suddenly toward the woman and said, "Surely that's your outlook also."

"Of course."

She took a long pull of her mint tea, letting the syrupy stuff slide down her throat like motor oil. Then she wriggled her shoulders in a curious way. Eitel saw flesh shifting interestingly beneath the metal mesh. Surely she was professional. He found himself speculating on whether there could be anything sexual going on between these two. He doubted that it was possible, but you never could tell. More likely, though, she was merely one of the stellar pieces in Anakhistos's collection of the high-quality Earthesque: an object, an artifact.

He was picking up an aroma from her now, not unpleasant but very strange: caviar and cumin? Sturgeon poached in Chartreuse?

She signalled to the waiter for yet another tea. To Eitel she said, "The problem of the export certificates: do you think it is going to get worse?"

That was unexpected, and very admirable, he thought. Discover what your client's concerns are, make them your own.

He said: "It is a great difficulty, is it not?"

"I think of little else," said the Centauran, leaping in as if he had been waiting for Agila to provide the cue. "To me it is an abomination. These restrictions on removing works of art from your planet, these humiliating inspections, this agitation, this outcry for even tighter limitations. What will it come to?"

Soothingly, Eitel said: "You must try to understand the nature of the panic. We are a small, backward world that has lived in isolation until just a few years ago. You come among us, fascinated by our artifacts. You wish to collect our things, but we can hardly supply the entire civilised universe. There are only a few Leonardos, a few Vermeers; so there is fear that you will sweep upon us with your immense wealth, with your vast numbers, with your hunger for our art, and carry everything of value off to places a hundred light-years away."

"But I am not here to plunder! I am here to make legitimate purchase!"

"I understand completely," Eitel said. He risked putting his hand, gently, compassionately, on the Centauran's arm. Some of the e-ts resented any sort of intimate contact of this sort with Earthfolk. But apparently the Centauran didn't mind. The alien's rubbery skin felt astonishingly soft and smooth, like the finest condom imaginable. "I'm altogether on your side," Eitel declared.

"But can you provide valid export licences?" Agila asked.

Eitel put his finger to his lips. "We don't need to discuss it further just now. Let's enjoy the delights of this evening and save dreary matters of commerce for later, shall we?" He beamed. "May I offer you more tea?"

●

It was all going very smoothly, Eitel thought. Contact made, essential lines of agreement established. Even the woman was far less of a complication than he had anticipated. Time now to back off, relax, let rapport blossom and mature.

"Do you dance?" Agila said suddenly.

He looked toward the dance floor. The Rigelians were lurching around in a preposterously ponderous way, like dancing bears. Some Arcturans were on the dance-floor too, and a few Procyonites bouncing up and down like bundles of shiny metal rods, and a Steropid doing an eerie *pas de seul*, weaving in dreamy circles.

"Yes, of course," he said, a little startled.

"Please dance with me."

He glanced uneasily toward the Centauran, who nodded benignly. Eitel took her hand and led her out on the floor. Once they were dancing he was able to regain his calm. He moved easily and well. Some of the e-ts were openly watching them — they had such curiosity about humans sometimes — but the staring didn't bother him. He found himself registering the pressure of her thighs against his thighs, her firm, heavy breasts against his chest, and for an instant

"No, I'm sorry, you have the wrong number . . . this is not Life Line."

he felt the old biochemical imperative roaring through his veins, telling him, follow her anywhere, promise anything, say anything, do anything. He brushed it back. There were other women: in Nice, in Rome, in Athens. When he was done with this deal he would go to one of them.

He said: "Agila is an interesting name. Israeli, is it?"

"No," she said.

The way she said it, serenely and very finally, left him without room to manoeuvre. He was full of questions — who was she, how had she hooked up with the Centauran, what was her deal? But that one cool syllable slammed a curtain down. He concentrated on dancing again instead. She was supple, responsive, skilful. And yet the way she danced was as strange as everything else about her; she moved almost as if her feet were off the floor. Odd. And her voice — an accent, but what kind?

He had been absolutely everywhere, and nothing in his entire experience matched her way of speaking, a certain liquidity in the vowels, a certain resonance in the phrasing, as though she were hearing echoes as she spoke.

He looked for answers in her eyes: deep green pools, calm, cool, unearthly. They seemed as bewildering as the rest of her.

And then he understood. Eitel began to tremble. He had never felt himself so totally defenceless before.

He said: "It's amazing, how human you seem to be."

"Seem to be?"

"Outwardly identical in every way. I didn't think it was possible for such similar life-forms to evolve on two different worlds."

"It isn't," she said.

"You're not from Earth, though."

She was smiling. She seemed almost pleased, he thought, that he had seen through her masquerade.

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"Centauran."

"But Centaurans look like. . ."

"Like Anakhistos? Yes, of course, when we are at home. But I am not at home now."

"I don't understand."

"This is my travelling body," she said.

"What?"

"It is not comfortable, visiting certain places in one's own body. The air is sharp, the light hurts the eyes, eating is very troublesome."

"So you simply put on a different body?"

"Some of us do. There are those like Anakhistos who are indifferent to the discomforts, but I prefer to transfer into a travelling body when going to other worlds."

"Ah," Eitel said. "Yes." He continued to move through the rhythms of the dance in a numb, dazed way. It's all just a costume, he told himself. What she really looks like is a bunch of rigid struts, with a rubber sheet draped over them. Cheek-vents for breathing, three-sided slot for eating, receptor strip instead of eyes. "And these bodies?" he asked. "Where do you get them?"

"Why, they make them for us. Several companies do it. The human models are only just now becoming available. Very expensive, you understand."

"Whatever they're drinking."

"Yes," he said. "Of course."

"No one else has guessed," she said. "It is an extremely excellent Earth body, would you not say?"

"Extremely," Eitel said.

"After each trip I always regret, at first, returning to my real body. This one seems quite genuine to me by now. You like it very much, yes?"

"Yes," Eitel said helplessly.

●

He found David out in the cab line, lounging against his taxi with one arm around a Moroccan boy and the other exploring the breasts of a swarthy French-looking woman. It was hard to tell which one he had selected for the late hours of the night; both, maybe.

"Everything's set," Eitel said. "Take me over to get the stuff."

David flashed his glittering gold-toothed grin. He patted the woman's rump, lightly slapped the boy's cheek, pushed them both on their way, and opened the door of his cab for Eitel. The merchandise was at Eitel's hotel, the Palais Jamai, on the edge of the native quarter. But Eitel never did business at his own hotel, preferring to venture beyond the city wall by the ancient royal tombs, where most of the aliens preferred to stay.

As they drove toward the old town, with its maze of winding medieval streets, its walls and gates straight out of the Arabian nights, David said, "You mind I tell you something? One thing worries me."

"Go ahead."

"Inside, I watched you. Staring more at the woman than at the e-t. You got to concentrate on the deal, and forget the woman, Eitel."

Eitel resented being told by a kid half his age how to conduct his operations. But he kept himself in check, not attempting to explain what time would surely teach.

"Is a time for women, is a time for business. Separate times. You know that, Eitel. A Swiss, he is almost a Moroccan, when it comes to business."

Eitel laughed. "Thanks."

"I am being serious. You be careful. If she confuses you, it can cost you."

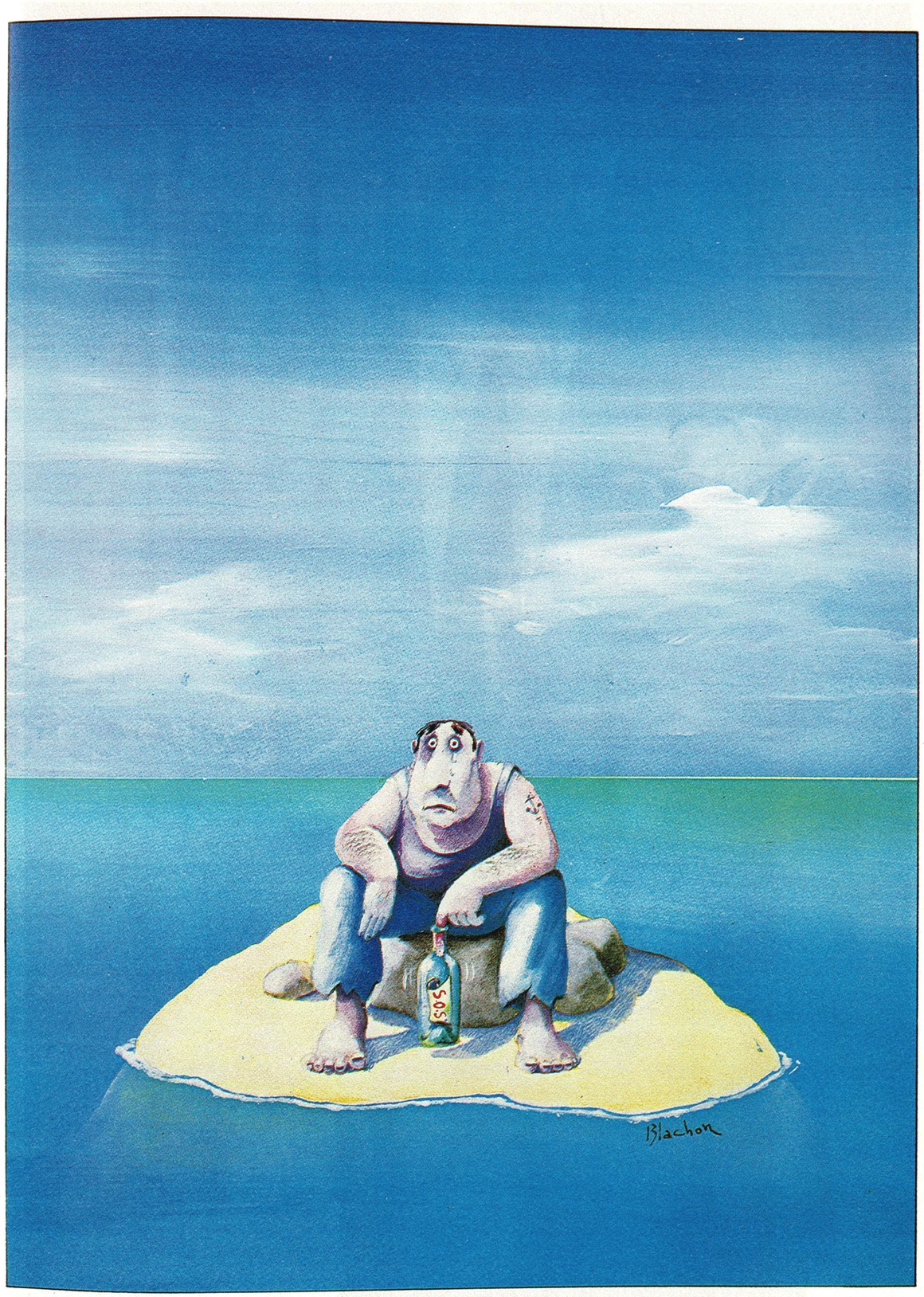
The cab pulled up outside the Jamai. Eitel, upstairs, withdrew four paintings and an Olmec jade statuette from the false compartment of his suitcase. The paintings were all unframed, small, genuine, and unimportant. After a moment he selected *The Madonna Of The Palms*, from the atelier of Lorenzo Bellini: plainly apprentice work, but enchanting and serene. Easily a $20,000 painting. He slipped it into a carrying case and put the others back. All but the statuette, which he fondled for a moment and put down on the dresser, in front of the mirror as though setting up a little shrine. To beauty, he thought.

He went back to the cab.

"Is a good painting?" David asked.

"It's pretty. Trivial, but pretty."

"I don't mean good that way.



How a man who's owned the same suit for the last thirty years has changed the way the world dresses.

Your name's Pierre Cardin.

You've just bought Maxim's in Paris, possibly the world's most famous and exclusive restaurant.

A thought strikes you.

Why not open a cheaper sister-restaurant to Maxim's?

Brilliant.

But what will you call this sister restaurant...Max's? Maxine's? Maxelle's?

As you ponder, you might let your mind wander back over your career.

How you started at Christian Dior's then set up your own design firm in 1950.

How your bubble dresses triumphed all over the world.

You smile as you remember the shock you caused in haute couture circles when you became the first top designer to launch a ready-to-wear collection.

And then you had the nerve to open ready-to-wear departments for both men and women, bringing style and elegance to people without limitless money, particularly the young.

(Just as you hope to do with this restaurant you're trying to name.)

Then came those wonderful '60's.

Your simple geometric shapes dominated even that dazzlingly flamboyant age.

And your idea of exaggerated shoulders was one of the few landmarks in the anonymous '70's.

It amuses you to know that you've given the world some of its most adventurous fashions, yet you have long preferred immaculate suits.

You've been wearing one of them for over 30 years.

They suit you. You know they're right for you in the same way that your designer's eye knows what's right for millions of other people.

Yes, you've been at the top of the fashion world for 40 years and have won every award it offers.

Yet you can't think of a name for Maxim's cheaper sister-restaurant.

But wait...of course, Minim's.

So deceptively simple, so obviously right. So like every item that bears your name. And so typical of you if your name's Pierre Cardin.

Pierre Cardin

"What I mean, is it real?"

"Of course," Eitel said, sharply. "You know damned well I sell only genuine paintings. Overpriced a little, but always genuine."

Seeing Agila standing in the doorway of her hotel room, Eitel was startled again by the impact of her presence, the overwhelming physical power of her beauty.

If she confuses you, it can cost you. What you see is all artificial, he told himself. It's just a mask. Eitel looked from Agila to Anakhistos, who sat oddly folded, like a giant umbrella. That's what she really is, Eitel thought. She's Mrs Anakhistos from Centaurus, and her skin is like rubber and her mouth is a hinged slot and this body that she happens to be wearing right now was made in a laboratory. And yet the wind was roaring, he was tossing wildly about.

"Show us what you have for us," Anakhistos said.

Eitel slipped the little painting from its case. His hands were shaking ever so slightly. In the closeness of the room he picked up two strong fragrances: something dry and musty coming from Anakhistos, and the strange, irresistible mixture of spices that Agila's synthetic body emanated.

"*The Madonna Of The Palms*, Lorenzo Bellini, Venice, 1597," Eitel said. "Very fine work."

"Bellini is extremely famous, I know. This is quite fine," said Anakhistos. "True Renaissance beauty. And very Earthesque.

"But what is done about the export certificate?"

"Easy. I have a document that says this is a recent copy, done by a student in Paris. They are not applying chemical tests of age to the paintings, not yet. You will be able to take the painting from Earth, with such a certificate."

"And the price?" said Anakhistos.

Eitel took a deep breath. It was meant to steady him, but it dizzied him instead, for it filled his lungs with Agila.

He said, "If the deal is straight cash, the price is $4 million."

"And otherwise?" Agila asked.

"I'd prefer to talk to you about that alone," he said to her.

"Whatever you want to say, you can say in front of Anakhistos. We have complete trust."

"I'd still prefer to speak more privately."

Outside, where the sweetness of night-blooming flowers filled the air, her fragrance was less overpowering. It made no difference. Looking straight at her only with difficulty, he said, "If I can spend the rest of this night making love to you, the price will be three million."

"This is a joke?"

"Not at all."

"It is worth a million dollars to have sexual contact with me?"

He said, listening in wonder to his own words: "Yes. It is."

"You know that this body is not my real body."

"I know."

"I am an alien being."

"Yes. I know."

She studied him in silence a long while, then said: "Why did you make me come outside to ask me this?"

"On Earth, men sometimes become quite angry when strangers ask their wives to go to bed with them. I didn't know how Anakhistos would react. I have no real idea how Centaurans react to anything."

"I am Centauran also," she pointed out.

"You don't seem as alien to me."

She smiled quickly, on-off. "I see. Well, let us confer with Anakhistos."

Eitel stood by, feeling rash and foolish, while Agila and Anakhistos exchanged bursts of harsh, rapid words in their own language, a buzzing, eerie tongue that was quite literally like nothing on Earth. He searched their faces for some understanding of the flow of conversation. Was Anakhistos shocked? Amused? And she? Even wearing human guise, she was opaque to him too. Did she feel contempt for Eitel's bumptious lusts? See him as quaintly primitive, bestial, anthropoid? He felt far out of his depth, a sensation as unfamiliar as it was unwelcome.

She was flawless, sheer fantasy, heavy breasts that defied gravity, slender waist, hips that would drive a Moroccan camel-driver berserk.

At last Agila turned to him and said, "It is agreed. The painting is ours at three million. And I am yours until dawn."

●

David was still waiting. He grinned a knowing grin when Eitel emerged with Agila on his arm, but said nothing. I have lost points with him, Eitel thought. He thinks I have allowed the nonsense of the flesh to interfere with a business decision, but it is more complicated than that. What David would understand, Eitel thought guiltily, was that in cutting the deal with Agila he had also cut $50,000 off David's commission. But he didn't intend to let David know about that.

In his room, she undressed quickly and he saw they had done their research properly, in the body-making labs of Centaurus. She was flawless, sheer fantasy, heavy breasts that defied gravity, slender waist, hips that would drive a Moroccan camel-driver berserk, buttocks like pale hemispheres. They had given her a navel, pubic hair, erectile nipples, dimples here and there, the hint of blue veins in her thighs. Unreal, yes, Eitel thought, but magnificent.

Quickly he undressed. She came to him, touched her lips lightly to his, grazed his chest with her nipples.

"And now you must give me a gift," she said.

"What?"

"It is the custom before making love. An exchange of gifts." She took from between her breasts the pendant she was wearing, a bit of bright crystal carved in disturbing alien swirls. "This is for you. And for me. . ."

Oh, God in heaven, he thought. No!

Her hand closed over the Olmec jade figurine that still was sitting on the dresser.

"This," she said.

It sickened him. That little statuette was $80,000 on the international antiquities market, maybe a million or two to the right e-t buyer. A gift? A love-token? He saw the gleam in her eye, and knew he was trapped. Refuse, and everything else might be lost.

If she confuses you, it can cost you, David had said. Eitel took a deep breath.

"My pleasure," he said magnificently.

●

He was an experienced and expert lover: supreme beauty always inspired the best in him, and pride alone made him want to send her back to Centaurus with incandescent memories of the erotic arts of Earth. His performance that night might well have been the finest of his life.

With the lips and tongue, first. Everywhere. With the fingers, slowly, patiently, searching for the little secret key places, the unexpected triggering-points. With the breath against the skin, and the fingernails, ever so lightly, and the eyelashes, and even the newly sprouting stubble of the cheek. These were all things that Eitel loved doing, yet he had never done them with greater dedication and skill.

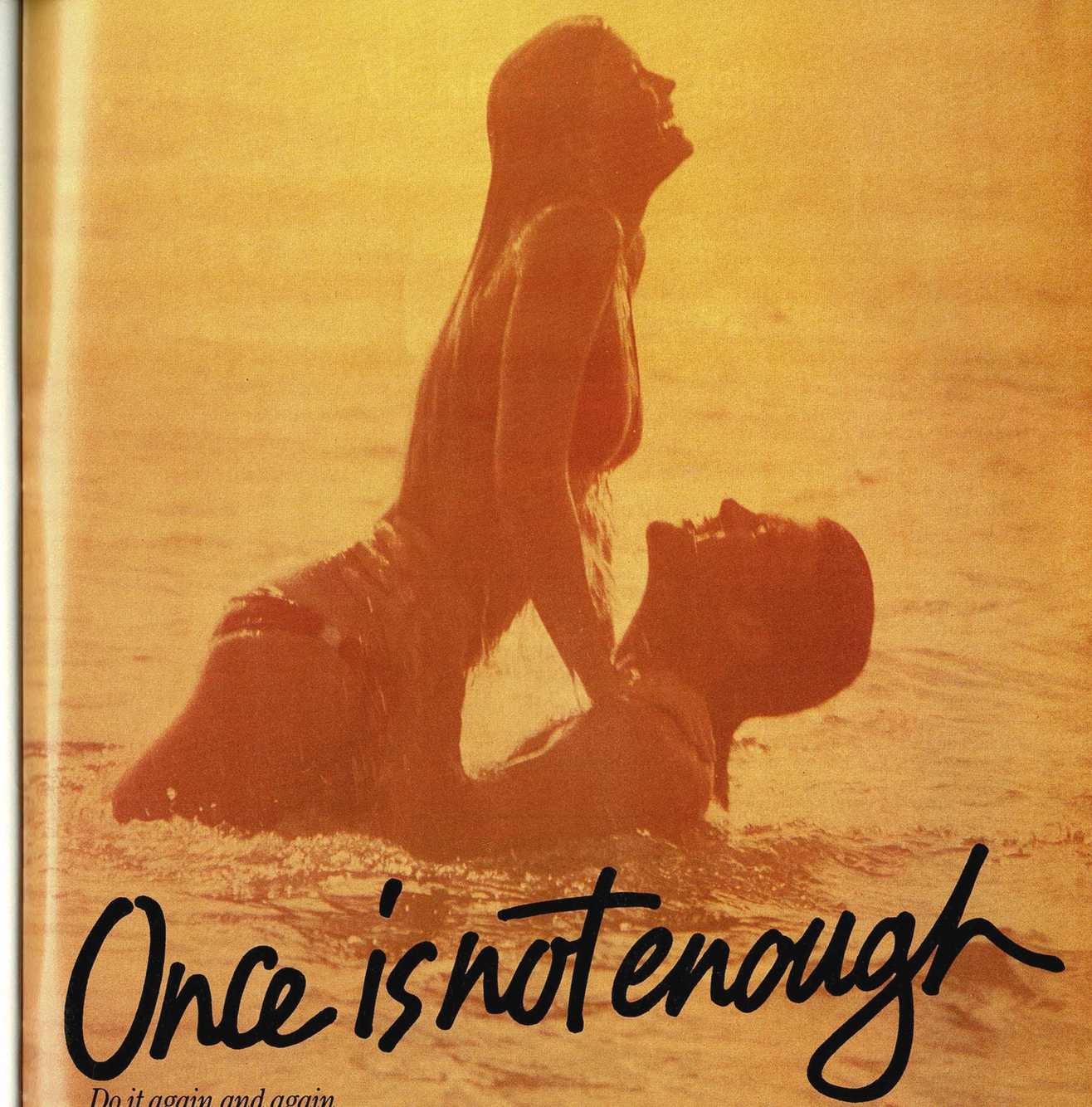
And now, he thought, perhaps she will show me some of her skills.

But she lay there like a wax doll. Occasionally she stirred, occasionally she moved her hips a little. When he went into her, he found her warm and moist. But he felt no response, none at all.

He moved her this way, that, running through the gamut of positions as though they were making a training film for newly-weds. Now and then she smiled. Her eyes were always open; she was fascinated. Eitel felt anger rising. She was ever the tourist, even here in his bed. Getting some first-hand knowledge of the quaint sexual techniques of the primitive Earthmen.

He drove his body with frantic intensity, rocking rhythmically above her, grimly pushing her on and on. Give me a little sigh, a moan, a wriggle, he thought. Anything. He wasn't asking her to come. There was no reason why they should have built *that* capacity in, was there? The only thing he wanted now was to get some sort of acknowledgement of his existence from her, some quiver of assent.

He went on working at it, knowing he wouldn't get it, but then, to his surprise, something actually seemed to be happening.



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Her face grew flushed, and her eyes narrowed, taking on a new gleam. Her breath came in harsh little bursts, her breasts heaved, and her nipples grew hard. All the signs Eitel had seen so many times, and never more welcome than this. He knew what to do. The unslackening rhythm now, the steady building of tension, carrying her onward, steadily higher. The valiant Earthman giving his all for the sake of transgalactic passion.

She seemed almost there. Some panting now, even a little gasping. Eitel smiled in pleasant self-congratulation. Swiss precision, he thought: never underestimate it.

And then somehow she managed to slip free of him, between one thrust and the next, and she rolled to the side, so that he collapsed in amazement into the pillow as she left the bed. He sat up and looked at her, stunned, gaping, numbed.

"Excuse me," she said, in the most casual way. "I thought I'd have a little more tea. Shall I get some for you?"

Eitel could barely speak.

She poured herself a glass, drank, grimaced. "It doesn't taste as good as when it's warm," she said, returning to the bed. "Well, shall we go on?"

Silently he reached for her. Somehow he was able to start again. But this time a distance of a thousand light-years seemed to separate them. There was no rekindling that brief flame, and after a few moments he gave up. Cold, weary, more furious with himself than with her, he let himself come. He kept his eyes open as long as he could, staring icily into hers, but the sensations were unexpectedly powerful, and in the end he sank down against her breasts, clinging to her as the impact thundered through him.

In that bleak moment came a surprise. For as he shook and quivered in the force of that dismal ejaculation, something opened between them, a barrier, a gate, and he saw himself in the midst of a bizarre landscape. The sky was a rich golden-green, the sun was deep green and hot, the trees and plants and flowers were like nothing he had ever seen on Earth. The air was heavy, aromatic: a piercing flavor that stung his nostrils. Flying creatures that were not birds soared unhurriedly overhead, and iridescent beasts that looked like red velvet pillows mounted on tripods were grazing on the lower branches of furry-limbed trees. On the horizon Eitel saw three jagged and naked mountains of yellow-brown stone that gleamed like polished metal in the sunlight. He trembled. This, he realised, is the most beautiful park in the world. But it is not *this* world. He found a little path that led over a gentle hill, and when he came to the far side he looked down to see Centaurans strolling two by two, hand in hand, through an elegantly contoured garden.

Oh, my God, Eitel thought. Oh, my God in heaven!

Then it all began to fade, and in a moment more it was all gone. He lay still, breathing raggedly, by her side, watching her breasts slowly rising and falling.

He lifted his head. She was studying him. "You liked that?"

"So you know?"

She seemed surprised. "Of course! You thought it was an accident? It was my gift for you."

The picture-postcard of the home world, bestowed on the earnest native for his diligent services. "It was extraordinary. I've never seen anything so beautiful."

"It is very beautiful, yes," she said complacently.

Bleakly he shook his head, and turned away. He could not bear to look into those magnificent eyes any longer.

Sometime between then and dawn, he fell asleep. She was shaking him gently awake, then. The light of a brilliant morning came bursting through the fragile old silken draperies.

"I am leaving now," she whispered. "But I wish to thank you. It has been a night I shall never forget."

"Nor I," said Eitel.

Her face grew flushed. Her breath came in harsh little bursts, her breasts heaved, and her nipples grew hard . . . for the sake of transgalactic passion.

"To experience the reality of Earthian ways at such close range with such intimacy, such immediacy. . ."

"Yes. Of course."

"If ever you come to Centaurus. . ."

"Certainly. I'll look you up."

She kissed him lightly, tip of nose, forehead, lips. Then she walked toward the door.

When she was gone, he went to the window and stared into the garden. He felt weary and burned out, and there was a taste of straw in his mouth. After a time he turned away.

When he emerged from the hotel later that morning, David's car was waiting out front.

"Get in," he said.

They drove in silence to a cafe that Eitel had never seen before, in the new quarter of town. David ordered mint tea for two.

"I don't like mint tea," Eitel said.

"Drink. It washes away bad tastes. How did it go last night?"

"Fine. Just fine."

"You and the woman, ficky-ficky?"

"None of your ficky-ficky business."

"You not look so happy. You not sound so happy."

"For once you're wrong," Eitel said. "I got everything I wanted to get.

"Do you understand me?"

"Yes. Sure. And what size deal? That is my business, yes?"

"Three million cash."

"Only three?"

"Three," Eitel said, "I owe you a hundred fifty thousand. You're doing all right, a hundred fifty for a couple of hours' work. I'm making you a rich man."

"Yes. Very rich. But no more deals, Eitel."

"What?"

"You find another boy, all right? I will work now with someone else, maybe. Is very bad, when one does not trust a partner."

"I don't follow you."

"What you did last night, going off with the woman, was very stupid. Poor business, you know? I wonder, did you pay her? And some of my money too?"

David was smiling, as always. Eitel had a sudden vision of himself in a back alley of the old town, bleeding. He had another vision of himself undergoing interrogation by the customs men. David had a lot of power over him, he realised.

Eitel took a deep breath. "If you think I bought the woman, let me tell you this," he said. "She isn't a woman at all. She's an alien. Some of them wear human bodies when they travel. Underneath all that gorgeous flesh she's a Centauran."

"And you touched her?"

"Yes."

"You put yourself inside her?"

"Yes," Eitel said.

David stood up. "I am very glad we are no longer partners, then. Deliver the money to me in the usual way. And then please stay away from me when you are in this city."

When he was gone, Eitel peered into his mint tea for a while and wondered if David meant to make trouble for him. Then he stopped thinking about David and thought about that glimpse of a green sun and a golden landscape that Agila had given him. His hands felt cold, his fingers were quivering a little. He became aware that he wanted more than anything else to see those things again. Could any Centauran make it happen for him, he wondered, or was that only Agila's little trick? What about other aliens?

He wondered what it was like to go to bed with a Vegan or an Arcturan or a Steropid. God in heaven! Could he do it? Yes, he told himself, thinking of green suns and the unforgettable fragrance of that alien air. Yes, of course he could. Of course.

There was a sudden strange sweetness in his mouth. He realised that he had taken a deep gulp of the mint tea without paying attention to what he was doing. Eitel smiled. It hadn't made him sick, had it? He took another swig. Then, in a slow determined way, he finished off all the rest of it, scattered some coins on the counter, and went outside to look for a cab.

Alexis Barthelay
le styliste de la montre
PARIS
SYDNEY: Percy Marks, Perri, Denis M. James, Michal, Double Bay. MELBOURNE: Theodore. ADELAIDE: Congdons Time Centre. BRISBANE: Xennox, Robert White, McKinneys. SURFER'S PARADISE: Optima. PERTH: Rosendorff.

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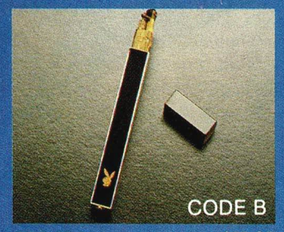

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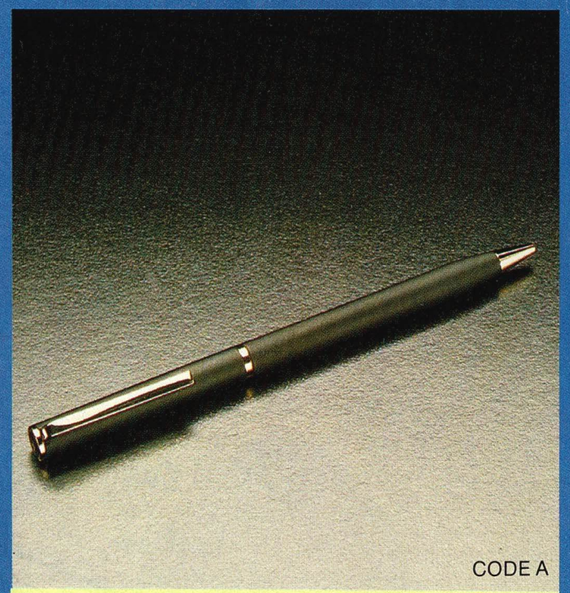

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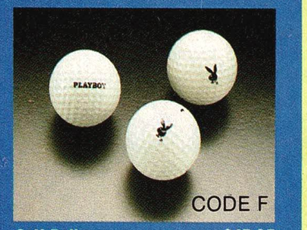

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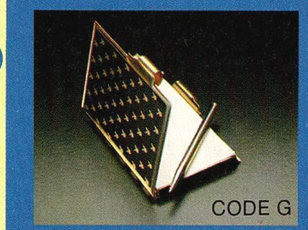

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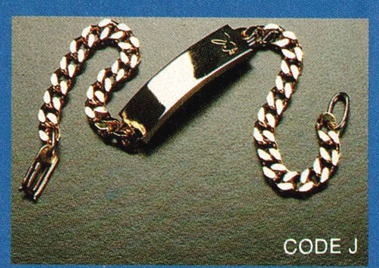

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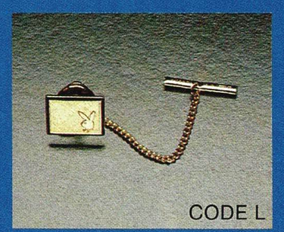

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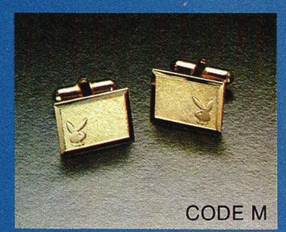

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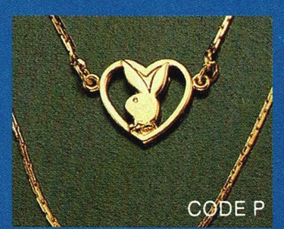
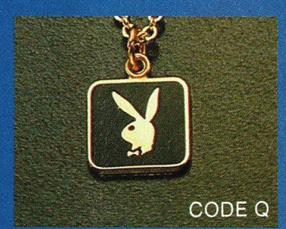


Heart Pendant **$39.95**
Especially for lovers, the Bunny inside a heart motif with fine double chain in 18ct gold plate.



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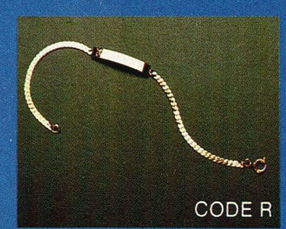

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	F	Golf Balls	$45.95	
	G	Executive Note Pad	$29.95	
	H	Money Clip	$29.95	
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Qty.	Code	Description	Price	Value (Qty. x Price)
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	K	Florentine Pendant	$39.95	
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	M	Cuff Links	$39.95	
	N	Bunny Keychain	$29.95	
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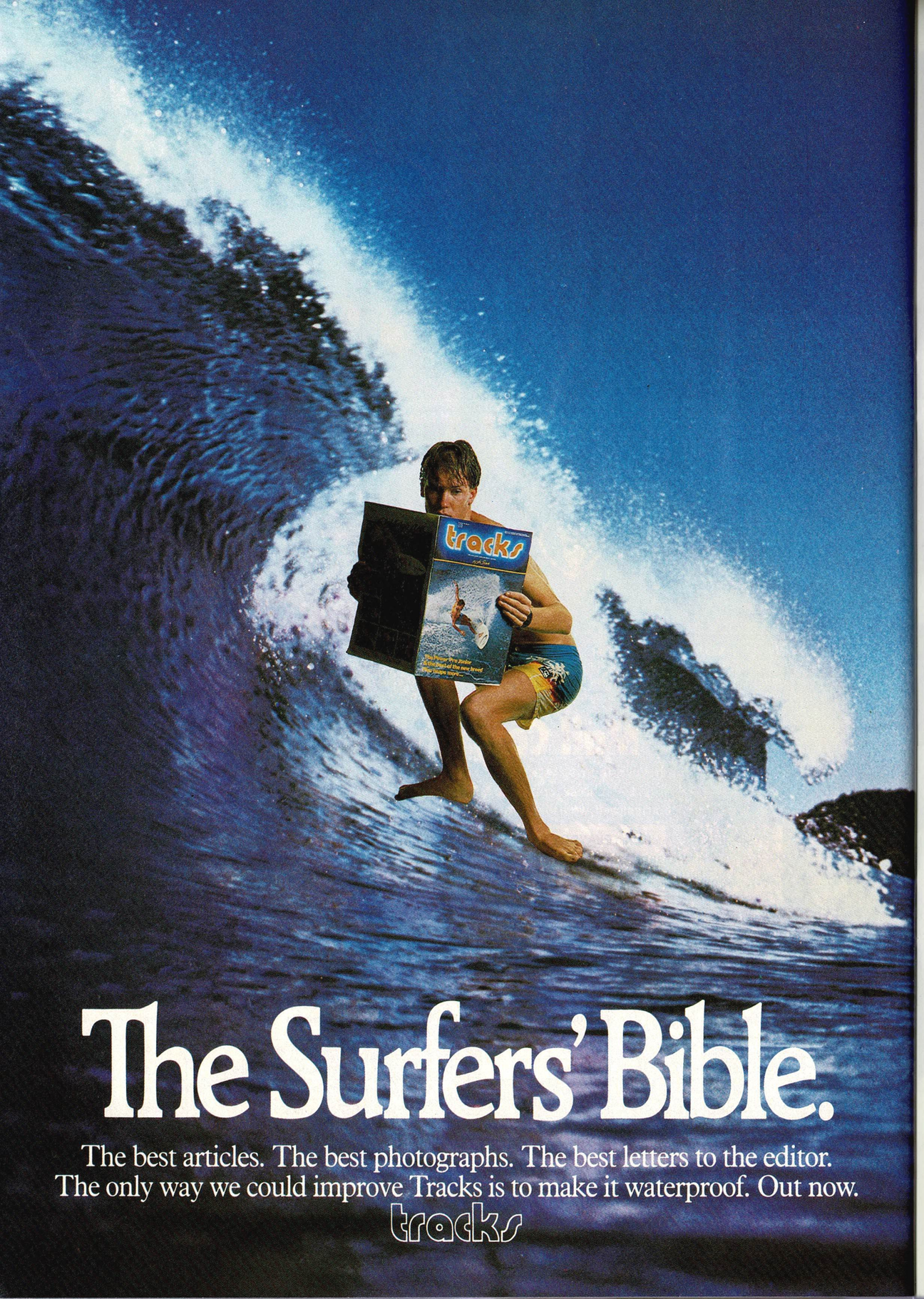
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BOXING *(continued from page 59)*

Boxing in Australia suffers from a sleazy image . . . two sweaty thugs who hammer it out in a dirty hall.

controversy as a way of maintaining public interest and keeping those headlines going. The best PR man boxing ever had was Muhammad Ali. Unfortunately someone like him only comes along once in a generation. But that's what I mean by newspaper headlines making legends.

Showbusiness: Boxing in Australia suffers from a sleazy image. But I have to admit it's a worldwide problem, this common idea of boxers just being two sweaty thugs who hammer it out in a dirty hall somewhere. The only glamor you see is at the big title fights. The boxers look good, they wear nicely pressed shorts, they look in top condition. It may sound flimsy but it's all showbusiness. Boxing has to look glamorous. You see an entertainer on television, he's singing away and he's got two days' growth of beard and his hair looks a mess. He might have a great voice but you're thinking, "What a bum." It's the same with boxers. They have to look the part.

In England there are actually rules which dictate a boxer's appearance. Boxers have to wear pressed shorts, no underwear hanging down the pants leg, properly laced-up boots, clean and polished, the right gloves. It all adds to the image of two superbly fit gladiators squaring up to each other and the fans like it. When you allow a promoter to run a sleazy hall with the boxers fighting when they're out of condition, wearing grubby shorts and half-laced gloves with the padding sliding all over the place no wonder spectators stay away. It *is* sleazy. Who wants to be part of that? In England and America the top boxers are treated like stars. The Anglo-American Sporting Club puts on glamorous evenings where everyone goes formally dressed, has dinner and watches an evening of top boxing. The press always covers it and the audience is full of top showbusiness people.

This again results in media coverage because boxing is promoted properly and the media are attracted by the glamor. Boxing becomes something worth writing about, people start to notice and talk, kids who see it get interested.

That's why I'm all in favor of boxers cultivating reputations. A boxer gets known for a certain skill and people want to see it. They want to see how he matches up against some other boxer who might be pretty good. Boxing is an art and a science after all. Take somebody like Sugar Ray Leonard . . . when you think that a man can hit you with 15 punches in one fluid movement without a break, that's art. People pay to see that, they want to see how the other guy deals with it. Or Ali, who could throw a combination of punches on a retreating movement. That's skill and co-ordination which comes from a lot of hard work. It's also showbusiness and people like to see it.

I remember fighting Joe Frazier. It wasn't a title fight but it generated a hell of a lot of interest and I was well paid. Frazier had his reputation and I had mine. The thing with Joe was he wasn't that good a boxer. But he was relentless. He could take 100 punches before getting one of his own in and by round eight he'd still be in there, taking the punches and still coming on at you. If you hadn't got the stamina to hold him off by round eight you were going to be in big trouble. What happened is I went the distance with Joe and lost by one round. It was probably my hardest fight and I thought I'd won but that's the fight business. Mind you, I fought Joe in his prime. He went on to give Ali the fight of his life in Manila. That was another thing about Joe. He sorted out the men from the boys. If you could go the distance with him you knew you had something.

That brings me to a final point and it deals with the current debate about head guards. To me, head guards are fine for amateurs, I think they should be compulsory. But when a fighter turns professional, the head guard comes off. That's the difference between an amateur and a professional. The professional knows the risk he is taking and he is highly paid to take that risk.

Besides, head guards can give a fighter a false sense of security and do more harm than good. A fighter puts on a head guard and he thinks he doesn't have to duck anymore. But there's still a lot of shock transmitted to the brain through a head guard. It's better if he avoids being punched in the head at all. A fighter might go into the ring wearing a head guard and if he's overconfident take 20 or 30 punches to the head because he thinks he can't be seriously hurt. The same fighter goes in without a head guard and he's trying not to take any to the head at all so he might escape with only half a dozen connections right to the head.

Let me finish by saying that it is possible to get rich through boxing and get out with all your marbles. Boxing has its sleazy promoters and crooked managers but I'm very proud of my record, 71 fights, only seven losses and I retired undefeated British, Commonwealth and European champion. Toward the end of my career I was getting well paid for my fights. I have homes in England, Los Angeles and Rome and I'm looking for a house here. Marlene and I have invested carefully and we're comfortable. On top of that I feel great, I'm still young, there's not a mark on my face and there's nothing wrong with my marbles. Boxing doesn't have to be sleazy, it can be properly organised and if there is any movement to set up a genuine boxing commission in Australia, I'd be happy to act as an adviser. Australia has had some good fighters in the past — Lionel Rose in particular — and I'm sure the potential is here to produce a world-ranking heavyweight. But first . . . Australia has to learn to box smart.

U.S. AND OZ BOXERS - WHAT THEY EARN

When it comes to earnings, Australia's top boxers just don't compare with American fighters. In America massive audiences, closed circuit TV, pay TV, cable TV, satellite TV and sponsorship deals mean million-dollar promotions and million-dollar purses. The Australian fight game doesn't have the same massive TV interest to make bidding competitive. Indeed, it's a rare Australian boxing match that rates TV coverage at all. And even then there is unlikely to be heavy rivalry for TV rights.

The pay-off? Last year undisputed world middleweight champion Marvin Hagler made $7.85 million. Heavyweight champion Larry Holmes made $6 million. Even former world lightweight champion Roberto Duran, now fighting in welterweight and junior middleweight divisions, made $4.35 million. Light heavyweight champion Michael Dokes made $1.7 million.

In Australia, former heavyweight champ Tony Mundine was lucky if he made $25,000 in a good year. His successor, Steve Aczel, can expect to make the same this year. Australian lightweight champion Barry Michael, currently rated number 19 in world standings, might make $5000 for a title defence and $3000 for a non-title fight. He might fight four times a year so you don't have to be an accountant to figure out how he's doing. Australian junior welterweight champion Jeff Malcolm, ranked 16 in the world, might make $15,000 although he's expected to fight more in America and that could help his income.

The best purses in Australia are usually offered by Stadium Promotions of Brisbane and rarely top $15,000.

Australian Playboy's guide to this summer's hottest sunglasses.

SHADES OF SUMMER

Fashion by **VITEK**

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACEK SAMOTUS

THE SEDUCTIVE HOT breath of summer is blowing in your ear and there's one thing you'll be doing a lot of in the next few months, right? Swimming? Surfing? Sunbaking? Sipping cold drinks? Yes, well, all of that. But the one thing you'll be doing most is . . . squinting. It's inevitable; it shouldn't be, perhaps, but the squint is the face of summer. And it doesn't flatter you. You may think you look pretty suave snorting up the freeway in your Mercedes sports, sailboard in the back, squinting manfully into the glare, but all you're really doing is giving yourself wrinkles around the eyes. And wrinkles aren't sexy. The best way to avoid wrinkles is a fine pair of sunglasses. We've surveyed the best shades available in Australia, taking into consideration protection and fashion. Now, gentlemen, raise your glasses and take a long, hard look.

1: White-framed sunnies, featuring NASA's Irex 100 lenses, filter out 100 percent of infra-red and ultra-violet rays; $50 by Bolle. **2**: High-tech designs in high-tech colors. NU147 sunglasses by Bill Bass for $19.50. **3**: Black circular frames coupled with reflective lenses — the in-thing this season. Fashioned by Reckless for $21. **4**: Red wraparound shades; $55 by Metzler. **5**: Lilac-tinted lenses with black metal frames and an adjustable bridge; $136 by Bonger. **6**: Sporty sunnies with leather side-shields. Irex 100 lenses are an added bonus; by Bolle for $60. **7**: Black, red and grey combined to great effect by Reckless for $21. **8**: PLAYBOY's super lightweight sunglasses, $55. **9**: For a touch of class and distinction for the sophisticated man, fine-rimmed sunglasses by Eyetech for $39. **10**: Printed frames with tinted lenses available in a wide range of color combinations; $15 by Bill Bass.

Bonger, Metzler and PLAYBOY sunglasses available at OPSM stores. Bill Bass and Bolle stocked by surf, ski and sports stores. Eyetech and Reckless retailed through department stores. Dummies courtesy of Mei and Picchi (Aust) Pty Ltd, Sydney: 726 Bourke Street, Surry Hills; Melbourne: 51 Moore Street, Fitzroy.

PINE GAP

(continued from page 42)

The Americans have never permitted Australia to pose even a remote threat to Pine Gap.

according to plan. Not even the scrapping of the ABM program — ordered by the American Congress on October 2, 1975, under the SALT 1 treaty with the Russians *the very day after* the ABM system was declared operational — could change that.

Under SALT, ABM activity in both America and the Soviet Union was to be confined to research only. In fact military analysts in the West agree that the US and the USSR continued the development and deployment of ABM systems on a massive scale. Indeed the Russians are known to have extensive ABM complexes around Moscow, dramatically updated and improved since the '70s to counter American missiles and the more recent Chinese CSSX-4 ICBMs.

The Americans even went public on one of their most recent ABM tests in June 1984 when two missiles destroyed each other above the Pacific in a dramatic demonstration of US missile interception capability.

By then it was safe to admit SALT was dead, although it had been a ravaged corpse for years.

If US defence planners were willing to defy the spirit of SALT right from the beginning, despite direct instructions from Congress, what possible influence might Australia wield concerning its place in overall American defence strategy?

The answer is that the Americans have never permitted Australia to reach a stage where its internal situation could pose even a remote threat to Pine Gap.

The best example of this and the calculated way in which the Americans are prepared to give our domestic issues a stir when it suits their purpose involves the dismissal of Prime Minister Gough Whitlam in November 1975.

The original lease agreement between Australia and the US for Pine Gap came into force on December 9, 1966. It was to be valid for 10 years, expiring December 9, 1976. However the Australian Government could exercise its option to give the Americans a year's notice from December 9, 1975, that the lease would not be renewed following its expiry in 1976.

In 1975 the tumultuous domestic situation in Australia was of great concern to the Americans. Whitlam was fighting for political survival, and while lurching from one crisis to another he became embroiled in a particularly bitter feud with the leader of the National Country Party at the time, Doug Anthony. The feud involved accusations and counter-accusations about CIA influence in Australian affairs with Gough Whitlam struggling to deflect some of the heat from him by painting Doug Anthony as an active CIA sympathiser.

To the Americans it seemed Whitlam was grasping at straws to save himself and it appeared increasingly probable to them that with the CIA's name already dragged into the debate, it was only a matter of time before US bases, and Pine Gap in particular, became an election issue.

For the Americans to demonstrate such anxiety over a mere spy base seems unlikely. They have scores of such bases scattered around the world, monitoring their hundreds of spy satellites, and some are in far more volatile countries than Australia. However, given the possibility that Pine Gap is one of America's all-important Arks, the following events are all the more understandable, especially considering the Australian situation was coming to the boil right around the time that get-out clause in the Pine Gap agreement was becoming available to the embattled and increasingly desperate Whitlam.

The decision to interfere in another country's affairs can sometimes be traced back to a group called the Committee Of Forty within the hierarchy of the US Government. Should the committee decide on a particular course of action, it can order the creation of a special task force to implement its proposals. Such a task force might consist of members drawn from the CIA, army, navy, air force intelligence, FBI, Special Forces — whoever seemed right for the job. If, for instance, the operation required an assassination, then it is likely someone from Special Forces would be enlisted to do the job.

The task force keeps no records and when its mission has been accomplished it is disbanded. That is why successive directors at the CIA speak the truth when they say the CIA has played no part in certain events, whether it be the removal of an unsympathetic African leader or the attempted assassination of Fidel Castro. Strictly speaking the CIA hasn't, though some of its operatives may have played a part in a task force formed to do the job.

The Committee Of Forty was chaired by Henry Kissinger in 1975. Kissinger and Whitlam had met on an earlier occasion and had not liked each other. The committee ordered the formation of Task Force 157, whose mission was to ensure that whatever government was in power in Australia by December 1975, it would be a government which would not give the US one year to quit Pine Gap.

Task Force 157 was active in Australia during late October and November 1975. According to information from former CIA employee Kevin Mulcahy, Task Force 157 believed it did not need to destabilise the Whitlam government: all that was needed was the final straw to break the camel's back.

According to information gathered by the task force, Governor-General Sir John Kerr was already teetering on the brink of involving himself in the Whitlam affair. Members of the task force believed that if Kerr could be presented with evidence of additional crisis, this time in US/Australian relations, then he would act.

Subsequently CIA staff at Langley in the US were requested to draft a cable warning of a potential breakdown in relations between America and Australia. The cable complained to ASIO about the growing stridency in Australian political debate about the role of the US bases at Pine Gap and Nurrungar, it deplored the naming of CIA agents and warned that the CIA might have to review its policy of intelligence sharing with ASIO if such public debate continued.

According to reliable sources, Kerr was shown the CIA cable at Watsonia Barracks, Melbourne, on Sunday, November 9, 1975. He was also briefed about the implications of the message by a top CIA operative who had flown in from the States only two days earlier.

On Tuesday, November 11, 1975, Kerr dismissed Whitlam and Malcolm Fraser was appointed caretaker Prime Minister. The crucial December 9 date for the Pine Gap lease passed without incident and a few days later the Liberal-National Country Party coalition won the election.

The lease on Pine Gap was safely renewed in 1977 for a further 10 years.

Of course, Pine Gap was never really in danger. As an integral part of US strategy for the defence of America, the Americans weren't likely to let the Australians do anything to jeopardise the safety of their Australian Ark. One can only speculate further about the lengths the Americans might go to, were their interests in Australia under serious threat.

Interestingly enough, I spent some time researching levels of fluoride and hydrogen fluoride in the environment around Alice Springs for a scientific project I was working on recently. I detected high levels of hydrogen fluoride near Pine Gap and declared publicly that it might have come from a faulty nuclear reactor or chemical lasers being tested at the site.

There is, however, another explanation. Hydrogen fluoride gas can also be caused by bench testing of a rocket motor. The Sprint anti-ballistic missile uses a solid propellant that gives off hydrogen fluoride gas.

The ultimate irony behind all this is that if nuclear war should break out, the prime target of Pine Gap would actually be the safest place in Australia — safe behind its protective screen of Sprint and Spartan ABMs.

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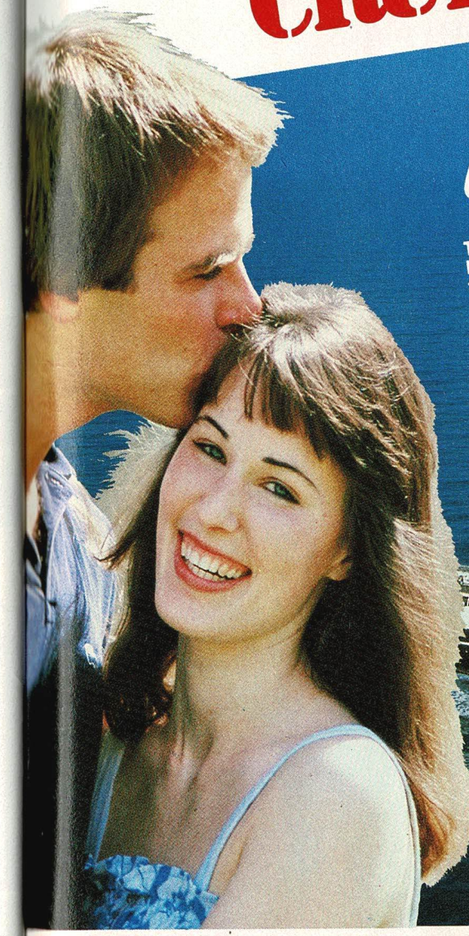

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MISTRESS TINA

A mistress is a woman who enjoys the best of both worlds.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER

When you consider the advantages of being a mistress it's a wonder more Australian girls don't consider it as a serious career option. After all, the hours are good, the money's attractive, there are heaps of fringe benefits and they always get the best of a man. Because once a man has gone to the trouble of acquiring a mistress and setting her up in proper style, it stands to reason he's going to give her the best he has to offer. Tina knows all that. Doesn't she look happy with her choice of career?

"I stay up late so I sleep late. I don't have to leave home for work so there's never any rush hour for me. I do enjoy having time to spoil myself."

"One of the disadvantages is your lover can call you any time of the day or night, whenever he can sneak away to spend a few hours with you, and you have to be ready. But the advantages are so numerous I don't bother counting them. I get all the loving I want and I get all the time I want to be myself."

McCARTNEY (continued from page 38)

Linda was my mate . . . She was absolutely untrained and I think that's the reason for media animosity.

film, somebody said to me, "What's left, Paul? You've done everything." And I said, "No, I haven't. I've done one thing a lot — pop music." I've pretty much done everything in that field. Films I've hardly done anything in. And there are a lot of other fields.

PLAYBOY: Who are your favorite classical composers?

McCARTNEY: The top ones are the ones. Mozart, Beethoven, and the boys. But I actually prefer more modern classical music — Debussy, for example.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought of writing a musical?

McCARTNEY: Not really, no. Lennon and McCartney had for some people the ring of Rodgers and Hammerstein and others made abortive attempts to string our songs together with a story. We always thought, okay, if someone wants to arrange *Yesterday* Beethoven-style, let them, why not? But the centre of our attention was always the single, the three-minute folk song as it were. That's what we did well. One of my problems is I can't write it down the way Andrew Lloyd-Webber does it. And anyway I don't want to do the usual musical stuff. If I did a musical I'd base it on, say, a Tennessee Williams play. I like his stuff very much. I couldn't do one of those straight, old-fashioned musicals. And rock musicals are even worse. It's hard to know how to do it.

PLAYBOY: What was John Lennon's special quality?

McCARTNEY: In one word?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

McCARTNEY: Balls! Mind you, in putting it in one word, balls is a helluva quote, me being who I am to John, but it's incomplete. There was balls. But there was smart. The real truth is that it was balls *with* smart. 'Cause balls is one thing. . . anyone can go in and bluster if they've got balls. . .

PLAYBOY: Like muggers have balls?

McCARTNEY: Exactly, that's balls too, but that's not John's kind of balls. You can have balls okay but then you've got to back it up. John was like. . . for example we'd be in a big car on our way to the Royal Command Performance and we wouldn't have written any line of patter and John would say, "Look, I'll just say something like — you at the back there clap yer hands, and you at the front just rattle yer jewellery." Bob Hope would need 40 writers to come up with a line like that. But John did it in the car on the way. Talk about leaving it late — the balls of it. But The Beatles generally . . . we always had this confidence in ourselves. One time we'd broken down on the motorway half way to Sheffield for a concert, a terrible winter night, hailstones, the windscreen had smashed, the heater didn't work, that all happened, we thought, oh God, what are we going to do? The answer we clung to was: something'll happen. And it was that simple. *Now* if someone said that, something'll happen, I'd reply: "*What* something? This is the '80s, love, now what something is gonna happen?"

PLAYBOY: Do you ever suffer from insomnia?

McCARTNEY: No. I used to. At the end of The Beatles and around the time I first met Linda.

PLAYBOY: She cured you?

McCARTNEY: Linda cured my insomnia. I guess I've just become more content — using that awful word.

PLAYBOY: You seem exceptionally content.

McCARTNEY: Boringly content I suppose you mean.

But listen, that's what we're supposed to be trying to get to, you know.

PLAYBOY: Well, what frightens you?

McCARTNEY: Failure . . . probably. *Physically*, well, I've never been any good in any kind of fight. I was always the kid who, when the bully came up and said move aside, I had to move aside, swearing inwardly to myself, "Just you wait until I've learnt my karate."

PLAYBOY: Did you ever take it up?

McCARTNEY: Never did. That's me, that's my attitude to personal violence — pretty hopeless. I remember when making this film *Give My Regards To Broad Street* I had to get up early in winter — up at five to go for a run — it was pitch black, I could hardly see the road. Then I saw what seemed to be a lighted cigarette at the end of my drive. I thought: "Someone smoking at the end of my drive at five in the morning? Who the hell is that? Oh dear." Then the light went and I thought, "Oh God, he's gone behind a tree. What am I to do?" Then another voice inside said, "You are the father of this family. You must walk forward."

And I bloody did. It turned out to be some streetlamp miles away. But that's what I am these days, the father.

PLAYBOY: You enjoy it.

McCARTNEY: Yup. I like kids. They're fresh, they teach you stuff, keep you sane. But, by the way, it's *bloody* hard work. And you don't get any training. Having kids — it's your first and last go at it. And you've no sooner got the hang of it than they've grown up and left you. I remember when I was young seeing my Dad talking to his friends about whether you should smack children or not — and I was on the side that you shouldn't.

He was saying that you've got to smack them occasionally, not with malice but with firmness. As I grew up I continued to disagree with him, I thought you'd got to be very liberal. But now that I'm trying to put my liberalism into practice I find a bit of that old reactionary stuff coming in. Sometimes you've got to be tough with them, a bit of discipline, otherwise you end up with a mess on your hands. You have to show kids that there's someone there who knows — even if you don't.

PLAYBOY: Where is home?

McCARTNEY: I live mainly in Sussex. It's very much rural England, but not so far out so as you've got neighbors who don't understand. They're pretty up with everything down in Sussex.

PLAYBOY: How many children have you?

McCARTNEY: Four. All my own. Actually one is from Linda's previous marriage but she's my own, too. I do think of it that way.

PLAYBOY: What sort of education are they having?

McCARTNEY: An ordinary State School education.

PLAYBOY: The media don't seem to have taken to Linda very much. Why is that?

McCARTNEY: Yeah, I know what you mean. It was because I brought her into the act. When The Beatles finished there was no way I could put together anything as good as that. So I consciously said let's start at square one again. We'll just play in the front parlor with different people, see who's nice, see if we can get any chemistry going. Linda was my mate so it was natural for me to suggest she did some back-up harmonies. Then I sort of said after a while, "Do you wanna plonk on keyboard?" She was absolutely untrained and I think that's the basic reason for media animosity. Looking back I think, "Did we *really* dare stick Linda up on keyboard?" She sometimes forgot the chords.

Also we decided never ever to try and explain Linda.

PLAYBOY: She's not quite *there* media-wise, is she?

McCARTNEY: We could have gone round doing all the chat shows and stuff and putting her across, but I felt — sod it, I'm not going to get up there and say, "Please, fans, don't hate me 'cause I married her. Awfully sorry, but she's quite nice really when you get to know her."

PLAYBOY: How did you get involved with Michael Jackson?

McCARTNEY: He telephoned me at Christmas. I was having Christmas with the kids, unwrapping presents, generally being Daddy, and the phone goes. I thought it was a girl fan because it sounded like that. "Who is this?" I asked in my deep, fatherly voice. "It's Michael Jackson," he said in his high, soft voice. "Come on, who is it really?" "Oh, you don't believe it's me? Hey, that's great. Ha, ha, ha." He's a really sweet guy, as he looks, as he seems. Perhaps naive is too strong a word. Sort of what you'd call innocent.

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PLAYBOY: Is there a problem there?

McCARTNEY: Everyone suggests there's a huge problem. And before I met him I also thought, "What is this problem they all talk about? There's something funny. What've they got him on? Drugs? Hormone injections?"

PLAYBOY: A sex change for Michael Jackson is the latest rumor. Wouldn't that make him the ultimate modern star?

McCARTNEY: Mind you, he's been in showbiz since he was six. He's a somewhat sheltered kid but sheltered in that funny showbiz way. To perform on stage for him is living. To come off stage, to meet a line of people as we did when we were working together, is. . . well, funnily enough, it was *his* suggestion. He said, "There's a lotta kids out there wanna meet us." Well, *actually*, it was his bodyguard's suggestion originally. Michael's a little. . . not manipulated, but there's an inevitable thing like, "Hey, Michael, do you wanna meet these kids?" "Er. . ." "They've come all this way, Michael." "Why sure I'll meet them." The heavy old rock stars would say, "Nah, stuff 'em, let 'em go all the way back again." But Michael couldn't say that, so he says to me, "These kids would like to meet us. Do you wanna come over to my caravan?" I don't mind, so I go over. And we're going along the line and half-way down the line Michael really bottles out. He says in his high, breathy voice, "I can't do this, I really can't, I'm just too embarrassed." And I say, "It's just the game, Mike, come on, we're in it, we've gotta play this one, you asked me out here, don't go bottling out on me now." But he gracefully withdrew and I finished the line off.

I mean, it's not agoraphobia or anything, he gets out and about, goes to movies and, er, well, I don't know why I'm doing his interview for him.

PLAYBOY: Because he never gives them.

McCARTNEY: I asked him once why not and he said, "I'm not really comfortable doing them." It's a helluva good reason.

PLAYBOY: What is your relationship with the press?

McCARTNEY: I would prefer it, and so would everybody else, if the press had become that thing it set out to be — the protector of people's liberties. But it's become a bit corrupt. What's very fatal as well is talking about the media *in the media*. It's very cool to praise them. They don't like you to say anything naughty.

PLAYBOY: It's become quite cool to attack them, too.

McCARTNEY: I go on holiday and I'm building sandcastles with the kids and I really *hate* having to hold my stomach in the whole time in case there's a photographer behind a bush. It drives me mad.

PLAYBOY: Why not be photographed with the stomach out? We must say, your stomach seems all right to us.

McCARTNEY: No, it isn't. Don't *listen*, readers. Let me tell you, readers, my stomach isn't that great. My wife *loves* it. She'd like me to have more of a stomach — something to get hold of — she's into all that. But I say, come on, don't *do* this to me, I want to be slim and lithe, I don't want my picture all over the world with my stomach hanging out. But there's always some guy with a long lens. Last time I literally looked behind every bush.

PLAYBOY: Where was that?

McCARTNEY: Barbados.

PLAYBOY: Isn't success just a matter of getting attention for what you do? Part of the attention is selling mountains of records, part is getting photographed on the beach.

McCARTNEY: Okay, the price of fame. But there's another. The newspaper will make a lot of money out of that sneaky picture. And if they are using somebody's likeness to sell their product, then there's a *price* to be paid for that. But newspapers get the photo for nothing. They hardly pay the photographer much. And they can earn massive revenue off that sneak photo. To me there's a sort of burglary aspect to it. Which I know I mustn't go on about 'cause I *know* there are 2000 strong, mature, intelligent, mainly male journalists out there who can *do* me as soon as look at me for saying something like that. So I generally suck it, swallow, and get on with it.

PLAYBOY: What's the nastiest thing anyone has ever written about you?

McCARTNEY: Ha, should I show that I remember it?

PLAYBOY: Of course.

McCARTNEY: There's been too many. I'm *trying* to forget them. I don't like to stay hung up about anything but I do stay hung up, dammit. I know my mistakes, failings and stuff. John got pretty near it when he called me Engelbert Humperdinck. He threw that one at me in some newspaper. That was hurtful because I knew that he knew that I knew. . .

PLAYBOY: Knew what?

McCARTNEY: You know, that it was pretty near my weakness.

PLAYBOY: What did you throw back at him?

McCARTNEY: Well, I didn't. I couldn't handle it. I didn't want a blow by blow

(continued on page 130)

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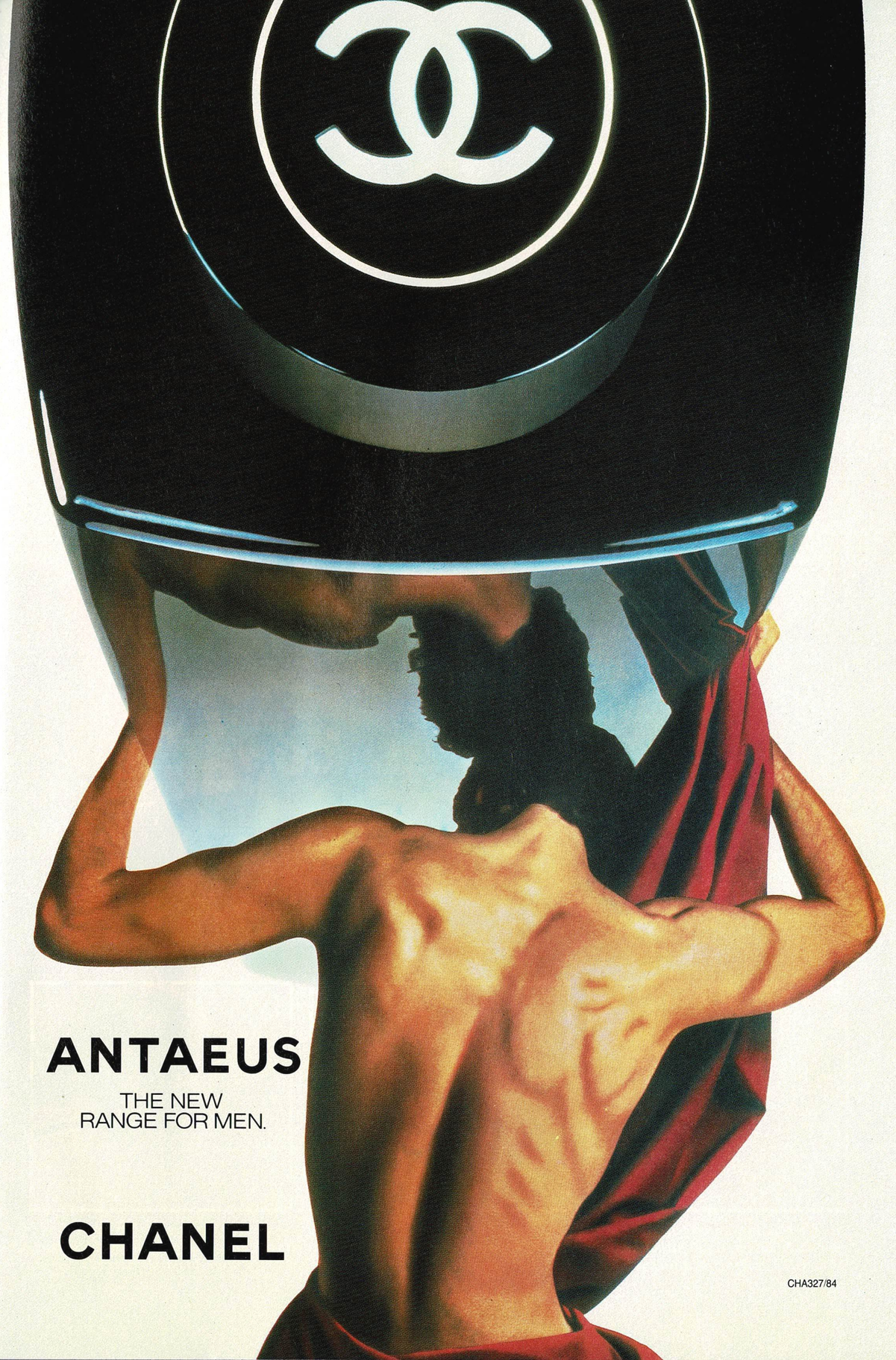

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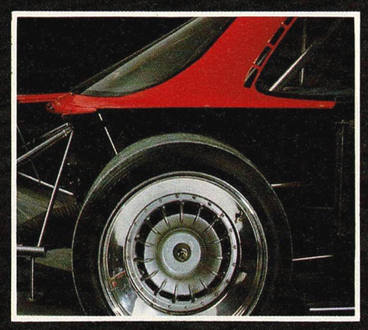
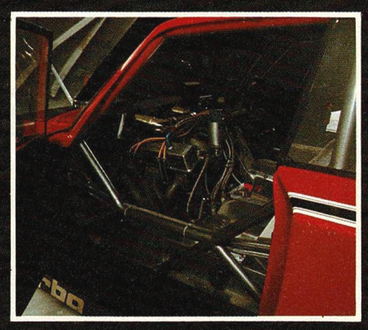


These wheels are three times as wide as the ones on your sedan. They stick like glue — most of the time.



Invitation to terror. It's a shoehorn fit inside this animal's raging, bellowing, fume-blasting gizzards.

DEVILS IN DISGUISE

Rob Luck reports that your sedan can easily be turned into a savage racer.

TAKE A LOOK at this car. It looks fast, right? But can you imagine just how fast it really is? Okay, well try this on for size . . . It will get from a standstill to 200km/h in less time than it takes the average sedan to get to 60km/h. And it could get there in less than the length of the average city block.

If you kept the pedal to the metal of your regular car for another 10 blocks or so you might be doing about 175 klicks. In about three blocks this thing would have doubled that: 350! Yes, it does have a limit, but as yet there isn't a racetrack long enough.

This car is known officially as a Mercedes Benz 450SLC Sports Sedan. Now you've probably looked at the occasional MercSports around the pukka watering holes from time to time so you aren't about to be convinced this is one of those: just for a start it hasn't got number plates, right? Well, the only part of this car that bears any genuine resemblance to the original

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Mercedes Sportscar is the roofline from the windscreen pillar backwards, and the door jambs. Yeah, and the Tristar, which isn't compulsory under the rules.

In fact, there aren't a lot of rules with sports sedan racing cars, and even the rulers who make the rules aren't absolutely sure what the rules are. All they'll admit to is the bit about the identical roofline, and some other jargon about wheel sizes, engine placement and wing dimensions.

This blind eye approach to administering sports sedan regulations has produced a bizarre collection of evil-looking machines: twitchy, explosive hybrids with fire in their bowels and the general demeanor of a Mad Max death chariot.

They inject a lot of the fire and fury into motor race meetings and are fearfully fast and monstrously powerful. When they explode from the start line the ground shakes and their engines wail like wounded animals. If you are standing near the track as they thunder past, you can feel the tinnie tremble in your paws.

This Mercedes Sports is one of the best of them. Now peaking in performance at the end of a long development phase, it promises to be the fastest racer in this class in the coming motorsport year. We figured it was worth a closer look.

It's about the size and weight of a Holden Commodore with around seven times the power (800 horses) and eight times the thirst (about 3mpg). Obviously you can't get the feel of that sort of grunt just standing around the pits scratching your dandruff and asking intelligent questions. So I aimed to get inside. Owners Peter Fowler and Bryan Thomson (the driver) were prepared to make a space for me behind the steering wheel for a few laps of unofficial practice at the sensationally fast Surfers Paradise International Motor Racing Circuit.

Before getting aboard a gadget like this, it is worth indulging in some mental gymnastics. For a sobering start, this missile flies down the main straight at more than 250 klicks. Now at that velocity you are charging the roadway at about 70 metres per second. On a racetrack like Surfers Paradise, the "edges" are generally a scant few metres from the track, and could be described as "hard": things like steel fences and concrete walls. Now, in a racecar like this, it takes about 1/100th of a second to make a mistake and around 6/10ths of a second to try to fix it back up again. If that mistake involves something nasty like leaving the track, by the time you have reacted to your boo-boo you are 5/10ths of a second into a God Almighty accident. Or to put it another way, you have already punched a hole in the fence about 50 metres back and are now proceeding to munch on the rest of the scenery. It means you get to have a very brief ride in a $175,000 coffin.

My laps at Surfers Paradise in this monster were sufficient to put me completely in touch with every sense and sensation I could imagine. The noise is awful: more intense than standing under a railway bridge as an express thunders overhead. The smell of burning in the cockpit is putrefying because the engine is under your armpit and it leaks oil over the hot parts. The way the thing attacks the track when you plant your right foot is like a semi-trailer on a frozen lake: not much sense of direction.

For those who understand devices, the MercSports has a V8 engine planted in the middle of the cabin and fed by two massive turbochargers, an exercise in automotive overkill that gives it about double the power of any normal vicious, volatile V8 engine of the same size (4.2litres). A feature of engines that get their drinks delivered by turbochargers is that one instant they have no power and the next they have too much. Just when this is about to happen is extremely difficult to predict, so if you have the car pointing the wrong way, it tries to take a big, fast lunge at something hard, and we've already covered what happens then!

Driving this devil around the fast and twisty Surfers Paradise Raceway curves tends to develop into fast stabs of speed down the straights, fearful jabs at the brakes, and tentative lunges at the corners. On one corner at least you need to be going at about 200km/h to really get into what this thing is all about so you can't afford to be too tentative.

After five laps I staggered out, dazed, fazed, approaching heat exhaustion and wringing wet. I remembered at that point an old racing adage: if you're not shitting yourself, you're not going fast. I must have had the button on "flush" the whole way.

There's no other way of looking at it, this machine is a bloody animal. It looks like a prehistoric animal, it sounds like an animal, and it has the road manners of an animal, but like things of that nature, it has a certain attraction.

The MercSports is the high-tech end of the sports sedan business. It took three years and the Thomson/Fowler Shepparton community debt to get to the race-winning dais. It is a tribute to dogged Australian engineering ingenuity to have tackled this type of machine successfully.

Sure, it is the fastest around, and to get up there you require cars of at least the calibre of Bob Jane's $250,000 Chev Monza to rate a chance of meeting and beating it. But there are alternative machines that come agonisingly close for mere squillionths of the budget.

Some of them are even more pleasurable to drive. One of them is Bob Tindal's Chev-Torana, which uses an ex-Formula One Repco engine like the one Jack Brabham used in his world championship win. And another is Laurie Hazelton's V8-engined Capri, which uses a similar, less vicious engine in an even more unpredictable frame than the Mercedes Sports.

I tested Tindal's car at Oran Park circuit west of Sydney and got within an ace of Tindal's times without too much hassle. And Laurie Hazelton donated his little blue flyer so I could drive it in real race conditions.

The Capri qualified fifth on Sydney's Amaroo Park circuit grid in practice amid some pretty distinguished company that included Bob Stevens's (then) all-conquering V8 Monaro and Peter Fitzgerald's "perfect" Porsche, not to mention Niel Brain's mega-animal, another Monza.

After the start I had a clear view of the road ahead, but the mega-monsters came crowding past when they found the right slots in their gearboxes.

The Capri behaved itself moderately well considering the tyres had had it in about 2½ laps and the scenery kept coming at me through the side windows. Still, I was up a position at the finish and Laurie got up from the pit floor where he was lying with his hands over his head.

There are other good units. One of them is a quite remarkable little Ford Escort driven by Tony Herbert and owned by Peter Keen, who is a pure enthusiast, not a racer. Herbert drives this thing malevolently and well enough to be snapping at the heels of all the big guns we've just mentioned. In a recent sports sedan race at Amaroo Park, he finished only seconds behind the Thomson MercSports.

Herbert's Escort retains most of the original vehicle profile, and resorts to aerodynamic artifacts such as cow-catcher front spoiler/apron, and high rear wing. Its cheeks are bulged front and rear to fit in the widest possible boots. In the middle of its innards lies a 260bhp Mazda Rotary engine, which has about twice the power of an RX7 Sporty. Then of course, the Escort weighs substantially less than the RX7 because of all the gutting and replacement fibreglass parts, so the overall effect is of a Mazda RX7 with about four times the power.

All this was clipped together by enterprising Sunshine State medico Iain Cornes and raced successfully before Herbert captured it. On the track it owes him about $10,000-$12,000 and it costs a couple hundred bucks a meeting to campaign, including tyres, oil, gas and some beer for the boys. At that money it is a severe embarrassment to Thommo's MercSports (for around 15 times the money and perhaps 20 times the per-meeting operationals) just as it is on the track where it is within two seconds as fast. With a bigger engine or turbocharged Mazda Rotary it would be placed quite easily right alongside the Monzas and the Porsches and the MercSports. For $15,000 including a new engine!

I drove that little car around Oran Park, and it is the biggest turn-on I have had in recent motor racing. It steers like a Village Grand Prix racer, and that means easy. It has brakes that are good enough to put your brekky on the bonnet, and you just keep driving at corners harder and harder until it starts to run out of road, when you lift off the throttle for a tick and it's all fixed up instantly. It is as near as dammit to bulletproof. So while the heroes are out there wrestling their mega-monsters, choking on fumes and coming to terms with concepts like "sudden death" tyre breakaway, this little rocket is being zapped about like a slot car with a lock-down track.

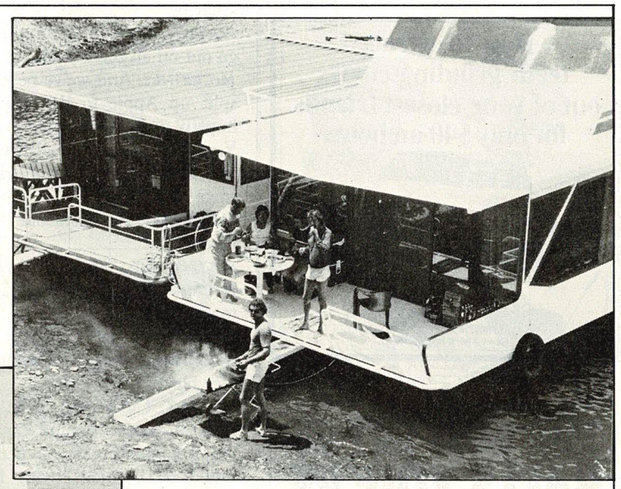
This, then, is the other side of sports sedans, a side that could put *you* in the motor racing picture. There are 10 of these sweet little machines for every pure animal on the sports sedan racing circuit, and they can be acquired and run relatively cheaply.

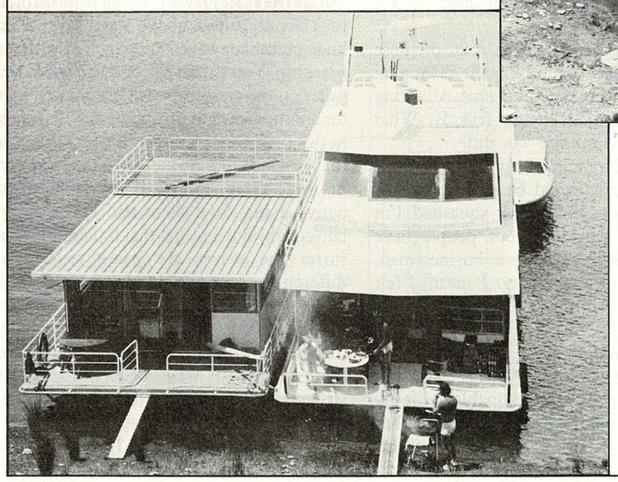
They are as fast around any circuit as Peter Brock's, Dick Johnson's or Allan Moffat's full-house hundred-grand touring cars, and they are more fun to drive at a fraction of the budget. Brock, the biggest name in Australian motor racing, came into the sport through this category when he turned motor racing circles upside down with a gadget called the A30. I drove that car too, many years ago, and it was the original animal: vicious, unpredictable, bloody near uncontrollable and an enormous endorsement of Brock's driving talent.

Today's beginner cars are infinitely more refined and more precise easy-drive racers. They are available, they are cheap to run, and they are loads of fun.

Peter Brock himself provides the last word: "If I were to make a start in racing today, I would go straight to sports sedans."

RELAX THIS SUMMER





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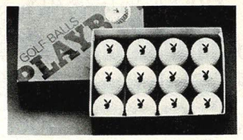

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McCARTNEY *(continued from page 124)*

I've never been able to hate John. He was always a crazy character . . . he did slag me off quite heavily.

number with John because he would pretty much floor anyone in a straight fight.

PLAYBOY: It seems he went through a hate phase to free himself of The Beatles. Did you?

McCARTNEY: No, my thing with John was more disappointment than hate. In truth I've never been able to hate John. He was always a crazy character who, if you started to get worked up, would pull down his glasses a little bit, look over the top of them and say, "It's only me," and that would deflate the whole thing and you'd think, oh well, he's all right really, he's not as hateful as he seems. But you know, he did slag me off quite heavily in the newspapers. Then also we were like married, so you got the bitterness. And I had to make way for Yoko. My relationship with John could not have remained as it was for Yoko to feel secure. John wanted to clear the decks, that's why he did it in such an emphatic way by saying Paul was never really anything to do with John Lennon, or was never anything at all, which of course was not true. But he couldn't bring himself to reject The Beatles records entirely because he felt in some way I think that Apple was his meal-ticket, his security.

PLAYBOY: Well, it certainly enabled him to go out on all those limbs.

McCARTNEY: And we've never been able to split up Apple to this day. It's looking hopeful we might be able to do it this year. You look a bit like Noel Harrison.

PLAYBOY: I look like Noel Harrison? That rings a bell.

McCARTNEY: Has someone told you that before?

PLAYBOY: No. Who's Noel Harrison?

McCARTNEY: Rex Harrison's son. He used to sing.

PLAYBOY: Did he?

McCARTNEY: I used to know him. He's a nice bloke.

PLAYBOY: There used to be a lot of those sons of people around in the Swinging '60s. Daughters of famous people. All sitting round on cushions being friends. What good do you think the '60s did?

McCARTNEY: Not a lot. I say that a little bit sadly because it would be nice if some of those '60s things hadn't been squashed. I'm now one of what the '60s people have become in the '80s — a businessman, realistic and clear-thinking. I mean, I felt like I stepped through a minefield in the '60s.

PLAYBOY: Tread on any?

McCARTNEY: Overdoing drugs mostly. Some evenings I would be unable to lift my head off a pillow and I do remember thinking that if I don't get my head off this pillow, I'm going to die. We all trod on mines and got bits blown off here and there. As for my father's generation his psychedelic period was known as the Second World War. I think I prefer my psychedelic period. There was an introduction of more liberal ideas. The Beatles didn't do it. It was coming. We helped publicise it. I think John Lennon was a major force in stopping the Vietnam War. Is it stupid to say that? No, it isn't. A million people were on the White House steps singing *Give Peace A Chance*. And because he wrote the anthem and the anthem summed it up so well, that makes him important.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever get on with Yoko?

McCARTNEY: Medium. I introduced her to John. She originally came round to me for some charity thing and I said, "Well, you know, love, I've got this friend called John." I don't know why I palmed her off on to him. Perhaps it was because I thought he would be more interested than I was in whatever it was she was talking about. I was not that interested. Which I'm allowed, not to be interested. We get on okay, Yoko and I. She's very misunderstood.

PLAYBOY: You might say that.

McCARTNEY: No, she is. She's, um . . . I can't actually talk about her because anything I say wouldn't be true, if you know what I mean.

PLAYBOY: Er, no.

McCARTNEY: Well, she's not a pin-downable, predictable person. She'll do something I think is very irrational but I can't call her irrational because she'll then do something I think is very rational. Now she's suffering like all other widows. And because of her intense relationship with John, possibly more. I suspect more.

PLAYBOY: What's the closest you've been to death?

McCARTNEY: In Hawaii. I used to swim off a rock about 10 feet above water level. The huge Hawaiian waves would roll in without breaking. You'd wait for one and get in the water on the crest of a wave, then you'd wait for another wave to lift you up the 10 feet on to this little rock platform. It was a thing all the local kids did. So me, I like to see if I can do those things local kids do, I like to go native a bit. So I do it and get it off to perfection. But I forget that if there's been a storm the waves are going to behave differently. And one day I went in after a storm. It looked all right. But when I tried to catch a wave to lift me out, it dumped me, the wave broke. Then the next wave dumped me. I was about 30 feet out struggling to get back. I felt myself getting weak and beginning perhaps to accept that this was it. But eventually I pulled myself together and asked God to please put me out. And he did. I've got the scars to this day. Not very big ones, though.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you were outrageously extravagant?

McCARTNEY: Er, very rare with me. I still can't do it. I mean most people would call giving someone a present of a Rolls-Royce outrageously extravagant.

PLAYBOY: If you sort of threw one at somebody, yes.

McCARTNEY: It wasn't thrown, no, it wasn't thrown. So it wasn't outrageous then, this giving my father-in-law a Rolls-Royce? That's as extravagant as I get. I'd like to be able to do all that a bit more actually. It's a healthy instinct, it's there to be spent. But my upbringing was to turn that light off. I don't ever say, come on, let's really do it, and I'd like to be able to. Sometimes I think of a fabulous thing to give Linda for Christmas or her birthday, some great big thing. Some people can do that. I would like to be more like that. As I've said now three times. Shut up, Paul.

PLAYBOY: Apart from spending money, what else makes you guilty?

McCARTNEY: A lot of things, annoyingly enough. It's not sex. I'm not guilty about sex. It would've been sex in the past but I've learned a lot over the years and feel very comfortable about sex now. I used to be funny about undressing. I still don't think I'd want to undress in front of just anybody.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a Catholic background?

McCARTNEY: Well, I was christened a Catholic. My Mum was a Catholic. But I wasn't brought up Catholic because she died when I was young. The real guilt comes out if I feel I've done someone wrong. I do generally try to do the right thing by the people who work for me. It always sounds trite and corny to say so. And it's selfish in a way. I want them to like me.

PLAYBOY: Do you cry easily?

McCARTNEY: Not easily, but I do. I think this salt stuff coming out cleanses the soul. There will be certain movies where it's got me. I was a bit of a sob boy as a kid, actually.

PLAYBOY: What makes you angry?

McCARTNEY: Cock-ups. Whenever you try to achieve something — business, films, writing a novel, whatever — there's always the other guy, the one with the key to the crucial gate and he's forgotten the key. And you're buggered.

PLAYBOY: What qualities do you most admire in a man?

McCARTNEY: Oh God! No, it's a good question, if maybe I can get to the answer. Some kind of moral courage, forthrightness, uprightness. I do like all that. Honesty, I suppose. Then I know where I stand, even if they're saying, "You're crap!"

PLAYBOY: And in a woman?

McCARTNEY: The same. Honesty. . . and big tits! Hey! Oops! Down, boy, down. . .

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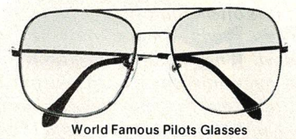
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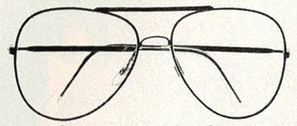
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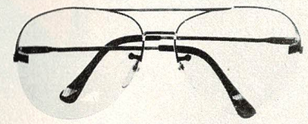
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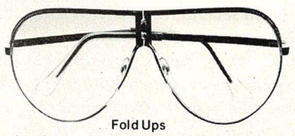
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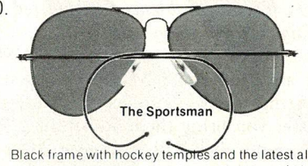

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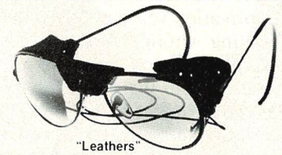
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SEX

Bettina Arndt, Australia's leading sexologist, brings you the latest sex news and views.

My problem is with my penis. Although it measures 13cms long and 15cms in circumference when erect, its flaccid size is of concern. When not erect it is often not visible as it "retreats" into the body leaving only the top exposed. When flaccid it measures (on a good day) only one or two centimetres. Naturally, this can cause some embarrassing change-room situations. I am 18 years of age, a virgin, and uncircumcised. This leads to another problem. When semi-flaccid, the foreskin can be pulled back completely exposing the head, which is very sensitive. But due to it being tight, the foreskin can only be pulled back slightly when the penis is fully erect. Is this normal?

My penis is, otherwise, fully functional. I have no trouble ejaculating by masturbation and fellatio and can orgasm several times in quick succession. I am just afraid of the time I will be seen with my penis completely down (especially by a lover-to-be). The times I have had fellatio performed on me (I've always repaid the lady) my penis was already up and at full size when exposed. Could you suggest possible causes and cures for my problems as I am fed up trying to cover them up.

— S.W., NSW.

I am glad you have decided to stop covering up your problems because the sooner you bring them out in the open, the sooner they will disappear. Most of the so-called "problems" are just in your mind. As far as I can tell from the information you have given me, there is nothing wrong with you whatsoever, except that you continue to torment yourself with these unnecessary worries. As you have found, your erect penis size is perfectly adequate. So far you appear to have managed to confine your sexual experiences to circumstances when you are erect and can therefore feel comfortable, but the time will come when your lover will encounter you without an erection. Let me assure you that she won't be in the least bit concerned to find your penis nestled softly into your body.

All penises retreat, some more than others, and many women really enjoy watching the extraordinary change that occurs during the process of erection. The smaller they are to start off with the more fascinating it is to watch them grow. Women expect to see a much smaller, softer penis when a man isn't aroused. We are hardly likely to knock you for that. It would be rather like a man blaming us for having a dry vagina when we're not sexually aroused.

You may have to put up with silly change-room competitions, although even then I'm sure most males aren't really interested in looking at your flaccid penis. Here too, some of your worries are probably in your mind, but rest assured, when it comes to lovemaking the size of the non-erect penis is completely irrelevant. As for your tight foreskin, well that too may not cause any problems. Provided you can wash underneath the foreskin when your penis is flaccid, you should be able to prevent the build-up of smegma, a white substance which collects under the folds of skin that sometimes causes infection. You will have to wait and see how this turns out, but do not worry about it for the moment. As for the ejaculation, just one word of warning. It is wonderful that you are able to gain so many erections and ejaculate so quickly, but in the long run it will be more important for you to delay your ejaculation so that each lovemaking session lasts a little longer.

Ejaculation control will enable you to maximise your pleasure and give more pleasure to your partner, and that's far better than the machine-gun approach for both of you.

I have a small problem you may be able to help me with. When I'm getting it on with a girl and getting horny, my penis secretes fluid which I believe is seminal. This can be rather embarrassing as it leaves a tell-tale stain on my pants. I wonder why this is happening? Also, sometimes when I ejaculate one of my testicles goes up inside me. Why is this?

— J.P., Qld.

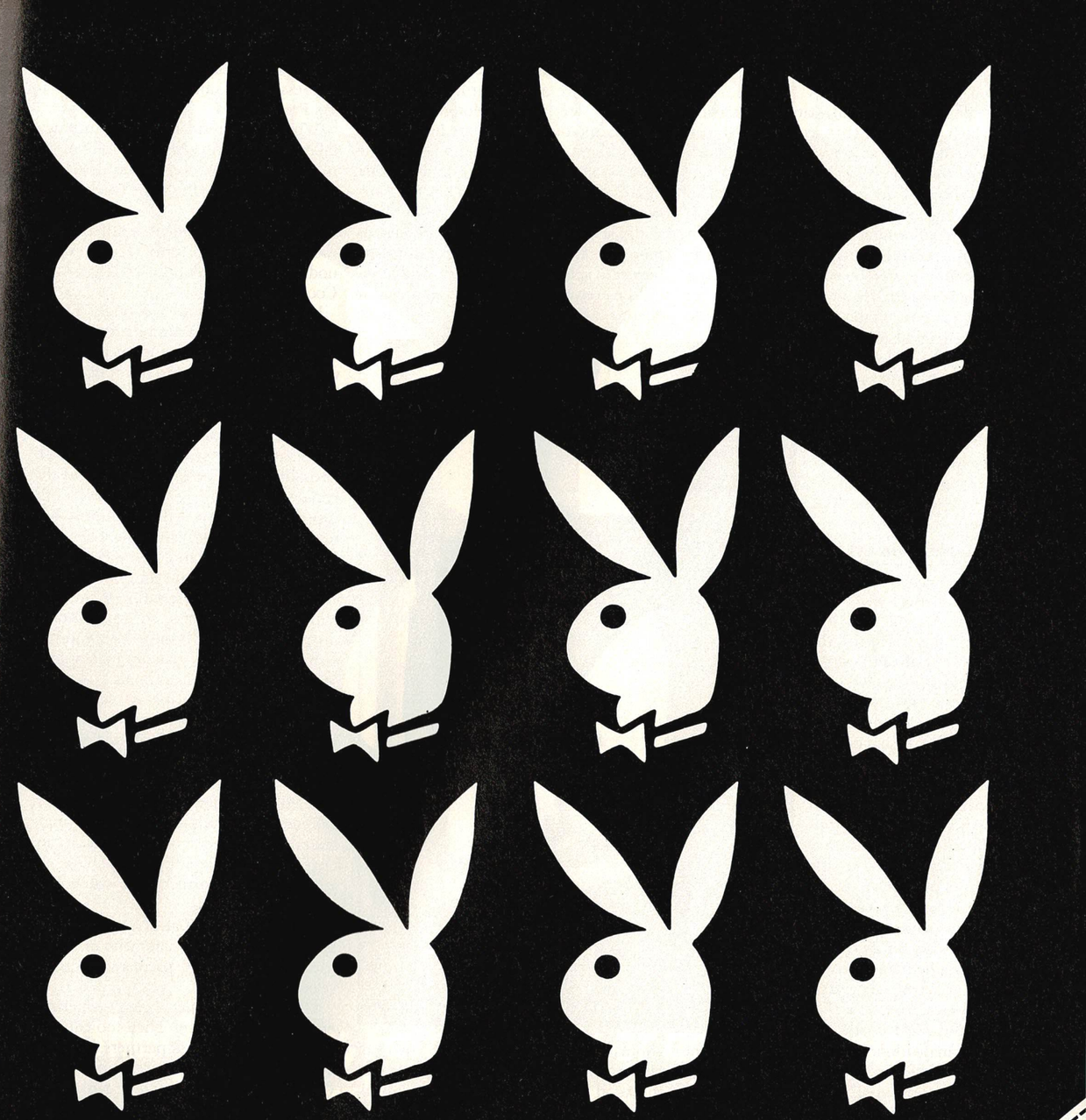
Men and women alike experience tell-tale stains on their pants for quite similar reasons. The fluids you refer to are pre-ejaculatory secretions of seminal fluid and are simply a sign of what's to come — a signal that the juices are beginning to flow and that you are highly aroused. The bulk of seminal fluid will be released in spurts at orgasm. If you are doing the right things your girlfriend's knickers are probably similarly damp, in her case due to the release of fluid from the vaginal walls.

Concerning your other problem: before birth the testicles start off being housed in the abdominal cavity and then descend to the scrotum as birth approaches.

They are usually both in the scrotum at birth, although occasionally a boy will be born with one or both testicles not descended.

Usually an undescended testicle will descend into the scrotum once the boy is older (if the testicle is undescended by the time the boy is eight or nine, or sometimes earlier, a surgical procedure is used to bring the testicle down and tether it in position in the scrotum).

Even when both testicles are fully descended, it is often possible for a testicle to mysteriously move up its original



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passage to the abdomen and disappear for varying lengths of time.

There are special bands of muscle which can cause this seemingly strange movement of the testicles up and down from the scrotum.

With some men the testicles stay put all the time, while with others one testicle moves. Some men find both testicles go in for the occasional disappearing act. There is nothing to worry about provided your testicle eventually comes out of hiding, but if your testicle fails to reappear it would be worth checking on the situation with your doctor. It's not very good for testicles to decide to permanently hide away, but the occasional wander does no harm at all provided that there's absolutely no associated pain or discomfort.

UNDER THE BELT

An area where women are turning out to be sexually rather different from men is with the effects of alcohol on the sexual system. We have always known that alcohol may turn up the heat in males but doesn't do much for the fire. I'm sure it wouldn't be hard to find plenty of wives to testify to the unfortunate effects of those few too many beers on the way home from work. There can be very few males who haven't at some stage in their lives found themselves suffering from dreaded brewer's droop.

The effect of alcohol on female libido hasn't received quite the same attention. But one research study which appeared recently shows the demon alcohol knocks female sexuality around as well, at least once we get beyond the tipsy stage and into serious elbow-bending. The study conducted by psychologists in South Carolina measured physiological changes in the vagina and related to the concentration of alcohol in the blood and the amount of arousal reported by the participants. The women were also asked to masturbate to orgasm while the psychologists measured the time it took them to climax and the intensity of their orgasms.

One of the fascinating facts to emerge was that, true to form, females don't know what they're doing sexually when they get a little tanked. As the concentration of alcohol in the blood increases, we report being more aroused, we report our orgasms as more pleasurable but the physiological measurements show that we are less aroused than we think we are, we take longer to reach orgasm and our orgasms are less intense. So we think we are having a better time than we are. Tipsy men, on the other hand, are more aware of what they are doing, or not doing. Similar research on males shows that men are aware that, as blood alcohol level increases, orgasms are harder to achieve and less pleasurable.

As clever males have always known, it doesn't hurt for women to be a little confused after a glass or two of champagne. At the lower levels of alcohol intake, if we feel more aroused and think orgasms are better than they are, what does it matter if they take a little longer? Who's going to complain?

THE COOLIDGE EFFECT

There are some colorful stories behind the terms psychologists use to describe human behavior. You may have heard of the Coolidge Effect, which is all about men and their constant desire for sexual variety.

The origin of the term Coolidge Effect dates back to the 1920s when US President Calvin Coolidge and his wife were taken on a tour of a government farm. Mrs Coolidge was taken off to see the chicken pens and during her inspection she asked her guide how often the rooster could be expected to perform his duty each day. When told roosters could service chickens dozens of times each day she was most impressed and said, "Please tell that to the President."

When the President in his turn was taken to the chickens and told of the rooster's performance, he inquired whether this was with the same chicken each time.

"Oh, no, Mr President, a different one each time," was the reply. The President nodded slowly and said, "Tell that to Mrs Coolidge."

Hence the name Coolidge Effect. Psychologists have found males of many species show the same desire for sexual variety. If a male rat is introduced to a female rat in a cage, initially they get to it at a great rate. Then gradually the male rat tires of the female and although she is still sexually receptive, he eventually will virtually ignore her. At this stage if the female is removed and a fresh one supplied, the male will be immediately restored to his former vigor. The same effect is seen in farm animals such as sheep and cattle. Rams and bulls have a definite aversion to repeating themselves with the same female so, for breeding purposes at least, it is unnecessary for the farmer to have more than one male stud to service all the female animals.

As for the human males, we have all encountered the George and Mildred syndrome where the frustrated woman demands more lovemaking than her tired partner is able to supply. Counsellors find to their despair that it is often extremely difficult to resuscitate male sexual interest once boredom has set in, but put that flagging man with an attractive new partner and watch him spring to life.

This state of affairs is particularly apparent with older males who may have had the same sexual partner for, say, 20 years.

Of course women, too, sometimes enjoy sexual variety. They too can lose sexual interest in their partners, but a vast body of research evidence points to the variety-seeking urge being far stronger in males than females. The Coolidge Effect is the major reason given by males for having affairs. Ever since the Kinsey sex research in the 1950s, study after study has shown males in permanent relationships have more affairs than their female counterparts and most males cite their major reason for seeking outside sex being a desire for novelty and excitement. We women are different. When a woman has an affair it usually means that her relationship with her man is in some way unsatisfactory. A recent survey of women in permanent relationships by the Kinsey Institute (Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality) found three-quarters of the women who were having affairs claimed emotional dissatisfaction with their partners as the reason. Women very rarely claim sexual

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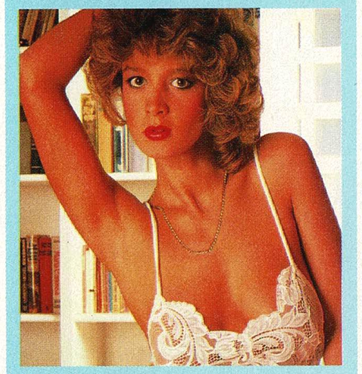

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novelty is a factor in seeking extra relationships.

The difference is the Coolidge Effect. There's a little bit of rooster in most philandering men. It makes life pretty hard for the chickens, that's all.

MORE HASTE AND LESS SPEED

Does anybody really like slam-bam, thank-you-ma'am sex? A new theory suggests that a long time ago, before sex was fun (times used to be hard, they say), the guy who could ejaculate the fastest not only got the girl but got more girls.

Lawrence Hong, a professor in the sociology department at the University Of California, Los Angeles, contends that among early Homo sapiens, premature ejaculation was most likely not a sexual dysfunction but a desirable sexual trait, encouraged by the evolutionary process.

Writing in the *Journal Of Sex Research*, Hong based his hypothesis on findings among present-day primates. He detected an association between the speed of coitus and male aggression. The longer the time between penetration and ejaculation, the more likely that violence will occur.

Orang-utans, whose average copulations are among the longest, at 10.8 minutes, not only attack male sexual competitors but, like humans, are among the few species that rape their females. Apparently, most orang-utans who manage to survive until maturity do so with haunting resemblances to Mafia bagmen, bearing such common physical tatters as torn lips, missing eyes, broken teeth and broken fingers.

On the other hand, chimpanzees, whose quick release at seven seconds puts them among the fastest ejaculators, are among the least aggressive animals when it comes to mating behavior. In fact, speedy ejaculations allow female chimps to mate with more than one male during the oestrus cycle. Speed of ejaculation minimises bickering among males awaiting their turns, therefore contributing to group harmony.

Hong's theory of evolution speculates that early pre-humans very likely had marked differences in their speed of copulation. "Some could mount and ejaculate with haste," he wrote. "Since they were less bothersome to their partners and competitors, they were less likely to be rejected by females or to be attacked by the other males."

Therefore, they could get the job done before the females could tell them to get lost or the other males got horny enough to interfere. They were probably able to mate with more females, passing along genetic material through more family trees.

If you buy this, you can see that evolution has favored quick ejaculators. It really wasn't until the 20th century and the wide-scale practice of sex as recreation that anybody thought there was much advantage in making the sexual process last longer. But time changes everything. With the discovery of the female orgasm and the developments of mood lighting and the water bed, speedy ejaculation came to be viewed as a malady; they called it *premature*. Men who could stay longer became prized so that now their average copulation time is a full two minutes.

Hong thinks that this theory will help demonstrate that premature ejaculators are simply a normal by-product of evolution. But that doesn't mean that hasty ejaculators don't have a problem. We'd like to leave you with Hong's scientifically evolved solution: "Evolution did not endow males with better staying power but with better dexterity . . . As so many women have already indicated, genital sex is better with digital sex. The tender touch, the passionate caress, the gentle rub, the titillating probe, and all those other infinite manoeuvres that humans are best equipped to do, can be much more satisfying to women than simply a longer time span between intromission and ejaculation."

UNDER THE DUST COVERS

While the throbbingly hot but technically pure books of Barbara Cartland and Danielle Steele have crowned the best-seller lists, we've pondered with some agitation the sexual fate of those who make steady diets of such fare.

Do women state their desires to mate by going to bed with these books? Are they breeding unrealistic expectations? Must they now be swept away by men of steel? Will they be disappointed by lesser alloys?

Researchers in Atlanta tried to answer some of those questions by charting the sexual, personality and demographic characteristics of women readers of erotic romances. Studying college students, housewives and businesswomen, psychologists Claire Coles and M. Shamp distributed questionnaires to 72 female volunteers and found that the average romance reader was aged between 25 and 35 and read for escape.

More to the point romance readers reported having sex *twice* as often per week as non-readers. Now there's a sexual fact worth pondering. The researchers concluded that romance novels work as a sort of soft-core porn and that women use them as socially approved forms of sexual stimulation. Now the question is: are romance readers sexier to begin with or do the books make them that way?

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes all inquiries but regrets she cannot always reply to each reader individually.

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Angus & Coote
Sydney — Centrepoint, Royal Arcade, Brookvale, Miranda, Parramatta Westfield
Queensland — Queen Street, Brisbane
Dunklings
Bourke Street, Melbourne
RUNDLES
Liverpool Street, Hobart
*Merchandise displayed and prices quoted available only from stores listed and while stocks last.

"Isn't it time we made a move."

"What a Sterling idea."

CC1419/83BH3223E/PL mojo

STERLING VIRGINIA, SPECIAL MILD AND MILD MENTHOL 25s by BENSON and HEDGES

Alternative photos from the more explicit NSW/VIC version

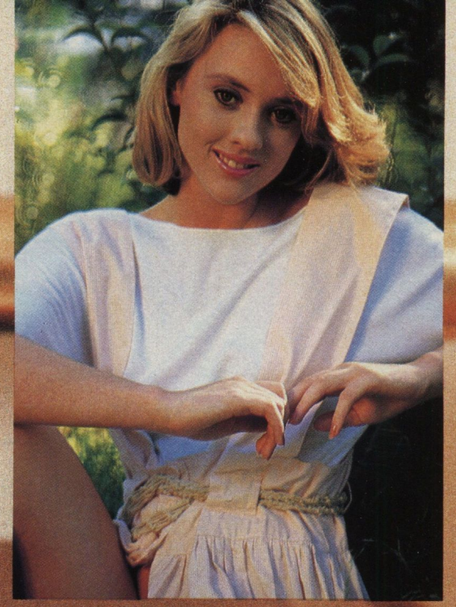
Karen Valez has always been popular with men for, well, a couple of reasons. One of them is her friendly, outgoing nature, the other is her sense of humor. Karen admits that laughter is her second favorite form of exercise. Her favorite exercise is horseback riding.

Oh, all right then, we're having you on just a little bit. But Karen says the fastest way to really turn her on is by making her laugh first. She says funny, quick-witted men hold the most appeal for her and laughter is the quickest way to relax two people and open the way to more intimate forms of mutual amusement.

Mind you, that body is no laughing matter. We have a feeling that once the jokes are over and the lucky man in Karen's life gets under her guard, then things will get very serious indeed.

STAR QUALITY

Lovely Lisa Maher wants to light up the sky with her name.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN CLUTTERBUCK
CENTREFOLD BY RICO METTBACH

I really don't have any secret fantasies. That was the hardest category to fill in on my PLAYBOY data sheet because I'm already getting all I want from life. I suppose if I wasn't getting what I wanted I would fantasise but I'm getting everything I want.

Lisa Maher had a nickname at school. Luscious, lovable, lusty Lisa they used to call her. And that was just the teachers. You can tell they liked her. But it would be hard not to like Lisa. She's been making conquests all her life. Not just because she's a stunning blonde with those demure but oh-so-sexy looks that drive men wild but because of the person that comes with the beautiful wrapping. There's not an ounce of conceit or pretension in Lisa Maher. She's a delightfully earthy Aussie girl, a dinky-di sweetheart from Sydney's western suburb of Liverpool who's been doing very nicely for herself as an upmarket model.

Just 19 years old, Lisa has a mature commonsense approach to life and especially her own career. She can be disarmingly frank, loves to laugh and says she has a knack for seeing through people very quickly if they aren't sincere.

"I developed very early," she says. "I had this body when I was 12. I learned very quickly what people were after from me, especially males. I'm not impressed by men who promise the earth; I'm not impressed by rich men or men who swear undying love after five minutes. I can see through most acts. If you want to get to know me you have to know me as a person first."

Lisa was a student at Hoxton Park High School where she admits she was a bit of a teacher's pet. "I knew early on I could wrap the male teachers around my little finger. How else could I come top of the class in woodwork?"

Lisa was already doing part-time modelling while still at school and when she turned 16 she was happy to make it a full-time career. She moved to Mosman and then Manly where she has her own unit now. "I like to go jogging on the beach," she smiles, "but I only jog when someone's watching; the rest of the time I walk!"

Lisa hopes to use modelling as a stepping-stone to becoming an actress. "I know all the girls say that but somebody has to make it and it might as well be me. If I don't try I'll never know, will I?"

She says her parents are proud that she has been chosen to be an Australian PLAYBOY centrefold. "They're very proud of what I've achieved in modelling," explains Lisa. "My dad especially thinks it's terrific I've made it to Australian PLAYBOY. I like working for the magazine, I like being the centre of attention: it's a special thing. I don't feel I'm being exploited. It's like having beautiful hair and being paid well to show your hair in a shampoo commercial.

"At first I was uneasy at the thought of being photographed nude but the photos are beautiful. It really gives you a new way of seeing your body. Before I came to Australian PLAYBOY I thought I had an okay body, I had been getting plenty of attention from men so I knew I had something. But, you know, you see your own body all the time, you get dressed in the morning, undressed at night, you think it's nothing special. To me it's just a body. But the pictures made me look beautiful. You come to see your own curves in another light. You stand a certain way and it really accentuates your legs or your bum and you think, 'Well, not bad, not bad at all, kid.' "

When you consider the advantages of being a mistress it's a wonder more Australian girls don't consider it as a serious career option. After all, the hours are good, the money's attractive, there are heaps of fringe benefits and they always get the best of a man. Because once a man has gone to the trouble of acquiring a mistress and setting her up in proper style, it stands to reason he's going to give her the best he has to offer. Tina knows all that. Doesn't she look happy with her choice of career?

"I stay up late so I sleep late. I don't have to leave home for work so there's never any rush hour for me. I do enjoy having time to spoil myself."

"One of the disadvantages is your lover can call you any time of the day or night, whenever he can sneak away to spend a few hours with you, and you have to be ready. But the advantages are so numerous I don't bother counting them. I get all the loving I want and I get all the time I want to be myself."